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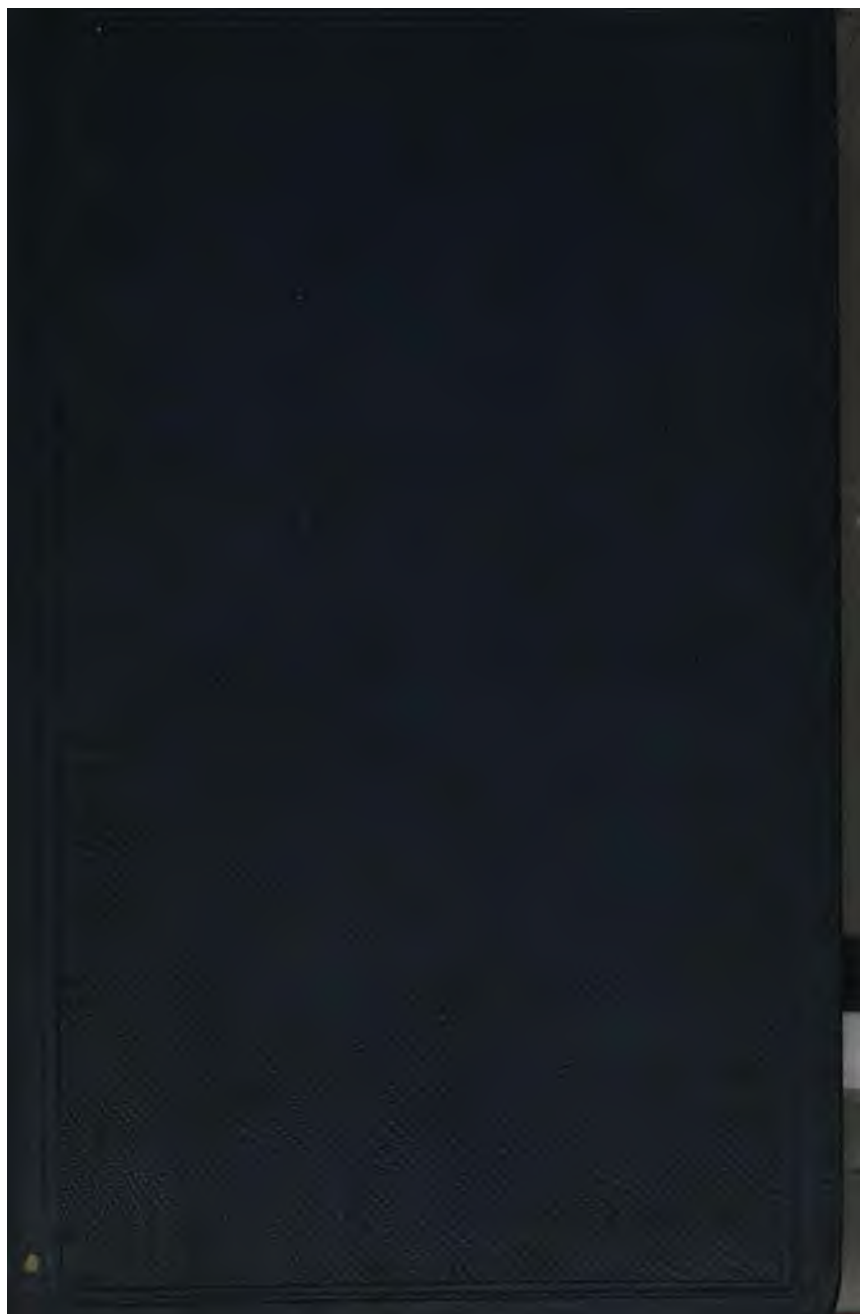
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Cambridge
Dec 1852

I praye thee Master
As thou lovest mee and lovest
too thy booke, see to itt thou
loan them onlie to trustie &
well-beloved friends. (God
send thee such)




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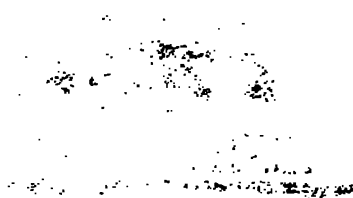
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A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

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MDCCCXLV.

SKETCHES
OF
LIFE AND CHARACTER:

TAKEN AT
THE POLICE COURT,



BY GEORGE HODDER,

(REPORTER TO THE MORNING HERALD.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY KENNY MEADOWS, LEECH, HINE,
HAMERTON, HENNING, AND NEWMAN.

But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before
Master Constable.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

LONDON:
SHERWOOD AND BOWYER, 137, STRAND.

MDCCCLV.

LONDON

**WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.**

P R E F A C E.

THE object of the writer of this little volume, besides that of affording amusement to his readers, has been to prove that the inquiries which take place before Police Magistrates may be rendered interesting pictures of life. Many persons have been taught to look upon a Police-court as an arena in which all human miseries are exposed—a terror-striking place, in which aught but the wretchedness of life is seldom known,—a gloomy Tartarus, of which it might be said—

“ All *mirth* abandon, ye who enter here ! ”

True, there are facts disclosed and scenes enacted before the presiding functionaries, which

human nature cannot contemplate without sorrow ; but these are not of more frequent occurrence than exhibitions of folly and eccentricity, calculated to produce laughter rather than pain or displeasure.

The duties of a Police Magistrate are as various as those of a clown in a pantomime, and sometimes almost as entertaining—The simile is more true than complimentary.—How frequently, after an inquiry into the particulars of a murder, or a highway robbery, is his worship called to adjust a difference between two people, arising out of a contested right of way in a wash-house, and terminating by one party punching the head of the other ! The spectators have probably been moved almost to tears by the details of a case, in which the Magistrate has been obliged to commit a prisoner to gaol for an offence which renders him liable to transportation or death ;—when the aw inspiring “ Si-lence ! ” of the usher draws th

attention of the Court to a clamorous group of applicants for "law" and "justice," in a case of assault and battery. The complainant (generally one of the fair sex!) has, perhaps, obtained a summons against the defendant, to recover compensation for the loss of her character,—which, it is stated, has been destroyed by some base insinuation uttered in a moment of anger or intoxication. A chain of evidence is formed, of sufficient length and strength to hang all the rogues and vagabonds in the metropolis; but, notwithstanding the oratory of one witness—the obstinacy of another—the imaginative qualities of a third—and the enthusiasm of all, the magistrate is not able to discover that any article has been destroyed of more value than a fishwoman's reputation,—an old cap, or, peradventure, one or a few of those ornaments with which Nature invests the "human form divine,"—such as an eye, a couple of teeth, half an ear, or may be a handful or two of hair

The fact is, the disputants have got drunk together—a civil war has arisen out of the excess of love which previously existed—one lady gives another lady a blow—the latter promises to return it, with interest, at some future period; the lady thus threatened considers her life in danger, and appeals to the Magistrate for the protection of the law.

The present volume contains many cases of this nature; and it might have contained more, had it been the especial wish of the author to chronicle the achievements of those delicate *Trullas* whose heroic deeds would have immortalized them, had they lived in less peaceful times—

“ When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears.”

Society, like a landscape, has its lights and shadows—its sunshine and gloom; the author has therefore not confined his attention ex

sively to ludicrous "accidents and offences," but has, in several instances, detailed events calculated to excite the sympathies or the indignation of the reader.

His chief aim, however, has been to put the reader in good humour—by placing before him a variety of scenes and incidents of every-day life, which, while they serve to illustrate the manners of one class,—the failings of another,—and the vicissitudes to which all men are liable, may also, it is hoped, stimulate inquiry into the present anomalous state of society in this vast metropolis.

Of the Illustrations with which the book is interspersed, it need only be said, that in every instance they are the result of the artist's imagination, operating upon the writer's description of the occurrences delineated. To the gentlemen who have executed this portion of the work, the writer has to tender his thanks for the friendly readiness with which the task

was undertaken, and the promptitude with which it was fulfilled. Much is indeed due to the humorous manner in which the Pencil has aided the efforts and redeemed the faults of the Pen,—by giving life and reality to many of the scenes described in the following pages.

It is necessary to add, that the majority of these “Sketches” appeared, originally, in the columns of the *Morning Herald*; but in a less comprehensive and perfect form, owing to the haste with which reporters for the London journals are obliged to arrange their daily news. Such emendations have therefore been made in them as may, it is trusted, impart a more permanent interest to that which, in the outset, was only intended for ephemeral existence.

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A "DAMNED SPOT."

SKETCHES
OF
LIFE AND CHARACTER,
TAKEN AT BOW-STREET.

A "DAMNED SPOT."

The cur is excellent at faults.—*Twelfth Night*.

'Tis the most wayward cur e'er mumbled bone,
Or dogg'd a master's footstep.—*The Dominic and his Dog*.

MR. THOMAS, a wine-merchant, was summoned by a French gentleman, named Adolphe, to answer a complaint which arose out of the following circumstances :—A few months previous to this inquiry, the French gentleman lost a dog, which he prized, although the intrinsic value of the animal was not considerable. It belonged to the Scotch terrier breed, and in its juvenile days had undoubtedly been classed amongst "Nature's favoured brutes," but he had suffered so much of late years from

the iron hand of time, and the "strange vicissitudes" of a canine life, that his appearance formed no temptation to the most determined Regent-street dog hawker. To give the complainant's own description of this extraordinary quadruped:—He was cloathed with a white shaggy coat of the most impenetrable texture; one of his eyes was disfigured by a black patch; his throat was somewhat "cankered"; and, to crown the whole, he had been most unjustly deprived of his fair proportions, for his ears were clipped, and his tail was *cwr*-tailed—what Nature had given the poor beast, Art destroyed! These peculiarities would suffice to render any dog a walking advertisement; but the animal in question was possessed of a further mark of distinction, which had its origin in the discoloured state of the particular eye before alluded to. His name was, and is to this day, *SPOT*. He never had the good fortune to undergo the ordeal of baptism; he came into the world with a lasting name branded upon him. It was engraven upon his right eye: *Spot*, a "damned spot," to which it were useless to say "Out!" Such an unchangeable name could only depart with the life of its owner. Here was a dog, which one would think could not possibly be mistaken. So thought the individual at whose suit this investigation took place. A short time after he had missed the dog, he saw an animal of the same description, in a car

belonging to the defendant, to whom he (complainant) made immediate application, requesting permission to see the dog, which he had reason to suspect was his property. Mr. Thomas, however, refused to produce the animal, and thereupon the French gentleman summoned him, in order to ascertain whether his suspicions were well founded.

A groom, in the employ of Mons. Adolphe, was called to identify the dog; but, previous to its being produced in court, the magistrate thought it his duty to put a few questions to the witness.

"Did you ever see the dog?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir, I knowed him well," replied the groom.

"What sort of ears had he?"

"They were cut. He had also a black eye, and a canker in the mouth."

"Of what sex is he?"

"Oh, he is a *dog*!"

"Are you so acquainted with him that he would know your voice, if you spoke to him?"

"Oh, I knows him well. I used to feed him, and so he ought to know me."

The magistrate here desired that "Spot" might be forthwith produced in court, but at the same time requested the groom not to "salute him first, nor distract

his attention by whistling, and he would, doubtless, run to his rightful owner."

"Spot, Spot," cried the groom, in a gruff groom-like voice, as the unfortunate animal entered the court, panting and wagging his tail, as if he expected to find something better than law to feed upon. "Come along, Spotty. Come, my boy."—"I don't know you," said Spot; and he ran about the court, seeking what he might devour.

"Spot, Spot, poor Spot!" cried the Frenchman, in a voice the very opposite of his groom's.

No answer; and the dog ventured to look up to the speaker, as much as to say, "You labour under a mistake."

"It's very extraordinary," said the magistrate, "A curious dog!—Here Spot, Spot!"

No answer. All these exclamations were in vain. The dog appeared an entire stranger to every one concerned; and, had he remained in the court many minutes longer, would, perhaps, have made one of the party present taste the canker in his mouth; but the voice of Mr. Thomas (who persisted that the dog was his lawful property) suddenly convinced him that he had a "friend in court." As soon as the word "Spot, Spot," had found vent between the hitherto closed lips of the defendant, the ill-used

animal departed from the strict regulations of a police-court, and frisked and jumped about in a most disorderly manner, thereby rendering himself liable to be committed for contempt of court.

“Ah,” said the magistrate, addressing Mons. Adolphe, “It is quite evident that you are mistaken, sir; it’s the defendant’s dog.”

Mr. Thomas was of the same opinion as the magistrate; and therefore he left the court, followed by Spot.

The French gentleman apologised for having troubled his worship, and retired.

THE RIVAL BILL-STICKERS.

Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—
High-stomach’d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.


Richard II.

WILLIAM JOHN GREAR, an ambitious young bill-sticker, in a fustian jacket, whitey-brown neckerchief, and a wig à la Jack Sheppard, was brought before the magistrate, upon a warrant charging him with having assaulted,

and used threatening language towards, Mr. John Speachly, a lily-faced, puritanical-looking bill-sticker of the old school.

The events which gave rise to this case were of so remarkable a character, and were narrated by the complainant with such unusual solemnity, that we give the statement of Mr. Speachly (an appropriate name, it will be seen) in his own expressive words.

"May it please your worship," said Mr. John Speachly (who looked more like a street preacher than a bill-sticker), "on Saturday night, the 11th December, the defendant came to my house, in Bolton-street, Long-acre, and although I gave him no invitation, he sat down to supper with me, saying as how he invariably made himself at home when he wor out. Well, sir, you must know that I am one as always says 'grace' before meat, and returns thanks arterwards; and as soon as I had uttered the first benediction, I tells my little boy to cut Mr. William Gear a slice of cottage bread. Now, your worship, it seems he don't like cottage bread; and so says he, 'I don't want none of your bread—keep your rubbidge to yourself.' Upon that I quietly tells him, that if he couldn't eat such bread he mun go without; whereby he puts himself in such a thundering passion, chucks the loaf across the room,² and calls out 'D—n the bread! I hate cottage bread, and'



I hates them that eats it.' Immediately arterwards, he throws down his chair, rushes to the winder, and placing himself in a fighting hattitude, swore as how he'd have his rewenge by wringing my son's neck ; and he used so many threatening languages towards me, that my wife wor obleeged to come and separate us. . . Consequently——"

The ill-used bill-sticker was proceeding in his story with such extraordinary emphasis, that the magistrate thought proper to request him not to make such a "horrible noise," and to talk to him (the magistrate) as if he were talking to his own wife.

"Very good, sir," continued Mr. John Speachly, without in the slightest degree altering the tone of his voice, but proving by the violence of his gestures, that he was not accustomed to talk to his wife in gentle accents, soft and sweet—"and with your permission I will tell you how the connection arose between me and that dangerous man. The fact is, your worship, we're companions in the bill-sticking line; and last Good Friday that ever wor, he gets a job to stick a quantity of six-feet bills, and, as he was a novice in the perfession, he requested me to help him, which I very perlutely promised to do. Upon that he brings his paste-brush, his kittle, and all his tools to my house, and shoves himself into my company without any cêrêmony whatsomdever. The truth is, he wanted to larn

how to stick bills, but he wouldn't acknowledge it; and arter he had been there a short time, he thought he knew better than his master."

"Then you considered him as your servant?" interrupted his worship.


"Don't be in a hurry," replied the accusing bill-sticker, "you shall hear the whole story. I certainly did call him my servant, but he considered himself my partner. He makes no more to do, but has two or three hundred cards printed, with a helegant coat of arms on one side, and the names of 'Messrs. Grear and Speachly, Billstickers,' on the other; and, without axing whether I approved of the plan, said he didn't care a dump about the expense, for he could get £100 whenever he liked, and if I chose I might teach him the business. Then he tells me such a heap of lies, that at last he got into my good graces. He perfessed himself a man of independent property, and, as I am a poor man, I expected that he would increase the respectability of my connections."

The magistrate said, that Mr. Speachly was telling a very long story; but all he had to consider was, whether his life was in any danger in consequence of the threatening language complained of. The defendant did not appear to entertain any malice towards him.

"When you are done, sir," said the bill-sticker, "per-

haps you will allow me to speak again. I will now tell your worship another instance that he did arterwards. We mitchally (mutually) agreed to dissolve the partnership, and, consequently, the sticks, *et ceterar*, that was betwixt us wor all parted. Well, sir, he had all the waste-paper in his own possession, and he expressed a wish to keep it, stating, that waste paper would be more useful to him than to me. Accordingly, it was agreed that he should order me a coat, and that he should be recompensed for it with the waste paper. Well, you must know, he has a relation, a tailor, what lives in his house at Westminster; and as he was in arrears for rent, he desired this man to make the coat. The price was to be £1 4s.; but I couldn't afford to pay more than a guinea (that is to say, a guinea's worth of waste paper), and, therefore, I agreed to treat the tailor with some beer, for I didn't want to appear shabby. In the course of a few days he brings home the coat, which was a neat fustian shooting-jacket, and on the following Sunday I puts it on, and goes with my little boy to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. Under these circumstances, of course, I had a right to consider the coat was mine and nobody's else's, but your worship will see that Mr. Grear, my late partner, thought quite different. One morning, early, he walks into my room, and says to my little boy, what was a lighting of the fire, 'I come

here to demand my property,' My boy asked him what he meant by his property; and he replied, 'Why, I want my new coat, and if you don't give it me this moment I'll *smash* you.' My wife and I were in bed at the time, and one of my young 'uns was sleeping with the coat kivered over him; and as I wor afeard Mr. Grear would put his threat into execution, I gets up to remonstrate with him. 'What do you mean by *your* coat?' says I.—'The coat I paid for,' says he,—like a robber as he is. This was spoken in a very daring tone; and as I didn't know but what he might have the heavy bludgeon, loaded with lead, which he always carries about with him,—and which he calls a 'life preserver,' although it's more like a life destroyer,—I gives him up the coat; and he rushes out of the house with my property, which I paid for with the waste paper. And now I'll leave your worship to guess whether or not I'm in any danger of bodily harm. But I havn't quite done yet. I must tell you of another instance of his rascally conduc'—and the subject I allude to is PICKLES. On one of the shelves in my room, there's a quantity of pickled intions, and on Thursday last he takes hold of a pot of these pickles and bangs it up to the ceiling; and then says he, 'I'm partial to pickles, and if you don't give ~~me~~ a pot I'll smash them all.' Now, sir, I can put up with a great deal, but I couldn't stand such a hinsult



as *that*, and so I sent my boy to fetch a policeman, whilst I held Mr. Gear tight by the collar. When the policeman came, he refused to take him into custody, because he did not see the circumstance of the hinsult, and the gross languages. Talk about the 'public peace,' I think sich houtrages on the private peace of a 'spectable family is fifty times worse. They are enough to provoke any man, or any bill-sticker. First he abuses my bread; then he threatens to kill my boy; then he hinsults my wife; then he purloins my new coat; and, lastly, he smashes my jar of pickles, and spoils my clean white ceiling. I hope your worship will punish him severely. Such a man as that can never do any good in *our* trade."

The accused bill-sticker said that there was not one word of truth in the old man's statement. He had never assaulted him in his life, nor had he used any threatening language towards him or his family; but he was a quarrelsome old fellow, and being, moreover, jealous of him (defendant), he made up his mind to ruin him if he could. "With respect to the coat," continued Mr. William John Gear, "I paid for it, and therefore the coat is my own lawful property. I had the waste paper, it's true; but it worn't likely that a tailor would make a coat for a lot of bill-stickers' waste paper. Then as to the pickles, Mr. Speechy don't know what he's talking about. The fact is, Mister

magistrate, I'm very fond of pickles, particularly pickled onions, they are a very nice relish with a bit of cold meat in the summer time ; and it so happened that old Speechly had several jars of these pickles in prime order, and I was going to reach one of the jars off the shelf, jest for curiosity sake, when he gives me sich a tremendous kick behind as I never got afore."

"Oh, you liar!" exclaimed the old bill-sticker, in a tone of lofty indignation—"I worn't near you at the time."

"He's a reg'lar lunatic," rejoined the young bill-sticker.

"He's been to Hanwell twice."

Mr. John Speechly said he would call his landlady, Mrs. Bullock, who could prove that he was in danger of personal violence from the defendant.

The young bill-sticker laughed aloud, saying, "that he was going to marry the landlady's daughter, and *therefore* she would not give him a very good character ; besides, she was not the landlady, she was only a noisy, mischievous old woman, that lodged in the house."

Mrs. Bullock was ushered into the witness-box ; but she proved nothing against the defendant, except that he called her a "pig's head," and then broke his word with her daughter.

The magistrate said that, under all the circumstances of this extraordinary case, he should not consider himself

justified in punishing the defendant. There appeared to have been some misunderstanding between him and the complainant, but there really was no evidence to show that the one had any reason to apprehend violence from the other.

"Lord bless you, no!" cried the young bill-sticker, "I'm as innocent as a child unborn'd."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I shall dismiss the case."

"And who's to pay for scouring down the ceiling?" said Mrs. Bullock.

His worship said, that the landlady was at liberty to summon the defendant for damaging the ceiling.

"Then I'll send home the nine hundred weight of waste paper," exclaimed Mr. William John Grear, "I'm not going to bear all the *onus*. Oh! you old waggabone—you sharn't stick bills much longer—not if I can help it."

The rival bill-stickers then left the court, with no very amiable feelings towards each other.

AMICABLE BAKERS.

Gaming leaves no satisfaction behind it: it in no way profits either body or mind.—LOCKE.

Oh, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon.—

The Chamberlain. A Comedy.

MR. WILLIAM FITZHARDING LEMON, a sable-clad coffee-house keeper, of lachrymose physiognomy, and a delicate flexibility of voice, was summoned before the sitting magistrate; “for that he, being the landlord of a place of public resort, did, on the 27th ———, unlawfully and wilfully permit and suffer gaming therein, within the Metropolitan Police district.”

The charge against him was set forth by Inspector Mullins, in the following manner:—About half-past twelve o'clock, in the night of the 27th ———, he (Mr. Inspector Mullins) was on duty in Drury-lane, when he observed a light in the front room, first floor, of the coffee-house kept by Mr. William Fitzharding Lemon, as aforesaid. Suspecting, from his experience in such matters, that there were law-breakers in this same apartment, he demanded admittance into the house, with the intention of taking them by surprise. On making his way upstairs, he was stopped by a man in the passage,

which man, upon inspection, turned out to be Mr. Lemon himself. He, however, pushed him aside, and having, with a fatal facility, arrived at the first-floor landing, he again came in contact with Mr. William Fitzharding Lemon, who had followed him up-stairs. "Hollo!" said Mullins, "What's all this, Mr. Landlord?"—"What's all what?" replied Mr. Landlord, endeavouring to evade the question.—"Why all this noise," rejoined Mullins. "Cards ain't allowed in coffee-houses."—"Cards!" exclaimed the landlord, as if he had just received some unexpected information.—"Aye! there's a little shuffling going on," quoth Mullins. "Open the door, will you?"—(for the door was fastened inside, and it was the greedy ear of the inspector that had detected the evil-doings)—whereupon the door was opened, and—enter Police-inspector Mullins, whose quick observant eye at once bore testimony to what he had previously heard. In the room were some three or four tables: on one of these tables were sundry packs of cards; and on the cards, it appeared, a large sum of money was staked; and around the principal table there sat upwards of twenty bakers, each looking as if he were determined that 'the game should be played out!' The appearance of the inspector was so miraculous, that the men of dough were quite amazed; and the gentleman who sat in the chair thought proper

to exercise his prerogative by asking the intruder "What was his pleasure?" To this civil query the functionary replied, "My pleasure's business;" and he seemed so much in earnest, that neither the chairman nor his companions felt inclined to doubt his word. He forthwith spoke to Mr. Lemon "upon the subject of allowing gambling there;" and Mr. Lemon, in answer, said he was not aware of it, inasmuch as he had been down stairs attending to the "victualling department" (of his customers!). The inspector—whose design, like *Iachimo's*, was

"To note the chamber, and to write all down,"

being satisfied, or rather dissatisfied, with what he had seen, then took his leave, and afterwards obtained leave to leave an invitation at the house of Mr. William Fitzharding Lemon, to ensure that gentleman's attendance at the Court of Bow-street.

● In order to meet this grave charge manfully, the coffee-house keeper had armed himself with a professional gentleman: but it soon appeared that the man of law was only employed to *watch* the proceedings; and in order that he might do so to advantage, he wore a pair of patent spectacles of extra-magnifying power.

Whether the gentleman of the coffee-house considered himself better skilled in the art of cross-examination than

his lawyer, or whether the latter was engaged merely, because he could, like a basilisk, frighten the witnesses by looking at them, we were unable to ascertain; but, strange to say, the coffee-house keeper conducted his own defence, whilst Mr. Red-tape continued "on the watch."

"What occasioned you to come into my house?" said the defendant, addressing the inspector; "answer me that question."

"Because," replied Mullins, "I received information that a respectable young baker had lost a matter of six pun' ten, by playing at loo in your house;—besides, I have known you before at this kind of game."

This answer was not a little puzzling to the dealer in distilled coffee; and in the next question which he thought proper to put to the witness, he very wisely abstained from making the slightest reference to the matter at issue. We are therefore spared the necessity of giving a lengthy cross examination in detail, and shall content ourselves (as well as the reader) by recording Mr. William Fitzharding Lemon's defence in his own peculiar phraseology:

"Your wushup," said he, "this charge cannot hold good in point of law. The Act of Parliament says 'that any person keeping a house, shop, room, or place of public resort, where refreshment is given, shall be liable to a penalty for allowing gaming therein.' Now, your wushup,

this is not the case with me, for I conduct my business entirely on legal principles and the ground floor, and have no control, whatsoever, over the room in question. It is at present occupied by a committee of the Journeymen Bakers' Association ; and, before they came there, I used to let the room to Monseer Ben-whiskey, the lecturer on Newmonics ! In short, your wushup, I have never transacted business in the room since I took possession of the house ; and as to gaming, there is no man, nor no coffee-house keeper on the face of the hearth, that is more averse to it than I am. With respect to the present charge I have in my pocket a memorandum of agreement between me and Mr. Fidkins, the chairman of the Bakers' Amicable Association Committee, showing, that the room where the cards was played is rented by him on behalf of the society, at 12s. per week, upon the understanding that I should have no authority over the room or the bakers. Therefore, your wushup, how am I to know when they are playing at cards, any more than I could tell what Monseer Ben-whiskey was doing when he lectured on Newmonics ?”

A pale-faced young gentleman, who called himself an assistant surgeon, at present residing at Mr. Lemon's hotel, and the honourable chairman of the Bakers' Association, gave evidence corroborative of this logical statement.

The magistrate, having consulted his conscience and the Act of Parliament, decided that the defendant was responsible for the conduct of the Bakers' Amicable Association whilst assembled at his house; and it was therefore his duty to prohibit them from gambling on the premises. Under these circumstances he should fine the accused £5; but at the same time he thought it right to intimate, that he might, by putting in good and sufficient bail, appeal against the decision at the Quarter Sessions.

The gentleman of the coffee-house informed his worship, that he should forthwith adopt that course; and having indicated, by a "low murmuring sound," that he disapproved of the manner in which the magistrate had dealt with the Amicable Bakers, he sauntered out of court.

A FORWARD YOUTH.

He begins to consort himself with men, and thinks himself one.

LOCKE.

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy.

Malvolio.

MASTER WALTER CONWAY, a right valiant and respectable youth (that is to say, respectable as far as ap-

pearances went—for it could not be supposed that Mr. Conway was respectable enough to “keep a gig,”—the highest acknowledged test of respectability !) with incipient moustachios, and a chin that also presented certain hirsute indications of approaching manhood, was charged with assaulting a tall, military gentleman, who seemed capable of demolishing half-a-dozen Walter Conways.

The complainant informed his worship, that he was about to proceed, per railway, to Liverpool; and as he wished to settle this business before taking his departure, he begged that his case might be investigated without delay.

The magistrate expressed his willingness to accommodate the tall military gentleman, and the prisoner was placed at the bar before his turn came. The gentleman then bowed to the magistrate, and went on to say, that on the previous evening he went to Covent-garden theatre; that he left the theatre at half-past eleven o'clock, in company with two “ladies,” and went forthwith to a neighbouring oyster-shop, for the purpose of enjoying a good supper; that he and the ladies contrived to swallow some eight or nine dozen “large natives,” in addition to two pots of brown stout; that he (complainant) paid the bill, and was about to return home, when the ladies stated, that they lived at the oyster-shop—that is to say, in one

of the rooms over the shop, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to remain. He, however, objected to this arrangement; and, thereupon, the ladies made a demand of a sovereign each. "For what?" said he.—"For bringing us to the oyster-shop," replied the ladies.—"Hav'nt you indulged in a supper at my expense?" rejoined the gentleman.—"No matter for that," said the ladies, "you brought us from the theatre, and therefore you must give us each a sovereign." He did not wish to argue the matter any further, and as it was then the 'witching time of night,' he went to the window, with the intention of leaping into the street: whereupon the ladies seized him by the tail of his coat, thereby cutting off his retreat and his skirts at the same time; and declared that they could not suffer him to leave in that *shabby* manner. After a severe struggle with the amiable damsels, he at length succeeded in gaining the staircase, when the prisoner rushed out of a room, on the same floor, and flew at him like a tiger. Notwithstanding this rough and unexpected treatment, he was resolved to use no violence either towards the ladies or the boy, but, pushing the latter gently aside, proceeded in his descent. The prisoner then kicked him in the face, and sent him down to the bottom of the staircase in much less time than he would have taken in walking to the bottom! (The gentleman

being of gigantic stature, it was somewhat remarkable that a youth, whose height did not exceed four feet and a half should have kicked him in the *face*; but, as the gentleman presented a black eye and a red nose, the magistrate did not doubt his statement.)

The magistrate remarked, that the prisoner had been guilty of a very serious offence for a young gentleman of such "tender years;" and he expressed his regret that he had already gained so much experience in the vices of the world.

Master Walter Conway, in answer to the charge, stated, that one of the "ladies" was his sister, and he was walking quietly up stairs, in order to see her, when the complainant tumbled over him, and injured his face in the fall.

His worship inquired whether he was learning any business; and Master Walter replied, that he was apprenticed to a hairdresser, who entertained so good an opinion of him that he frequently gave him permission to visit his sister in the night-time.

The policeman who took the precocious young gentleman into custody stepped forward, and said, "I'm afraid the lad has got into bad connections; but I know he's an apprentice in the hairdressing line."

The magistrate fined Master Walter Conway £5; and



in default of payment, ordered him to be committed for two months.

The money was not paid ; and the tender youth was booked amongst the passengers in the Government omnibus, which left Bow-street at three o'clock.

A LANCASHIRE ROVER.

We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.—*Arden of Feversham*.

Back to the country, friend ; and find the cause

Thou hast so soon forgot thy country's laws.—*Anon*.

THOMAS BROWN, a strong, healthy-looking, hard-featured man, clad in fustian and corduroy, was charged with loitering about the streets for the purpose of gathering alms.

A lath-like, raw-boned police-constable, possessing peculiar powers of penetration, stated, that he was on duty in the Strand, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw the defendant (whose name he understood to be Thomas Brown) in the act of begging and obtaining relief from no less than a dozen persons, and some on 'em highly respectable. He took him to be a notorious beg-

gar, and, as such, he took him direct to the station-house. According to the usual custom in such cases, he searched the culprit, and in the pocket of his corduroys, he found fourpence! the whole of which sum, he presumed, had been obtained in the manner described.

The poor fellow seemed to be quite unconscious of the proceedings, and of the discreditable position in which he was placed. First he stared at the magistrate, then he glanced round the court, (wondering, perhaps, whether it *was* a court), then he looked towards the door, as if he meditated an "exit in a hurry" (as they say in the stage directions), and, at last, fixing his eyes upon the gaoler, he scratched his half-bald cranium, and exclaimed, "Whoo-who, whoo-who! This be a clever trick, haw-somever! Who'd hav thowt o' sich a wofoo place as this'n?"

"What countryman are you?" interrogated the magistrate.

"Why, pleas yes worship," replied the unfortunate bumpkin, "I coom fram Loncashire, an my neame is Tummus Brown."

"You seem a strange fellow," said the magistrate. "What have you to say to this charge? Can you give any account of yourself?"

"Con I? Aye!" answered Mr. Tummus Brown, placing one hand in his bosom, and the other on the top of his head.

"Will you tell me," continued his worship, smiling, "why you go about the streets begging?"

"Will I? Aye!" was Mr. Tummus Brown's reply.

"Can you say the word Yes?" asked the magistrate.

"Con I? Aye!" repeated the Lancastrian.

"Have you ever been to school?" said the magistrate.

"Have I? Aye!"

"Did you learn how to answer a question there?"

"Did I? Aye!"

"Then," said his worship, "can't you answer me in a plain straightforward way; and give me something like an account of yourself?"

"Con I? Aye!" reiterated Mr. Tummus Brown. And then he proceeded to say, that he left his home, in Lancashire, about three weeks ago; that he was obliged to walk the greater part of the way; and, that when he arrived in London, he could get no employment. He was, therefore, obliged to beg; and he assured the magistrate, he placed himself within the constable's view, in order that he might be taken up and put under the hands of a doctor.

The healthy rubicund looks of Mr. Tummus Brown so

completely belied the latter part of his statement, that the magistrate did not think proper to make any inquiry as to the nature of the complaint for which he required a doctor. His worship simply asked Mr. Brown, where he slept the preceding night?

"Why, sur, I sleep'd at Stratford yester-neet," replied Tummus Brown.

"How long have you been in the neighbourhood of London?" said the magistrate.

"Why about a week to-dey."

"How is that, Mr. Brown?" inquired the policeman before-mentioned, "You told me you only came to town yesterday."

"Nay, nay! that's naw true," retorted Mr. Tummus Brown, seemingly quite indignant.

"Well, well," said the magistrate, "where have you lived all the time?"

"Odds life! but that's on awkert question, Measter Justice. To speak truth, I have liv'd here an' there an' everywhere."

"You say you were at Stratford last night; where did you sleep the night before?"

"Um-m-um, le'meh see. I connaw tell 'xactly; but it wurr'n somewhere under a hill, your worship. I knaw I coom through Barnet yarly i' the morning."

"And where did you stop the first two days after your arrival?"

"Why at a pleck (place) caw'd Islington, I think it wur; and on th' varry fust morning, I met with a York-shiremon, who ron away wi' my brekfust."

"Then you stopped at a lodging-house I suppose?"

"Aye, aye! yo guess reet (right), Measter Justice; an' whot with Yorkshirmon an' landlord, I wurr'n fairly cleeon'd eaut, your worship."

"And, therefore, instead of endeavouring to procure work you thought proper to beg."

"The foct is, yer worship, I beant fit for work, an' so I walk'd oop an' doon Strand on purpose for cunstable to see I, becose I wantin to be plaaced under th' care of doctor. P'rops (perhaps), Measter Justice, you'll see me dun fairly hy, for I doo want to see a med'cine doctor, and one that'll gi' me good physikcin'."

Everybody present (the grim-visaged gaoler not excepted) laughed at the simplicity of the poor countryman, who had come to London to seek his fortune; and Mr. Tummus Brown, thinking, probably, that he was entitled to the same privilege, joined in the merriment which he himself had unintentionally created.

The magistrate told poor Mr. Brown, that he had adopted a very novel mode of procuring medical relief,

by obtaining in the first instance, pecuniary relief. If he was really in want of a doctor, he should have made application at an Hospital. However, as it appeared extremely doubtful whether he was suffering under any ailment but that of poverty; and, as the constable had found him breaking the law by begging, he (the magistrate) should send him to prison for a week.

“Whoo-who, whoo who,” said Mr. Tummus Brown, as he left the court, under the surveillance of the deputy-gaoler, “an’ ’twar for this I coom’d all t’ way from Lonsashire!”

A JUVENILE TIPPLER.

His years but young, but his experience old.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

In my time, I have seen a boy do wonders.—*The Coxcomb.*

ROBERT DARKIN, a little fellow about 12 years of age, a “thing of shreds and patches,”—in short, such a complete tatterdemalion, that he looked like an animated scarecrow,—was charged with being drunk, and incapable of taking care of himself!

From the statement of police-constable William Boyce,



A JUVENILE TIPPLER.



it appeared, that between one and two o'clock on the previous morning he was on duty, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, when he saw the prisoner amusing himself by rolling on the pavement, and playing all sorts of games, after the manner of the clown in a pantomime. Fearing that the boy would be run over by a cab, or "something o' that sort," he (the policeman) considered it his duty to "pick him up," and send him home to his parents. He, accordingly, raised him from the ground, and stood him upon his legs, but he fell down again, calling out several times, "Mother, I wish you would put me to bed!" The bystanders laughed heartily at this innocent request, and advised the constable to take the lad to the station-house, and put him to bed in one of the cells. "On taking him to the station'us, your worship," quoth the officer, "I discovered that he was quite drunk and insensible ;—in short, I could make no sense of him whatsoever."

In answer to a question from the magistrate, the officer stated, that the prisoner gained his livelihood by frequenting public-houses, and amusing gentlemen by singing and standing on his head ; but it unfortunately happened, that instead of rewarding him in specie, these gentlemen made a practice of giving him beer and spirituous liquors. This was the case on the present occasion ; and, although

the boy was so top-heavy that he could not stand upon his legs, he was, nevertheless, totally incapable of standing upon his head, and therefore he rolled about the pavement in the manner above described.

"What have you to say in answer to this charge?" interrogated the magistrate.


"Why, I'm werry sorry, your worship," replied the boy, "but a gentleman guv me the drink, and therefore I couldn't help getting tossed." .

"You are the young gentleman that plays and sings in the public streets, are you not?"

"Yes, your worship, I sings upon my head, and I often earns tuppence or thruppence of an evening; but (although the gentlemen sometimes pays me off in gin or Scotch ale) I never was what you may call drunk afore."

The gaoler informed his worship, that the lad was a character very well known in the neighbourhood, and that he had been placed at the bar, on a former occasion, for a similar offence.

The magistrate said, that the "gentleman," whoever he was, had committed a wanton act in making the poor boy intoxicated. The consequences of such reckless conduct might have been serious; but, as it did not appear that the prisoner had done any mischief, he (the magistrate) should discharge him.



"Thanky, sir," exclaimed the lad; and he left the court, promising to return to his mother, who, perhaps, did not know that he was "out."

AN INHUMAN FATHER.

Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause.—*DRYDEN.*

Parents have flinty hearts! No tears can move them.—*OTWAY.*

ONE FRANCOIS D——, a native of Paris, was brought before the magistrate, upon a summons charging him with having violently assaulted, and cruelly treated, his daughter, Victorine D——,

"A soft, meek, humble, tranquil spirit,"

whose pale, distorted face, and downcast haggard eyes, were, it would seem, the records of a young life passed in woe and sorrow! Yes, the world had been to this poor girl literally a "vale of tears;" and (we almost blush to chronicle such inhumanity!) her only surviving parent, whose care should have been to make that existence, which she owed to him, a source of happiness, was the shameless promoter of her misery and wretchedness! Such instances of cruelty and domestic


tyranny as we are about to relate, are, it is too true, of very frequent occurrence; and those who may chance to feel interested by the following narrative will have some cause to regret that the law is not armed with power to treat inhumanity and despotism as offences deserving of a severer punishment than that which merely touches the pocket.

From the statement of the unfortunate girl, it appeared that her mother (from whom she had received what little education she could boast of) had been dead many years, and that her father was a confectioner in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane; that, although he was a Frenchman by birth, he had lived from the time of her infancy (and she was now about 17 years of age) in this country, and that he had ever enjoyed a share of business sufficient to keep his children (there were only two) from want, and himself from degradation. Instead, however, of sending his girls to school, and inculcating in their young minds such principles of morality and industry as would enable them to become respectable members of society, he had brought them up from their earliest youth as itinerant venders of sweetmeats, &c. ; and their lot had always been amongst the despised of the world.

It was, to the present day, the unenviable duty of poor Victorine, the elder daughter of this unnatural father, to

● leave her home every morning, in all weathers, with a large basket, containing every description of comestibles which the shop of Monsieur D—— afforded, but which Monsieur D—— was unable to dispose of by the more legitimate means. The circumstance of a parent's compelling, or even permitting, his child so to disgrace her sex (the *tender sex*) as to wander about the streets in quest of that which her home was capable of supplying, is in itself almost incredible; although such conduct would scarcely be considered culpable in the eye of the law. But the inhuman treatment which formed the subject of this complaint consisted, not in the degradation to which the unhappy girl had been obliged to submit, but in the cruelty which her father had practised upon her when the result of her daily labors was not satisfactory to him. By the most persevering exertions, Victorine D—— contrived sometimes (that is to say, when shopkeepers and others took compassion upon her) to earn three shillings and sixpence in a day, and on several occasions her parent pulled her by the hair of her head and beat her with a stick—because she could not produce as much as *four* shillings! About a fortnight previous to the inquiry which led to these disclosures, this domestic tyrant had, for two days, fed the poor girl upon dry bread; and her position was one of such unexampled wretchedness,

that she came to the resolution of quitting her home (alas! that it should be called so) as she had done on former occasions, in company with her sister whose fate was scarcely less miserable than her own. Before, however, the two sisters left their father's roof, with an intention never to return, they thought it right to give him notice of their determination, and to assure him that his "unkindness" had driven them to an act of desperation from which, under ordinary circumstances, their natures would revolt. The answer was, "that they might go if they liked, for they were of no use to him!" After wandering about the streets for upwards of twenty-four hours, the unhappy outcasts seated themselves upon a door-step in St. Martin's-lane, where they attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who insisted upon their returning home; and who undertook to remonstrate with their father upon the impropriety and inhumanity of his conduct. They listened to the persuasions of the gentleman, and under his guidance they once more determined, in fear and trembling, to brook the anger of their parent. The kind old gentleman, whose sympathy had been so much excited by their forlorn condition, supplied them with money; and when they reached home, he took upon himself the philanthropic office of requesting Monsieur D—— to treat his helpless children with



more affection and less severity in future. He promised to do so; but in the course of a few minutes after the gentleman had left the house, the inhuman father beat both Victorine and her sister severely with a rope's end; and at supper-time gave them *dirt* to eat.

The magistrate asked the poor unfortunate creature, who had given this evidence, how her father could compel her to eat dirt?—and she replied that he had brandished a poker over her head, and threatened to strike her if she refused to do as he bid her.

The story of Victorine D—— was confirmed, in its leading features, by the testimony of two apprentices in the service of Monsieur D——. One of these lads stated, with tears in his eyes, that the two girls (particularly the elder sister) were treated so harshly by their father, that they were absolutely afraid to encounter him whenever they had not been fortunate enough to obtain as much money as he expected from them at the end of a day's work. His practice on such occasions was to belabour them across the back with a rope or stick, and feed them upon a given allowance of dry bread and water.

The inquiry having proceeded thus far, the defendant expressed great anxiety to give another version of the story; but he was interrupted by a decently-clad, good-natured old lady, who, zealous in the cause of the unfor-

fortunate victims, *stept* forward with great confidence, and told the magistrate that the complainant and her sister had at different times made application to her for assistance on account of the cruelty they had suffered from their father. The elder girl came to her house about eighteen months ago, and represented that she was almost starved, and that her father had beaten her across the neck and shoulders with a rope. On that occasion the girl uncovered her left shoulder, and exhibited a black mark, which had been produced by a severe blow in the manner described. The younger sister called upon her (witness) about three months afterwards, and exhibited a black eye, which she said was caused by the violence of her father, who had beaten her because she could not earn such a sum of money as he required of her. On these several occasions the witness gave the girls meat and drink, and desired them to inform a policeman of the inhuman treatment they had experienced; but they were afraid to do so, lest they should excite their parent's anger.

In answer to the charge, Monsieur D—— said he would admit that on *one* occasion he had treated his daughters with severity; but he considered he was fully justified in his conduct. He had received information that the girls had behaved themselves in a manner that

was calculated to bring disgrace upon the family, and as he had always made them sensible of the punishment they must expect if they "went astray," he chastised them according to their deserts. They were his children; and whilst they were under his protection, he should make them earn their livelihood as he thought proper, and punish them whenever they disobeyed him.

The people present were literally amazed at the expression of such heartlessness, and cold-blooded malevolence on the part of a parent towards his children; and so distressed was poor Victorine at the thought of her father's disgraceful position, that she uttered a loud shriek, and swooned away in the arms of one of the bystanders.

The unhappy girl having been removed from the court, and the spectators restored to order, the magistrate said that, according to the evidence of the complainant, and those who had kindly come forward to speak in her behalf, the defendant had treated his children with great barbarity, and had proved himself to be a most violent and intemperate man. It was a very disagreeable duty for a magistrate to interfere between a father and his child; but in so serious a case as the present, he should consider himself justified in ordering the defendant to enter into his own recognizances to keep the peace towards his daughter for three months.

Monsieur Francois D—— was accordingly bound in the sum of £50 to keep the peace for a period of three months ; and thus terminated an inquiry, the particulars of which will scarcely be credited by those who have been taught to look upon man as a creature endowed with tender feelings and affectionate impulses. But, “truth is strange—stranger than fiction!”

HIGH WORDS.

He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one ; and to show himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour that seemed to insinuate he had never seen one.—FIELDING.

WILLIAM FITZLIGHTNING, Esq., a bombastic Brobdignagian, with a modicum of brains almost sufficient for a Lilliputian, was brought before his worship, charged with having, in the dead of night, created a disturbance at the station-house ; and there was a second count, which set forth that at the same period he was drunk and incapable of guarding his own proper person.

The appearance of Mr. Fitzlightning indicated that he had been out on bail, and that he had made the best use

of his wardrobe, in order to render himself, during his examination, the observed of all observers. In this he succeeded to a miracle; for so numerous, on this memorable occasion, were the charges against costermongers, journeymen tailors, second-rate prize-fighters, and other gentlemen who were less particular than Mr. Fitzlightning, respecting their costume, that the equipments of Mr. Fitzlightning were quite charming to gaze upon. He wore a light blue coat, buttoned up to his breast, and padded *à la militaire*, with pocket-handkerchiefs, &c., so as to exhibit an expansive chest in broad contrast with a particularly uncomfortable-looking waist; his neck was encircled by a floricultural scarf, the extremities of which were pinned together by a piece of jewellery resembling a marlin-spike, with a few inches of chain-cable attached; and his head was surmounted by a wig of curling black hair, well saturated with the "oil of Albert," or rather the grease of the *perruquier*; his whiskers appeared to have stood the hazard of the curling-irons; and his voice was similar to that of an immature peacock. After this faithful description, picture to yourself, reader, a man some twelve inches "more than common tall," and form your own opinion as to whether Mr. Fitzlightning was or was not an "ornament to the bar," at which he was now practising. What a pity that a gentleman so gifted

by the tailor, should not have been equally gifted by nature,—but the truth must be told :—Mr. Fitzlightning, though a tall man, was by no means a well-favoured man; his head was sugar-loaf shaped; and his face was such as a sculptor might copy with self-satisfaction, provided he wanted something anti-classical for his model: as for the limbs of Mr. Fitzlightning; his legs were long enough for a couple of garden-rakes; and his knees were like a pair of lovers, so closely attached to each other, that it seemed impossible to separate them. So much for Mr. William Fitzlightning; and now for the grievances for which he is called upon to answer:—

A police-constable (whose peculiar mode of speaking proved him to be a native of that “bright little gem of the ocean,” called by the vulgar, Ould Ireland) having hastily entered the witness-box, and brought his arms in perpendicular contact with his sides, like a man about to descend through a stage trap-door, informed his worship, that on the previous night he was on duty in Great Queen-street, Lincoln’s-inn Fields, when he saw the defendant and a cabman drinking together at the door of a public-house. Perceiving that the vehicle belonging to the latter was standing unattended in the street, he (the informant) stationed himself within a few yards of the spot, in order to ascertain whether there was any

"ill a brewing;" at the beer-shop; and in the course of a few minutes he was surprised to see Mr. Fitzlightning and Mr. Cabbee shake hands in the most friendly manner possible, and afterwards seat themselves upon the box of the cab. The gentleman performed the duty of the cabman, driving down Queen-street, into Drury-lane, and shouting at the same time with such ungentlemanly violence, that the horse pricked up his ears with fright, and many of the peaceful neighbours were roused from their slumbers. He (the constable) forthwith put his hat under his arm (for he couldn't run with such a weight upon his head) and followed the delinquents with all the speed that his Wellingtons would admit of. Luckily he succeeded in overtaking them, just as they were about to enter a coffee-house, at the corner of Wilson-street. Thinking it not unlikely that a draught of Mocha or Bohea would have a salutary effect upon their liquor-begone senses, he suffered them to walk into the coffee-shop, whilst he remained outside to regain his lost breath. Finding, however, that the presence of Mr. Fitzlightning and the other gentleman was by no means agreeable to the frequenters of the said coffee-house, he took the cabman and his vehicle into custody; and whilst he was preferring the charge at the station-house, Mr. Fitzlightning bounced up to the door, using the most violent en-

deavours to gain admittance. The door-keeper desired him to go away, "unless he wanted to be locked up all night:" whereupon the refractory gentleman got to high words, and uttered a tirade of low language, which he (the officer) considered quite unbecoming a gentleman *of his stamina*. He was at length taken into custody; and when he was placed at the bar of the station-house, he stated that they had no right to deprive a British subject of his liberty, nor of the cab, which he had engaged for the lawful purpose of returning to his disconsolate friends. The inspector being accustomed to behaviour of this nature, was in nowise alarmed, but kept "as cool as a cucumber," and Mr. William Fitzlightning was ultimately provided with accommodation in one of the cells. He then cried out that the policemen were a set of rascals; and if he had fair play he "would annihilate the whole lot of 'em."

When called upon for his answer to the charge, Mr. William Fitzlightning tried very hard to stand at ease; and not succeeding in this, he passed one hand through his jetty locks and put the other into his bosom, which he had carefully unbuttoned for the purpose. Having made up his mind that this was the right position to assume, he proceeded to inform the magistrate that what the policeman had stated was not founded in truth;—so far



COLD SATISFACTION.

from his being intoxicated, he *never was more sober*, and as to his making use of language which might be characterized as derogatory to a gentleman—why, he would ask his worship to say whether he looked like a person capable of disgracing his connections.

The magistrate replied that he knew nothing about his connections, and he hoped his connections would know nothing about him in connection with this charge. He should fine Mr. Fitzlightning 20s., and in default commit him for ten days.

“This way!” said the jailor; but the gentleman preferred another way, and paid the money instant; exclaiming at the same time, “Well, this may be justice, but hang me if I see any fun in it!”

COLD SATISFACTION.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, tho' we practise the same.—CUNNINGHAM.

ANNE PRENDERGAST was summoned before the magistrate, for assaulting Mary M'Kenna.

The complainant and defendant (who were both pure Emeralders) having taken their respective stations before

the magistrate, appeared so much excited—the one by jealousy, the other by revenge, and both by drink—that it was too evident they were burning to favour the court with a repetition of the quarrel which formed the subject of the present complaint.

“What’s this?—an assault!” said the magistrate, smiling.

Complainant—Yes, your riverince, and a murtherin’ one too, or my name’s not Mary M’Kenna.

Magistrate—Ah! you Irishwomen are always quarrelling. (To the defendant)—Well, did you strike her, or not?

Defendant—Strike her! the tarmegin! I niver touched the dirty crathur, barrin’ I tuk hoults av her by the hair av the head afther she had spit in my face.

Complainant—Don’t believe a word av her statemint, your riverince,—she’d swear the covers off a bushel-full of bibles.

His worship thought that the surest method of putting an end to the disagreement was to *continue* it for a few minutes; and therefore he desired Mrs. M’Kenna to state the ground of her complaint.

The complainant, after adjusting her shawl, and looking “all sorts of daggers” at her opponent, went on to state, that she lived at No. 5, George’s-coort, St. Giles’s, and that the defendant resided in the same house. “On Saturday mornin’,” continued Mrs. M’Kenna, “betune

nine and ten o'clock, I wor comin' up, like a dacent woman as I am, to my own little room, when Missus Pindhergas, bad luck to her! begun to ballyragg me in the most *unladylike* terms; and not contint with abusin' me to dirt, she laid houl't av the hair o' my head, and pulled me about in the most disgraceful fashin, widout the laste provicashin in life. When I presint to yer wortship the consekences of her tattheration, yer worship will believe that what I'm spaking is nothin' but the blessed thruth."

Upon this the *dacent* Mrs. M'Kenna produced the remains of a muslin cap, and a red pocket-handkerchief of an indescribable shape. The cap was originally a white one, but it had been so long in the classic locality where soap and civility are scarce commodities, that it now bore a decidedly neutral tint. "Will your wortship take the trouble to cast a pinethrating glance at this cap? You persave I'm telling no ontruth whin I say it's been torn all to *screeds* by this Jizibel of a woman. An' as to the hankecher (which was the lawful property av my own husband), she's made a nate half-dosen of it. Oh! Mrs. Pindhergas! Mrs. Pindhergas! may be you won't suffer for this thratemint."

Magistrate—Pray, had you given the woman no cause to treat you in this manner?

Complainant—Cause, yer honour? divil a bit o' cause did I give the crathur. Only bein' fond o' fightin' she mallavogued me, as I have jist tould ye. Maybe I'd betther tell you at once't, for fear she'd spile it when it comes to her turn—that she lint me the loan of a shawl—divil's cure to me for acceptin' the rubbige! and I was going to deliver it back on the very same day as this tuk place; but, plase yer wortship—

“How long had you kept the shawl?” said his wortship—“Only two months, as I hope to be saved,” replied Mrs. M'Kenna.

“A very long time” quoth the magistrate. “And did you not strike the defendant again?”—“No, sir, that I didn't; and I defy her to contradict me,” said the angry Mrs. M'Kenna, with increased confidence.

“Pray, how do you obtain your living?”—“I do any thing that comes handy, barrin' *washin'*—to which I have a moral aversion.”

“What is the other woman? Does she get her living by the same means?”—“Av coorse, sir,” replied the complainant, anxious to prove that Mrs. Prendergast's station in life was not superior to her own.

Defendant—Beggin' yer wortship's pard'n, I'd scorn to get an honest livelihud in sich a contimptible way.

Magistrate—Well, why did you strike the woman?

Defendant—Savin' yer wortship's prisince, I lint this ongrateful woman a petticoat and babby's frock, and as she kept possesshin of them many weeks past the time I intinded her to keep 'em, I axed her to let me have them back agin on Christmas night. You persave, sir, I have three small childer at home and a sickly husband, and wishing to enjoy myself wid my family at this blessed sason of the year, I thought I would jist turn them things into something as me an' my poor man and the three childer could ate and drink. Upon this, I tould Mrs. Mary M'Kenna to get me a shillin' upon the duds; but the desateful woman got two shilling' and kept one her own self—bad cess to her! Besides that, yer honor, she pawned the very selfsame shawl I lint to her, widout axin the consint av myself who am the owner. Wasn't all this provicashin enough to aggravate me agin the base crathur, and make me tear the dirty cap off her head? *Could satisfaction*, I'm thinking, for the loss av eight shillings, which is the sum she owes me, yer wortship!

His worship said it was much to be regretted that such cases as this were brought before magistrates. It was difficult to decide which was the aggressor in the present instance; and, therefore, he should dismiss the case, ordering the women to pay the costs between them.

The accuser was by no means satisfied with the magistrate's view of the case; and, after showing the accused the "shape of her fist," as much as to say "I have not done wid ye yet awhile," she exclaimed (holding up the ill-used cap and handkerchief)—"And isn't these to be renew'd to me?"

"Take them away," said the magistrate; and away they went, both evidently determined upon a renewal of the quarrel.

A CHILD IN PAWN.

Sure, never woman had such a time on't!—FIELDING.

O pretty, pretty pledge!—*Troilus and Cressida*.

Degenerate youth, and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.—*The Iliad*.

BENJAMIN ASKEW, a choice specimen of Nature's miniature painting—"an abridgment of all that is *ugly* in man,"—the very counterpart of Daniel Quilp, both in mind and body,—was summoned for assaulting one Mary Jenkins, and refusing to pay her a sum of money which she alleged to be due to her for nursing his child.

The circumstances which gave rise to the complaint

were somewhat singular, and were related by the disappointed nurse with all the meekness and patience of a suffering saint. It appeared that some months ago Mrs. Benjamin Askew presented her husband with a son and heir, and as the lady possessed a constitution to which the term "delicate" is generally applied, she was unable to nurse the bantling; and it was, therefore, entrusted to the care of the complainant (a comely dame, residing in King's Head-yard, Lincoln's-inn Fields), with a specific agreement that she should act the maternal part towards it. Having nursed the child for several weeks, and furnished it with sundry articles of clothing, which the inexperienced mother had forgotten, Mrs. Mary Jenkins found that, in supporting the child, she was rapidly diminishing her revenue; and accordingly she made application to Mr. Askew, (who was a resident in Little Wild-street) for pecuniary assistance, stating that neither she nor her juvenile charge could "hold out" any longer without it. The defendant, however, instead of paying Mrs. Mary Jenkins what she demanded, "*paid her off*" with a cuff on the side of the head," and snatched the child from her arms, desiring her to get out of his house. She was, of course, unwilling to submit to such treatment; and, as she could not obtain her money, she determined to hold the child as a pawn for the payment of the debt! In order to carry this re-

solution into effect, the enraged matron made a rash attempt to snatch the infant from the paternal embrace; but Mr. Askew did not think it advisable or natural that anybody excepting himself should hold the child as a "*pledge of affection*,"—and the struggle which ensued in consequence of his determination to redeem his offspring was the immediate cause of Mr. Askew's appearance before the magistrate.

"Well, sir, what say you to this charge?" said his worship. "Why don't you pay the woman the money that's due to her?"

Mr. Askew glanced at the magistrate, and then looking particularly askew at the fosterer of his child, stated that he had been lately out of employment, and was consequently unable to satisfy the woman's demand.

"You are a false-swearing good-for-nothing man," ejaculated the complainant, in a tone which proved that the dramatist who wrote "*The Earl of Essex*," had well studied the characteristics of the fair sex, when he said—

"A disappointed woman sets no bounds
To her revenge,—"

"Didn't I see the money in your hand?"

"Ah, you might a' see'd two or three shillings; exclaimed the accused; but I worn't agoing to 'poverish

myself for a woman as wanted to rob a father of his own child."

"Well, my good woman," said the magistrate. "It seems that you have got into this dilemma by detaining the man's child against his will: a most extraordinary proceeding,—the idea of a lien upon an infant!"

Mrs. Jenkins, finding that she could not have her revenge, endeavoured to obtain relief in tears; and presenting a bundle of infant clothing to the magistrate's gaze, stated that she was willing to give up the child's "things," provided the defendant would pay her the money: all she demanded was twelve shillings.

The magistrate gave the poor woman half-a-crown, at the same time stating that he had no power to order the defendant to pay the money.

✱

AN ACTION FOR DAMAGES.

H' attack'd the windows, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass.—*Hudibras*.

THOMAS CARL, the proprietor of an a-la-mode beef-shop in the neighbourhood of Temple-bar, was sum-

moned for having "unlawfully, wilfully, and maliciously broken and destroyed ten panes of glass, the property of Elizabeth Berry."

The defendant in this case was a gentleman of aldermanical proportions, and a countenance *à la mode de Bardolph*; his "fair round belly" being embraced by an apron (whose peculiar appearance gave ample proof that, although grease and water may sometimes come together, the former is sure to swim on the top,) and his "shining morning face" being adorned by a profusion of rubies and other gems, by which the charms of nature, are too often disguised. Opposed to this distinguished personage was an old woman, who had gained many wrinkles in this world of woe, and whose greatest fault seemed to be that she could keep a secret, for she addressed the magistrate in so low a tone that it was almost impossible to understand the nature of her grievances! Fortunately, however, there were two lawyers engaged—that is to say, one on either side—and the professional gentleman who represented the complainant, opened the proceedings in the following manner:—

"This is a most disgraceful case, your wortchip, and when I've stated the particulars I think you will be of the same opinion. I'm a native of Ireland, and having been a member of the profession for twenty years, nobody

can say I'm incapable of misrepresenting anything to the court! (The gentleman meant the very reverse, but perhaps he was 'unaccustomed to public speaking.') The defendant herein, Mr. Thomas Car-rl, keeps an ating-house close to Temple-bar, your wortchip; and, as you may judge from his appearance, he ates as much ally-mode beef in his own house as would fill the stumicks of half-a-dozen customers—that is, I mean at one and the same time, your honour. In truth, he is always ating, and when he's ating he's drinking, and when he drinks he never laves off until he is intoxicated; and when he's intoxicated he is desperate, as the witnesses will testify to your honour's entire satisfaction. Well, the fact o' the matther is this. My client—that is, Misthress Elizabeth Berry, lives close to this Misther Thomas Car-rl, up a coort-yard, called 'Ship and Anchor;' and whenever Mr. Car-rl and his friends are inclined to be larkish they always make a point of playing tricks with the door and windies belonging to the old lady's house. On these grounds there has, for many months past, been a kind of neighbourly misunderstanding betune them—that is, betune Mr. Thomas Car-rl and Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, your wortchip; and in the course of last week Mrs. Berry sent to Mr. Car-rl's ating-house for a dish of

ally-mode beef. 'I want four penn'orth of beef,' says the brother-in-law of Misthress Berry.—'Tell Mrs. Berry she sha'n't have four penn'orth of beef, unless she sends sixpence for it, ready money.' Upon that the man went away, and delivered the message to his sister-in-law, Mithress Berry; who immediately paid a visit to the ally-mode beef-shop, and began to remonsthrate with Mr. Car-rl, the proprietor. "What do you mean by this?" says she.—'I mean what's right and proper,' says he.—'The divil you do,' says she; then, sure an' I'll have you before the magistrate for neglect of duty.'—'Don't come here to insult me in my own shop,' says he.—'I come here for justice, and four penn'orth of the best ally-mode,' says Mithress Berry.—'I don't want your custom,' says Mr. Car-rl, as independently as possible; 'so, you'd better go home and mind your own business at the wash-tub.' Well, to cut a long story short, after this, your wortchip, there was the divil to pay, and no ally-mode beef. Mithress Berry was obliged to run out o' the shop to save her life. Mr. Car-rl ran after her with his carving-knife in his hand. She rushed into her own house, and slammed the door in his face. He hammered at the door as if his own clumsy fist were a brass knocker; and finding that he couldn't gain admittance, he and

his accomplice commenced breaking the windies—that is to say, they loaded themselves with a quantity of coals, glass bottles, pewter pots, and beef-bones, which they chucked at the windies until every pane of glass was shivered to pieces. On the following day, Misthress Berry consulted her lawyer (that's me, your wortchip) upon the subject; and as Mr. Car-rl treated me and my advice with contempt, saying that he hadn't done the damages, and therefore wouldn't pay for them, I commenced legal proceedings against him. I mentioned my intentions to Misthress Berry, in the first instance; and then I served him with a copy of a writ for an action in common law (!) Ever since that he has behaved worse and worse towards my client, putting the law and *everybody else* at defiance; and last night, your honour, he brought his desperate propensities to a climax by making another attack on Misthress Berry's house, and rushing into the old lady's sitting-room by forcible manes. She was frightened out of her wits at such ungentleel treatment; and in order to establish her own pace and quietness, without any further delay, I advised her to take out a summons against Mr. Car-rl, for conducting himself in a manner so unbecoming the respectable proprietor of a respectable ally-mode beef-shop."

For the purpose of confirming this lucid statement, the

man of law called several witnesses: one of whom (a decent-looking Irishwoman) stated that she "belonged to the house which had its windies broken;" that she "heard a great deal of glass knocked into smithereens" by Mr. Carl and another gentleman, who stood opposite to the old lady's door; and that after they had completed the work of destruction, the whole court was so smothered with coals and broken bottles, that it was absolutely dangerous to walk there without clogs or pattens.

The professional gentleman who appeared in behalf of the defendant, had up to this time stood with his hands behind him, listening attentively to the case which it was now his duty to answer; but as the last witness was about to leave the box, he called out "Stop a moment, if you please, I have a few questions to put to you."

"I beg your pardon," said the Hibernian man of law, who had Mrs. Elizabeth Berry and her interests at heart, "you're not a solicitor, and have therefore no right to interfere."

"I am as much a solicitor as you," replied the legal adviser of Mr. Thomas Carl, seemingly very indignant at the insinuation.

"Blur an' ouns," exclaimed the Irishman, "I come

here in the name of Mr. —, a respectable solicitor of London !”

“And I come here in the defendant’s defence !” quoth the other.

“Are you a solicitor ? That is the point,” cried the representative of Mrs. Berry and the “respectable solicitor of London.”

“Are you authorized to put such irrelevant questions to me ?” said the gentleman who appeared in the defendant’s defence. “That’s *another* point—I appeal to the magistrate, whether you have any right to treat a professional man in this disrespectful manner.”

His worship smiled, and decided that one was as good as the other for aught he knew to the contrary ; and the examination proceeded, the two lawyers looking “daggers” and actions for defamation at each other.

The solicitor for Mr. Carl cross-examined the young woman before mentioned upon a variety of matters having little or nothing to do with the important question at issue ; and afterwards went on to say that his client had certainly acted with impropriety, but that Mrs. Berry had in the first instance given him great provocation. The fact was, that Mrs. B., or somebody belonging to her, went into the defendant’s shop on Friday morning, and began to joke him about the “copy of a

writ." The writ itself was bad enough, but to be insulted in this manner was fifty times worse; and therefore Mr. Carl became exceedingly indignant, so much so that he "didn't know what to do." As to the charge of breaking the windows, Mr. Carl was not the only person to blame in that matter, for the damage was done by several persons, including Mrs. Berry and the witnesses who had come forward in her behalf. "In short (continued the lawyer), there was a constant state of disturbance kept up in the court—a constant sort of a volley—that is to say a volley of bottles and pewter pots."

"I beg to differ with you," said the other professional adviser. "There was no general disturbance, but the conduct of Mr. Carl was really quite alarming. Mistress Berry broke none of the windies, decidedly not."

"I must entreat you not to interrupt me," replied the defendant's solicitor. "You have made your speech, and now have the goodness to let me make a reply."

The defendant perceived that the two legal professors were likely to prolong the inquiry by their repeated disputes, and therefore he addressed the magistrate on his own account:—"I hope your worship will allow me to answer the charge in *my* way. The fact is, it warn't me that did the mischief, for I was not at home at the time in question. I went to Doory-lane Theatre on Fri-

day evening, and didn't return until one o'clock in the morning, when I found a gentleman at my place—he's a publican, a very respectable man and a particular friend of mine, but in liquor. He told me that he had been having a 'flare-up' in the court; and that he would pay all the expenses if I would come out and have another 'shy' at the windows. Accordingly I took his advice; and broke, I think, about three panes of glass. However, he is exceedingly sorry that such an accident should have occurred with a respectable publican; and he is of the same opinion as me—that all this business is made a great deal of by Mrs. Berry and her solicitor, while there is an action at common law pending against me for a similar transaction. The truth is, she is a quarrelsome unlady-like old woman; and I beg your worship to inquire more particularly into her character—whether she is a married woman or whether she is not."

The magistrate declined making any such inquiry, and ordered the defendant to pay 30s. (the estimated amount of the damages) and the cost of the summons;—in default of payment to be committed for one month.

"The solicitor owes me a long bill for lodging," exclaimed the respectable publican.

"One pound twelve, or a month's imprisonment,"

cried the usher; and the proprietor of the a-la-mode beef-shop having expressed himself "perfectly satisfied," his friend the publican paid the money into court.

A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still;
Sullen she was and threatening.—CRABBE.

But where's the money?—*Comedy of Errors*.

O' my faith, a pretty policy!—MIDDLETON.

MR. GEORGE FULLERTON — a snake-headed, long-limbed, particularly unfashionable sort of gentleman, who represented himself as a "retired householder," but who looked wondrous like a lawyer's clerk in a very precarious state of lodging-house existence, was called upon to redress an injury received at his hands by Mr. and Mrs. P——, mine host and hostess of the Lamb tavern, in ——street, Clare-market.

It appeared that on the previous Sunday Mr. Fullerton was some distance from his own domicile, and being exhausted, wet through, and benighted, he stopped at the Lamb public-house, and desired to know if the land-

lady could supply him with a bed. He was answered in the affirmative; and the good woman proceeded to prepare the chamber for his reception, whilst he remained below inhaling the "delicious fragrance" of the bar or tap-room. After the lapse of a few minutes—sufficient time to enable the landlady to air the sheets and put the room in order—an old motherly personage (whom the visitor understood to be the chambermaid) made her appearance, and "with tedious steps, slow and sure," ushered Mr. Fullerton up stairs to the sleeping apartment. There was no fault to be found with the room, and the cost for a night's rest was only a shilling; but nevertheless it suddenly occurred to the strange gentleman that the miseries of a strange bed were not exactly calculated to tranquillize his thoughts, or to lock him fast in the embraces of the sleepy god, and therefore he ordered the "chambermaid" to furnish him with a glass of something which would quickly close his eyes. "What would you like to have, sir?" said the woman.—"Why, I should like a glass of negus," answered the householder (putting his hand into his pocket, and chinking a bunch of keys), "I don't drink spirits." The request was forthwith complied with, and the temporary inhabitant of the bedchamber was about to put the glass to his lips, when the handmaid of the Lamb demanded "money down."

"I beg your pardon," said the visitor, becoming indignant, "I have not drank it yet."—"Oh, but I must have the money first" replied the lady.—"You won't get it then," rejoined the gentleman; and he positively refused to pay for the negus until he should pay for his bed in the morning. Upon this the landlady was called; and while the negus was getting cold, she remonstrated with Mr. Fullerton, saying that he ought not to feel offended, as he was a stranger, and it was part of *their policy* to make strangers pay "upon delivery." He then made use of abusive language towards the presiding goddess of the Lamb; and finding that the conduct of that amiable lady was likely to produce an illustration of the old adage—"there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"—he resolved to doff his clothes, and "drink deeply of despair" instead of the negus. But the landlady objected to his partaking of *anything* without pre-paying for it; and instantly called her husband, whose presence however was not sufficient to induce the man to quit the house, or "pay his footing." The night was far advancing, but the visitor showed no symptoms of retreating; and the landlord therefore felt it necessary to give him a taste of the *fortiter in re* (for which landlords are celebrated) by turning him out of the room. The troublesome guest, however, objected to this "action of ejectment," and insisted

on retaining possession: whereupon the determined Boniface "seized hold" of the tail of his coat, and endeavoured to pull him down stairs; but the landlady (finding that the visitor was still obstinate, and that *he* was not so likely to *give way* as the nether part of his coat) caught hold of her husband's outer garment, and the old maid of the bedchamber performed the same dexterous feat with the skirt of the landlady's gown,—and by dint of a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, they succeeded in bringing Mr. Fullerton to the foot of the stairs; when he became violent, and committed the assault for which he was now charged. A policeman was sent for; and the hostess being resolved to have her revenge, the prisoner was, by her request, taken to the station-house and searched. No money was found upon his person, his pockets containing nothing but the bunch of keys aforementioned, and a knife, such as the landlord would certainly have refused to accept in exchange for a glass of negus and a well-aired bed.

Mr. Fullerton made a very short speech in his defence, but it was somewhat to the purpose: he begged the magistrate to understand that he had always borne the character of an honest man and a gentleman, and therefore it was not very likely he would condescend to enter a low public-house with any dishonest or ungentlemanly

views regarding the landlord or landlady ;—Mrs. P——, had however adopted a very threatening manner towards him, and upon this ground he considered himself justified in asserting his consequence ! It was quite true he had no *change* in his pocket, but the *word* of a gentleman was surely good for a glass of bad negus on a wet night !

His worship said he did not know what Mr. Fullerton's word was good for ; but it was quite evident he had entered the house of the complainants with no very honest intention, and therefore he must pay a fine of 20s. or be committed for seven days.

The "retired householder" was then led out of court by several policemen—that is to say, under an escort of the F. regiment of *Blues*.

A COUPLE OF TURKS.

— What, man ! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple ;
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys.
Much Ado about Nothing.

SEPTIMUS and OCTAVIUS TURK, two young gentlemen (brothers) of the "puppy" breed—the originals, it

was supposed, of those elegant representations of uncomfortable humanity, which stand as sentinels at the shop doors of pseudo-fashionable tailors, appeared, per summons, to answer for an assault committed upon two brothers of the name of Petersham.

The circumstances which gave rise to this complaint arose out of a mistaken notion entertained by the defendants respecting the purposes to which wit and humour may be applied :

“ Pert, fopplish, whiffing, flutt’ring butterflies !
Weak imps ! ”

what could have induced them to imagine that there was anything particularly funny in their conduct towards the Messrs. Petersham, we have never been able to discover ! (and many months have elapsed since the assault in question occurred) ; but, let us detail the facts of the case, as related by the complainants :—

It appeared that Mr. Alfred Petersham was a resident in London ; that his younger brother, Mr. George Petersham was attached to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and that on the preceding morning the latter came to town on a visit to the former. Between eight and nine o’clock in the evening they were walking together in Hungerford-market colonnade, engaged in conversation, when they were met by Mr. Septimus Turk, who

was walking in company with a friend, whose name did not transpire; and Mr. Septimus Turk (droll dog!) amused himself by pushing violently against them, the aforesaid Mr. Alfred Petersham and Mr. George Petersham, and proceeding onwards, without waiting to receive a reward for so valorous an act. Mr. George Petersham followed, and demanded an apology; when Mr. Octavius Turk (who had been walking behind his brother and the anonymous friend) came forward, and, by way of compensating the gentlemen for the insult they had suffered, clenched his fist, and brought it into immediate contact with the left eye of Mr. George Petersham, who, finding that his assailant was stronger than himself or his brother, showed no disposition to fight, but merely placed himself in an attitude of defence. The result was a violent struggle, in which the younger Mr. Petersham received a blow which blackened his eye: the skirts of his coat were torn, and his hat was much damaged by being kicked and knocked about. The charge was very clearly proved by the evidence of the two brothers, who were assaulted, and by the corroborative testimony of a young man who was passing at the time, and who happened to be a disinterested witness of the whole transaction.

The two Turks, in their defence, stated that the *collision* was quite accidental; that they had no desire to

insult the complainants; and that they considered the affray to be a mere "street squabble," from which no serious consequences could arise.

To confirm their statement these practical humorists called forward a very pompous sort of personage, who said he was employed as head waiter at a public-house, (of which the defendants' father was landlord); that he was present when the young gentlemen were scuffling, and that seeing "Master Octavius" in an awkward predicament, he endeavoured to pacify him; and fearing, also, that "Master Septimus" would strike Mr. Alfred Petersham after the manner which "Master Octavius" had adopted towards Mr. George Petersham, he placed his arms round his waist, and thus prevented the occurrence of a decided fight.

The magistrate said he looked upon the case in a very different light to that in which the two Turks viewed it; and he considered the assault to be a very serious offence. Octavius Turk, he thought, had acted with greater impropriety than his brother, and he should therefore, inflict upon him a heavier penalty. He should fine him 3*l.*, and Septimus Turk the sum of 40*s.*

The fines were paid—the father of these noble and promising youths having opportunely come to the rescue.

THE LOST MIRROR.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass.—*Richard III.*

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend.—*POPE's Essay on Man.*

HENRY WEBBATTERBURY, a very mysterious-looking individual of theatrical pretensions,—a “youth to fortune and to fame unknown”—was charged with unlawfully detaining a looking-glass, the property of an elderly gentleman of the name of S——, (the gentleman has not yet achieved immortality, and therefore we abstain from giving his name in full.)

Mr. S—— stated, that a few evenings prior to this examination an amateur performance took place at the Olympic Theatre; that his son was one of the aspirants to histrionic fame who disported themselves on the stage on that occasion; that the property in question disappeared from the ladies' dressing-room on the same evening, and that it was found in the possession of the defendant (who was connected with the theatre) on the following morning.

“That's enough, Mr. S——,” exclaimed the magistrate, when the prosecutor had concluded this brief account of the lost mirror. “Then all you know is that the glass

belonged to you, and that it was taken to the theatre on the evening in question ?”

Mr. S—— answered, that he could give no further evidence ; but that his son was present, and he was in a situation to give a more satisfactory account of the case.

The son of the prosecutor was then called ; and a very tall, attenuated young gentleman, with a foreign waistcoat and a domestic countenance, made his *début* in the witness-box, and represented himself as Mr. Henry Brinsley S——.

“ *What* is your name, sir ?” said his worship, with very considerable anxiety. The stage-struck youth took up the cue which the magistrate had given him, and repeated his name with a proper regard to the principles of elocution.

“ What ! oh—ah ! yes, exactly !” exclaimed the magistrate, “ Well, sir, will you have the goodness to explain to the court what you know about this matter ?”

Mr. Henry Brinsley S—— stated that the property was taken to the Olympic Theatre for the convenience of one of the “ female players,” who took part in the amateur performance of the evening. On the following morning he (Mr. Henry Brinsley S——,) inquired at the theatre for the looking-glass, when he discovered that it was gone. He had previously spoken to Mr. N——, the treasurer,

requesting him to take care of it ; and he said he would not fail to do so. When he (Mr. Henry Brinsley S——) found that the glass, which had reflected the person of a distinguished “female player,” had vanished, he applied to Mr. Butler, the manager of the theatre ; but instead of his (Mr. H. B. S.) recovering the property, he only learnt from Mr. Butler that he had not seen it, and that he knew nothing about it. The result of his (witness’s) inquiries was, that the looking-glass was in the possession of the defendant, whose object was evidently to impose, not only upon him, but also upon other parties belonging to the amateur *corps dramatique*.

The prisoner in his defence stated, that he had no intention of *stealing* the looking-glass ; but that he had *detained* it, believing it to be the property of his friend Mr. Henry Brinsley S——, and not of Mr. S——, senior. The former was in his (Mr. Atterbury’s) debt, and therefore he considered himself justified in detaining the looking-glass. Whatever might be the result of this inquiry, he hoped his worship would think, with him, that he had been very scurvily treated in the matter, inasmuch as his accuser had always acknowledged himself as his particular friend ! “ But, ’tis like the world ! ” continued Mr. Atterbury, quoting from the play in which he had last exhibited his histrionic powers.

In support of Mr. Atterbury's statement a witness was called, who stated that he was by trade a baker, and by profession an actor ! That the looking-glass was given to the defendant by the "property-man," who requested him to take care of it until it should be claimed by the owner.

The father of the defendant here stood boldly forward, and was about to make a speech in vindication of his son's conduct, when

The magistrate said there was evidently some misunderstanding between the contending parties. It appeared that young Mr. S—— was an amateur performer at the Olympic Theatre on the occasion alluded to, and that old Mr. S——, being anxious to forward the views of the company, had permitted young Mr. S—— to lend a mirror to one of the actresses. It unfortunately happened that young S—— owed the defendant a certain sum, and the defendant not knowing that the looking-glass belonged to old S——, detained it in payment of the debt. He should, therefore, order that the property be delivered up to Mr. S——.

Mr. Henry Webb Atterbury was then discharged ; and Mr. S—— and his hopeful son left the court, perfectly satisfied with the result of the proceedings.

BOXING-NIGHT.

'Tis a strong-limb'd knave.—MASSINGER's *Bondman*.

'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,

A bully cannot sleep without a brawl.—DRYDEN.

ON the 27th of December, in the year of our Lord 18—, a blustering fellow named John Hutchinson—a wolf in costermonger's clothing—was charged with committing a violent onslaught on a melancholy, sheep-faced, lamb-like specimen of the genus *juvenis*, rejoicing in the patronymic of Obadiah Thrift.

The peculiarities of Mr. Hutchinson's personal charms were—a head that seemed well adapted for the but-end of a stone-mason's mallet,—eyes small, inexpressive, and deeply planted—nose and cheeks like a prize-fighter's,—an undue proportion of chin,—a Gargantuan mouth,—and whiskers which bore no little resemblance to a pair of retired blacking-brushes.

The charge against this Adonis of St. Giles's was to this effect:—The complainant had accompanied his mother and sister to the lower gallery of Drury-lane Theatre, on the night following Christmas-day; and although it was boxing-night, they were not at all disposed to be noisy, but were, on the contrary, resolved to await with patience

the termination of the tragedy ("Jane Shore," or "George Barnwell," of course,) and the commencement of the pantomime. They were so fortunate as to procure seats on "the fifth row from the front of the gallery," and, according to the established custom on such occasions, they were standing up, whilst the "gods" persisted in exclaiming, "Down, down!" A few minutes before seven o'clock the defendant entered the gallery, forced his way down to the seat occupied by the complainant, "takes him by the legs, and chucks him over several rows of people, nearly into the pit!" The consequences of this valorous act *might* have been very serious, for the knowledge-box of Mr. Obadiah Thrift struck the iron rail in front of the gallery, the heel of his boot came in contact with the face of an old man, and his hand "grazed" the face of a young woman who was drinking ginger-beer; the men "*hollered out*," the women shrieked in chorus, and upon the appearance of the policeman there was a general cry of "Turn him out," "Throw him over," &c. "It's all very well to say 'turn him out;' but who's to do it?" vociferated a drunken man in the centre of the gallery. The officer replied that he would do it, if the culprit were pointed out to him; and Mr. John Hutchinson having been pointed out to him, he forthwith took that gentleman into custody, and

lodged him at the station-house amongst other individuals who were not of the same opinion as Mr. William Cowper, that—

“Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim.”

The defendant, in answer to the charge, called a witness to prove that the complainant was mistaken as to identity; that, in fact, Mr. Obadiah Thrift was endeavouring to prevent persons from obtaining seats, and that *another* man (a perfect stranger to him) “made no more to do, but laid hold of his legs and threw him over four rows of people,” as before mentioned.

Mr. Obadiah Thrift and the police-officer having protested that their story was true, and that the story of the defendant was false.

The magistrate inquired, whether the accused had been locked up all night?

“Yes, indeed, I have,” replied the defendant, in a voice loud enough to awake the “seven sleepers,” “and instead of seeing the Christmas pantomime (*which* I always make a point of going to the theatre on boxing-night), I have seen nothing but drunken men and obstreperous women in the black-hole at the station-house.”

His worship said it was a great pity that such people as the delinquent in this case could not make themselves

happy at a place of public entertainment, without making everybody else unhappy. [This was a mistake of his worship's—Mr. Hutchinson knew that his friends in the gallery liked to be as uncomfortable as possible on these holiday occasions!] It appeared from the evidence, that Mr. Hutchinson had provoked a complete brawl amongst the gods and goddesses, and therefore he must pay a fine of 10*s.*, or be committed for seven days.

The money was sullenly paid; and Mr. Hutchinson went away in a state of mind which rendered it very doubtful whether he would retire to his mattress at night without giving some further proof of his manly propensities.

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces.—*The Tempest.*

JOHN HICKINS and JOHN TODD—two young gentlemen of very unequal dimensions, the former being all length, and the latter all breadth, were charged with being drunk and disorderly in the streets, to the

infinite terror and amazement of certain of her Majesty's liege subjects.

These young gentlemen were respectably clad, but their faces were so much disfigured by bruises and discolourations, that it was quite evident they had suffered corporal punishment as well as close confinement. They were manifestly not amongst that class of people who delight in converting the station-house into a dormitory; but it appeared that they had been out to dinner, and having made a little too free with the wine-bottle, became pretty considerably exhilarated, and were resolved to pass the night in pleasant "gambols and sportive tricks." They were, it appeared, strangers to each other; but happening to meet at a coffee-house for one and the same purpose, an "introduction" took place,—yet of so rough a nature that eventually each was in a condition to exclaim "’Twere well if we had never met."

The circumstances which gave rise to the complaint were as follow:—A police-constable, on duty in the Strand at ten o'clock on the previous night, perceived a mob of people hurrying towards Temple-bar, and being inclined to suppose that they were not "bending towards any lawful project," he approached them *ex officio*, when he discovered that the crowd was following in the rear of two young gentlemen who were fighting "stick in hand."

Being one of the very few police-officers who temper justice with mercy, he did not in the first instance apprehend them ; but desiring them to desist from " knocking one another about in that there manner," he went on his way patrolling. A few minutes afterwards his attention was again called to the same individuals, who had now reached Temple-bar, and were still belabouring each other with such violence, that those who watched their pugilistic proceedings were quite alarmed. He (the policeman) had seized Mr. John Todd, the short young gentleman, when Mr. John Hickins, the tall one, brought the combat to a termination by striking his antagonist a " violent blow in the *hye*." Another constable then arrived at the spot ; and the defendants having been deprived of the use of their hands, began to use their tongues in revenge, talking and vociferating with such extraordinary emphasis, that several peaceful shopkeepers, who had closed their doors, came out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. After a constant repetition of such complimentary phrases as these—" You d—d scoundrel,"—" You're a liar!"—" Why don't you hit one of your own size?"—" How came you to bilk the coffee-shop?"—" I did no such thing"—" You're another"—" Don't be a coward"—" Come on you thief, no retreating"—" Who the devil are you?"—" Hang it, that's *not* fair play."—" My eyes!

that's a toucher," &c. &c.—the officer found that the disturbance originated in a coffee-house in the Strand; and that it was attributable to the cost of a basin of soup and salad!

In answer to the charge, Hickins, (the tall one) said, "The fact is, your worship (hiccup) there was a party of fellows at the coffee-house, and this gent here (pointing to his companion in trouble) struck my brother a blow in the face,—(another hiccup, accompanied by a slight deviation from the perpendicular,)—consequently I struck him in return, your worship; and when me and my brother left the premises, this chap followed us, exclaiming, 'I am determined to settle it manfully,'—(a loud cough, and a bow). Upon this I turned round to 'spostulate with him,—when he knocked me down, and told me to pick myself up again. Of course I couldn't stand such language as this, which I'm a respectable gentleman's son; and therefore I made up my mind to stand the hazard of the fight." (Hiccup, which seemed to give the orator so much uneasiness, that he was obliged to finish without a peroration.)

Mr. Todd (the short one) was then called upon for his answer to the charge; and he said, "One story's good 'till another's told,' your worship, as Brutus said to Cassius on the plains of Denmark!—(We presume that

the young gentleman knew better, and that this was a specimen of his wit.) This gent here forgot to tell you the most important part of the business,—viz. the truth; and so you shall have it from me, without exaggeration or misrepresentation. Me and my friends were walking along, when three of 'em—that is Mr. Hickins and his party—shoved up against us; and as I considered this an indignity that a private single gentleman had no right to submit to, I certainly gave this gent here a slight blow for his impudence. That's all about it, your worship, I can assure you, sir, on the honour of a man. Ahem!"

"What are you?" interrogated the magistrate.

"Why I've just come up from the country," replied the short young gentleman,—looking as if the night's lodging in the station-house had given him reason for wishing to return to his "native hills."

The magistrate put the same question to Mr. Hickins, who stated in answer that he was a ware'usman, and that he trusted his worship would not inflict upon him a heavy penalty, as he was entirely dependent upon himself (and his pocket) for support.

The magistrate said he should not attempt to decide a foolish quarrel between drunken people: the probability was that they were both wrong, and therefore each must pay a fine of 5s., or be committed for five days.

Mr. Hickins thought proper to tender an objection to this mode of settling the matter; but the arm of the gaoler was upon him, and he was soon removed from the bar.

"Who's to pay me for my broken glasses?" cried a little grim-visaged fellow, standing on tiptoe in order that the magistrate might distinguish him from the rest of the spectators.

"If you have any charge to make against the defendants," said his worship, "you had better step into the box."

Upon this hint the little man went through the usual ceremony of kissing the book, (or pretending to kiss it, which nine times out of ten is the same thing,) and proceeded to say that he was the owner of the coffee-shop in question; and that the defendants and two other *gents* came into the said coffee-shop about nine o'clock at night, and ordered sundry basins of soup and salad,—for which he made the moderate charge of half-a-crown. That they objected to this charge, stating that they could have supped at a *first-rate* tavern for that sum,—thereby insinuating that *his* tavern was a second-rate tavern, which he denied. That he (the proprietor of the coffee-shop) refused to make any reduction; and thereupon one of the young gentlemen doffed his hat, and challenged

him to fight. Now he was "not much of a one for fighting," as the magistrate would see from his appearance; and therefore he hastened to the door, and gave information to a policeman. In the meantime the gentlemen, who had swallowed the soup and the salad, and objected to the cost of the same, thought it right to avenge themselves by breaking several jugs, glasses, cups, &c. They then made a second attack upon him, (the proprietor of the tavern,) and so roughly did they handle him, that had it not been for the interference of the police he feared they would have knocked him to pieces as well as his glasses. Under these peculiar circumstances he trusted that the magistrate would indemnify him, not for the injury done to himself, but for the loss of his household property—the emblems indeed of his calling.

Three shillings and tenpence being the estimated value of the jugs, glasses, and cups, the magistrate ordered the defendants to pay that sum, in addition to the fine.

"If so be they should refuse to pay the money," cried he of the coffee-house, in a confidential whisper, "*shall I be justified in taking their hats?*"

His worship was spared the necessity of answering this strange question, for the costs as well as the fines were

paid into the hands of the small usher ; and the matter dropped, much to the discomfiture of the warehouseman and the gentleman who had just come up from the tountry.

THE JEW AND THE CABMAN.

Fourteen shillings, indeed ! I won't give thee a farthing.

Parson Trulliber.

Base is the slave that pays.—*Ancient Pistol.*

DANIEL ISAACS, a middle-aged, hawk-eyed, hungry-looking son of Israel, was brought up for unlawfully refusing to pay the sum of fourteen shillings to one Samuel Johnson, a cabman—the said Daniel Isaacs, having lawfully engaged the said Samuel Johnson and his cab for a period of ten hours !

The complainant (who was a stout healthy-looking fellow of un-cabman-like proportions, and who appeared to want nothing but the wig and wisdom of the great L.L.D. to render him worthy of so distinguished a namesake) made a respectful bow to the worthy functionary on the bench, and proceeded to say, that on Wednesday last he and his cab were called off the stand, in Charles-street, “Common-garden,” by a young man

“what was formerly a bus proper-rioter;” that he accordingly drove direct to a house in Martlett’s-court, Bow-street. (How he managed to get himself and his vehicle into a place scarcely wide enough for a wheel-barrow, is a mystery which to the present day remains unsolved.) He was forthwith honoured by an interview with Mr. Isaacs, the owner of the house; and in pursuance of directions then and there given by the said Isaacs, he (the cabman) took three inside, or rather the interior of his vehicle took three people—viz., Mrs. Isaacs, another lady and a *gent*,—the driving-box being occupied by the *quondam* “bus proper-rioter” who had called the cab. Matters being thus comfortably arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, (except the horse,) complainant was ordered to drive as far as Lombard-street. Arrived at the first banking-house in that banking-street, the check-string was pulled violently, the door flung open, and out popped one of the passengers, (very much to the satisfaction of the horse,) without saying “with your leave or by your leave.” After this he (Mr. Samuel Johnson) drove, according to order, to the King’s Arms, Snow-hill, and from thence back to Martlett’s-court, Bow-street; when the aforesaid young “bus proper-rioter” alighted, to make room for Mr. Isaacs, who hastily took the box-seat in his stead. He (the cabman) then

drove to the Bermondsey cotton-factory, and back to Snow-hill; from thence he was desired to return to Bow-street, and then to Snow-hill again. After remaining at the last-mentioned place a few minutes, he came, at the defendant's request, back to Bow-street, and, lastly, proceeded to Seymour-street, Euston-square: having exhausted his horse's strength and his own patience, he ultimately brought his passengers back to the place whence they had started. Notwithstanding the defendant and his friends had monopolized his valuable time and attention for upwards of ten hours, they refused to pay him his fare, stating that they had hired the cab for the purpose of "looking after money, to enable this gentleman (the individual who rode inside, and popped out at the banker's in Lombard-street) to pay his way."

In answer to the charge, Mr. Daniel Isaacs, assisted by his amiable *cara sposa*, (who was determined to speak in spite of his worship's repeated injunctions to the contrary,) affirmed that he knew nothing at all about the affair; that he hired the cab to oblige a gentleman who owed him a small sum of money, and who sought to get a bill cashed; and that the cabman was ordered to drive from place to place for that especial purpose. The gentleman had neither accomplished his object nor succeeded

in paying his way; and therefore he refused to satisfy the demands of the cab-driver. It was, however, very unjust to call upon him (Mr. Daniel Isaacs) to pay the expenses incurred by so unsatisfactory a drive; particularly as the horse was "such a bad 'un to go," that his driver ought to be indicted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The magistrate did not acquiesce in the liberal sentiments expressed by the Jew; and therefore he decided that, as there had been no evidence to contradict the statement of the cabman, Mr. Daniel Isaacs must pay the sum demanded, or go to prison.

The defendant was about to move for a new trial; but the cabman interrupted him, saying, that he had lost time as well as money by three days' attendance at the court, and he trusted the magistrate would order Mr. Isaacs to make him some pecuniary compensation.

His worship awarded him (in addition to the 14s. claimed) 6s. for his loss of time and money, and 2s. for the cost of the summons,—making in all £1 2s.; which sum the Israelite, with great reluctance and a scornful look, paid into the hands of the usher. He then informed the magistrate that he should endeavour to recover the money from the cabman in a court of justice, and went his way.

Never was cab-driver more happy than was Mr. Samuel

Johnson at this moment—in the thought of having touched the pocket, though not the conscience, of a Jew.

JOSEPH HUME, AND THE CLOTHESMAN.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet:
All his practice is deceit.—BEN JONSON.

SAMUEL HART, a vendor of second-hand wearing-apparel,—or familiarly speaking, a dealer in old clothes—was summoned before the seat of justice for unlawfully detaining a coat, the lawful property of Mr. Joseph Hume.

“Samuel Art,” cried the usher of the court; and the defendant suddenly appeared in the box. He was a grave-looking, sallow-complexioned, dark-bearded gentleman; who, although he differed in many essential particulars from the “Israelites of old,” was nevertheless a very old Israelite, and, although he was not burdened with bag or baggage, it required no philosophy to divine what profession fortune had bound him ’prentice to, and time had enabled him to pursue. To use his own words, he had been a shop-keeper in the Strand for two-and-twenty years, and had earned an honest livelihood by

buying clothes at a very cheap rate and selling them at a very dear rate. The thoughtless world would designate him a "dealer in old clothes,"—but he called himself an honest, industrious tailor. Perhaps he was right, and the world, as usual, was wrong. The doubt will be solved by the following facts :—

The complainant, Joseph Hume,—who was not a blundering "political-economical" Scotchman, but a native of the far East (Ceylon, we understood),—stated that he was a servant in the employ of an English gentleman, and had recently come over to this country ; that a short time ago his master made him a present of a coat, which was admirably suited to him except in one important point,—viz., that it did not fit him. Under such circumstances, and wishing to preserve his credit as a "smart servant," he resolved to get the garment exchanged for one which should be in every respect unexceptionable. Accordingly he bethought him what part of the great metropolis he could visit for that purpose. He had heard of Monmouth-street, but he had also heard of the pleasant neighbourhood in which it is situated ; and, therefore, at the suggestion of a friend he set out, with his coat under his arm, intending to try Holywell-street ; but fearing, as he approached its cheerful and fascinating entrance, that he should excite the jealousy of every inhabitant but one—what could *one* coat be amongst so

many?—he came to a full stop close to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand; and, turning round, he saw the defendant's name written in gold letters over a doorway, which was decorated by a quantity of wearing apparel, of various colours, fashions, and denominations. He took a close survey of the different "hangings," his eye lighted upon a coat—a well-dressed one, which immediately took his fancy. It was a garment which seemed made for a gentleman, and by the hand of a master: "that coat" thought he "shall be mine; we were born for each other." He had never been taught the dangers of first love; and in he walked, pleased with the idea of the metamorphosis he was about to effect. The result is soon told. He presented his coat to the defendant, stating that it did not fit him, and that he wished to give it in exchange for one which he pointed out. The defendant eagerly took it off the line where its beauties were displayed; said it was a very good coat; tried it on; assured the complainant that it fitted him "to a T,"—and graciously promised to take it back, if he (Mr. Joseph Hume) found reason to disapprove of it. Complainant at once consented to the arrangement; but, to make it more binding, the wily Israelite prevailed upon him to deposit with him 6*s.* 6*d.*, as security! (*for what* we did not inquire). The bargain having been thus settled to the satisfaction of both parties, the complainant left the shop, and with no more animosity

towards the Jew than he felt towards his *new* coat : but to his great astonishment, he afterwards found that Mr. Hart had behaved to him in a very artful manner ; for the coat neither fitted him so well, nor was it so well-conditioned as that which he had left in exchange for it. Whereupon he took the coat back to Mr. Hart, demanding in return his own coat, and the 6s. 6d. which he had deposited. Mr. Hart, however, had been upwards of twenty years in business, and, consequently, knew well how to make the best of a good bargain. Is it, then, to be wondered at that he should refuse to give up the coat or to refund the money to a customer, who had come to him in the shape of an inexperienced foreigner?—Why, you might as well expect an omnibus conductor to return you a gold piece which you had tendered in mistake for a sixpence. Such were the grounds upon which the summons was obtained ; and the magistrate in granting it, compassionated poor Mr. Hume, because he had evidently been ill-used in the transaction. This morning he was asked if he had any witnesses. “ Yes, sir,” answered the complainant ; and Mrs. Joseph Hume, his wife, entered the box.—“ Oh ! we can’t hear your wife,” said the magistrate ; and Mrs. Joseph Hume disappeared.

Mr. Samuel Hart, finding that his opponent had not succeeded in establishing the charge against him, very

condescendingly proffered a little bit of advice touching the impropriety of taking a gentleman into "such a place as this, without any cause of complaint whatsoever."

Mrs. Joseph Hume, thinking it now her turn to say something, was about to enlarge upon the virtues of her husband and upon the vices of Jew clothesmen in general, and those of Mr. Samuel Hart in particular; when his worship brought the case to an "untimely end," by stating that he had no power to interfere.

The clothesman left the court exulting, and the poor foreigner murmuring.

FASHIONABLE FROLICS.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade;
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glowworms fade.—CUNNINGHAM.

MR. FREDERICK D—— and the HON HENRY P——, two of Young England's noble representatives, were charged before the magistrate with assaulting a policeman in the execution of his duty.

For obvious reasons we abstain from giving the sur-

names of the defendants in this case. It may be sufficient to state that Mr. Frederick D—— was a short, square-built, negro-headed gentleman, of fashionable exterior and modest demeanor; and that the Hon. Henry P—— was one of Nature's lean-kind—a tall, flamingo-legged, hollow-cheeked, shallow-brained gentleman, wearing a drab coat, two waistcoats, (one yellow and the other red,) a blue stock, black moustachios, and a luxuriant crop of hair, *à la Paganini*.

The charge against them was this:—Richard Latter, a police-constable, was on duty in Drury-lane, at half-past five o'clock in the morning, when he saw the Hon. Henry P—— leaning against the door of a public-house. Suspecting that he was intoxicated, and incapable of taking care of himself, he went up to him, in order to ascertain whether or not his suspicions were well founded; but finding that the gentleman was accompanied by a friend, he turned round to go away; when the honorable gentleman said, "What the deuce do you come here for, to listen to our conversation?" The policeman was about to make a retort courteous; but the Hon. Henry P—— interrupted him, saying, that he had better go and attend to his duty. To this piece of advice gratis, he replied that he was doing his duty in watching the proceedings of a drunken man; and thereupon the tall gentleman called him a "fool and a liar." But this was not all;

for he afterwards drew his arm from a sling, and struck him a severe blow in the face, saying at the same time—"Although I'm a cripple, I can do enough for such a contemptible snob as you." The constable then proceeded to take the Hon. Henry P—— into custody; when the other gentleman proceeded to say, "You had better not handle my friend in that manner—I am the man for you, and if *I* can't put a stop to this business, the pair of us can settle you."—"Ah, we'll see about that," retorted the policeman. "You are a couple of these Young England swells, I suppose; but I'll soon let you know what you're fit for, my kiddies." Upon this hint both gentlemen became so "mighty rumbump-tious" that the officer thought proper to spring his rattle; and another constable having hastened to the scene of action, Mr. Frederick D—— and the Hon. Henry P—— were safely lodged in the station-house.

In answer to the charge, the short gentleman stated that he did not assault the policeman; but that, on the contrary, the policeman insulted him and his friend by asking them to "stand something."

The tall gentleman told the same story as his friend; and added, "upon his honour, as a man and a gentleman," that he had never *seen* the constable until he met him at the station-house.

The magistrate was about to give his decision; but the

Hon. Henry P—— interrupted him, saying that he had no doubt his worship would support the policeman, notwithstanding he had sworn to that which was untrue. "The magistrates," continued this acute observer, "always do support the police. I don't wish to say anything disrespectful or derogatory to a gentleman, but the magistrates always do support the police."

His worship said he was bound to support the police in the execution of their duty; and on this occasion he would not deviate from his usual practice. He should fine the Hon. Henry P——£4, in default of payment to be committed for a fortnight; and Mr. Frederick D——£1,—in default of payment to be committed for eight days.

The Hon. Henry P—— said "He didn't care: rather than pay the fine he would go to the House of Correction with pleasure. He could live there just as well as anywhere else."

His courage was, however, cooled by an hour's confinement in the cell of the station; and he paid the money into the hands of the jailor.

THE AFFRIGHTED FAIR-ONE.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick and capable of fears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears.—*King John.*

A DWARFISH OLD LADY,—a well-preserved specimen of antiquity,—whose white silk bonnet and green silk dress were, like herself, evidently of a bygone age, and whose hair the “wind of many winters” had slightly discoloured,—appeared before the magistrate, to request his advice under circumstances of a nature rather alarming and extraordinary.

From the lady's statement, it appeared that she resided in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's-bush ; and that the whole male population, both old and young, living in the immediate vicinity of her place of abode, had recently fallen so violently in love with her, that night and day her rest was disturbed by their unwelcome visits. A gentleman named Croft, having by some means or other obtained access to her chamber, (*via* the chimney, she shrewdly suspected, as he was often found sitting, grinning, in the stove in the morning,) had lately given her a considerable deal of trouble. He “went round about her,” and strove to get behind her, but by performing a *pirouette*, in which



THE AFFRIGHTED PAIR-ONE.

art she considered herself an adept—(curtseying)—she succeeded in gaining a glimpse of his countenance ; and could easily identify him, if that were necessary. This intolerable, and even indelicate liberty—(blushing)—had been so often repeated, that she was compelled to seek some mode of putting a stop to it. Another individual even went farther than Mr. Croft ; he actually concealed himself, by some unaccountable means, within the folds of her dress ; and although she had tried to “*pirouette*” him away, she found that her efforts were unavailing, for he was “such an impudent man !” (stifling a sigh). What remedy she should have recourse to she was at a loss to discover : she once thought of fumigation, — having sometimes by that method got rid of many other obnoxious creatures ; but she feared that “all the perfumes of Arabia” could not send such detestable monsters from her chamber. She understood that the name of the second Lothario was Duncombe (not the member for Finsbury, it is to be hoped), but she never saw his face, and therefore could not indentify the creature (looking round the court, as if she expected to find her tormentor) ; but the trouble he gave her was even greater than the annoyance she endured from Mr. Croft. Her dress was on one occasion lightly and gently lifted from the ground and swollen out like the petticoat *bouffante et*

elastique of Oudinot (which has been somewhere described as "a sort of gas-balloon petticoat"), and the cause was evident, although the "vile conspirator" obstinately remained invisible!

The old lady,—having again curtsied to the magistrate and taken a scrutinizing glance at those who stood in close proximity to her,—continued to say, that she was the widow of a soldier who in his dying hours had enjoined her not to enter a second time into the state matrimonial, lest she should meet with a husband whose conduct might provoke an odious comparison. She had faithfully promised to act upon this excellent and praiseworthy advice; and had so far kept her word, that she had not spoken with civility to one of the "wicked sex" since the death of the blessed partner of her joys! He had been dead upwards of three years; and she begged to assure his worship that she had been very comfortable ever since his death, until the last fortnight, during which period the whole of the male sex had seemingly entered into a conspiracy against her. Under these tragical circumstances she had thought it right to make her first appearance in "this abominable police-court," in order to obtain the magistrate's advice and to show that she had not forgotten the last injunctions of her poor dear husband.

"You have mentioned," said the magistrate, "the names

of Croft and Duncombe. Pray, can you tell me where those gentlemen are likely to be found?"

Old lady—That is a question I cannot possibly answer. If I had known where they lived I would have laid the case before some worthy man, who might in future defend me from their insolence.

"What!" exclaimed his worship, "ask such a favour of one of the *wicked sex*?"

Old lady—(shaking her head and looking askance,) In the cause of virtue and injured innocence, my tongue will, I trust, ever support me. But pray, sir, give me your best advice, and let me leave this dreadful place!

His worship was surprised at the unwarrantable liberties to which the lady was exposed, but he knew not how he could give her any assistance. All the officers connected with the court, were they to go in a body, would, he thought, have some difficulty in apprehending the invisible beings who had so strangely invaded her domestic territories. He would, however, try to ascertain the whereabouts of Messrs. Croft and Duncombe; and, if he succeeded, the applicant might depend upon his desiring them to desist from annoying her further.

The old lady (whose extraordinary fears had evidently arisen from some strange hallucination of the brain)

bowed, blushed, curtsied, thanked the magistrate, and retired.

A NOCTURNAL DRIVE.

Stop if you please, young lads, your hot career,
And shun the precipice of fate so near;
Draw in, or with the horses of the Sun,
You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone.—PETER PINDAR.

THREE persons masculine were charged before the sitting magistrate with creating a disturbance in the street, and assaulting a policeman in the execution of his duty, the said policeman having done nothing to excite their wrath, save and except the taking them into custody. The respective names of these individuals were—Thomas Crawley, William Johnson Grieve, and Francis Charles Parkins. Mr. T. C. was a short sandy-haired cabman, of *Bardolphian* countenance. Mr. W. J. G was a middle-sized, rather solemn-looking upholsterer, in mud-bespattered coat *minus* a tail. Mr. F. C. P. was a tall cadaverous-looking gentleman, represented as a “retired mate.”

Kelly, a police constable, on duty in St. Martin’s-lane,

at a late hour on the previous night, saw a crowd of people assembled round a cab, at the door of a public-house. Knowing, from his experience, that "when a mob is in the way" there is "mischief a brewing," he went towards the said cab; and—although it was a dark Scotch-misty night—he was no longer in the dark as to the cause of the mob which had excited his attention. His curiosity soon gave way to surprise and wonder, for—lo and behold!—the cab-driver (viz., the short gentleman before-mentioned) had deserted his post of honour, and had taken an inside place, being sadly overcome by the care-killing gods—Morpheus and Bacchus: *vulgo* he was fast asleep, and dead drunk. Having roused Mr. "Cabbee," and placed him upon his legs (no, we beg pardon—upon the lower part of his back—for he couldn't stand), the officer directed his eyes towards Mr. Cabbee's proper and legitimate seat. He there saw the upholsterer and the retired mate; the former holding the reins of government, and the latter brandishing the whip, or "sceptre of sway." "Hallo, there!" said the policeman, "that's not the proper place for you gents; you must come with me to the *watch'us*."—"Go to the devil," cried one.—"Ge-up!" exclaimed the other.—"Off we go," said the round-faced upholsterer.—"Ship's away," cried the retired mate, lashing the horse with the whip

as though he were performing boatswain's duty with the rope's end; and away went the horse and cab under their joint guidance. Fortunately, however, for the *misguided* horse, and unfortunately for the misguided men, they were soon stopped in their career, and taken into custody upon the present charge.

On their way to the station-house they became very obstreperous; one of them seizing the policeman by the collar, and the other threatening to *report* an additional officer whose assistance had been procured, if he persisted in depriving a British subject of his liberty! It, moreover, appeared from the evidence of the auxiliary policeman that Mr. Parkins endeavoured to run away "*which* I ketched hold of him," quoth the said policeman, "and he instantly upp'd with his fist and ketched me by the neck."

"That is to say, he struck you, I suppose?" said the magistrate.

"Why, your worship," replied the officer, "he was too far gone to strike me with any force; but when he clenched his fist, I certainly *found* a blow."

The magistrate having inquired whether there was any answer to the charge, the brandy-faced cabman stated that he was very tipsy at the time; that he got inside his "*wehacle*," in order to keep himself warm, and that whilst

he was asleep the *other gentlemen* mounted the box *unknown* to him. Mr. William Johnson Grieve said nothing in his defence, save and except that he was "only a journeyman in the receipt of 1l. 5s. a week," and was therefore unable to pay a heavy fine in addition to the expenses he had already incurred. Mr. Francis Charles Parkins avowed, on his part, that he was a "gentleman of fortune," and *consequently* incapable of acting with such gross impropriety as the police-constables had attributed to him.

His worship gently intimated that the cabman must pay a fine of 2s. 6d; the upholsterer 10s,—or, in default of payment, go to prison for five days; and the retired mate 20s,—or, in default of payment, ten days' imprisonment.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

Now by my father's souleé that is dead,
But ye be merry.—CHAUCER.

I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life.—*Virginus*.

MRS. BRETT, a venerable matron, with Miss Katharine Brett, her lovely and interesting daughter, were placed at the bar, in company with a particularly in-

felicitous-looking gentleman, named Felix O'Connell, upon a charge of making a noise in the public streets.

"Wit and Mirth," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "were the parents of Humour." If this be true (and upon such testimony who can doubt it?) it may also be true that wit and mirth were born in Ireland, and that their offspring, like Cupid, was ever a "smiling boy." Paddy (in adopting the name, we, of course, assume our position to be granted) may be further likened to the mischievous god—is he not as often in difficulties? The question is answered by the fact, that two-thirds of the cases upon which the magistrates have to adjudicate arise from the quarrels or misfortunes of Irish people—we allude more particularly to that honourable portion of the race which cruel custom has ignominiously styled the "lower orders." We cannot agree with the worthy justice, who, in order to preserve *peace* stated that "an Irishman would swear anything;"* but we may justly say that Paddy, when excited, will *do* "any thing." Whether Mr. Felix O'Connell,—one of the defendants in the present case,—was a kinsman of the great Liberator, who "nobly suffered in his country's cause," we did not inquire,—but appearances proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Felix was every inch an Irishman. A

* Some little sensation was created a short time ago by the fact of a magistrate at one of the London police-courts having been bold enough to make this assertion in the course of a public investigation!

physiognomist would say that his head was "almost square, the cheek-bones projecting outwards, the nose flat, the eyes grey, with an expression of cunning lurking at the corners, &c.;" but, without descending to particulars, we should say that the contour of his face would have served remarkably well for the fancy-portrait of a bricklayer's labourer on half pay. And then his dress! We say nothing about his leather unmentionables, and his apron, which served as a waistband; but we cannot lose sight of his coat, for it had been so roughly handled that it would have made the fortune of any stage-struck linen-draper, anxious to appear in "Jack Rag." The companions of this eccentric individual—Mrs. Brett and her daughter,—were also importations from the Green Isle; and Mr. O'Connell (we mean Felix) had no reason to be ashamed of them.

"What!" said the magistrate, as the defendants were ushered into his presence, "has the man got but half a coat?"

"Yes, plase your wortchip," said Felix (proving that 'you shall never take him without an answer unless you take him without his tongue,') "my coat's an intire one, barrin' the lift sleeve, which lost its hould in the scrimmage."

"Dear me!" said the magistrate, smiling, "what desperate people you must be! Well, let me hear the case."

Hereupon a policeman stepped into the box, and told his worship a long story; which, like all policemen's stories, may be summed up in half-a-dozen words. The facts of the case were briefly these:—Mr. Felix O'Connell had been "out to a raffle," and having lost his senses, or rather drowned them in potations of whiskey-and-water, he lost his way on returning homeward. At a late hour of the night he was found by Mrs. Brett and Miss Brett reposing on a door-step contiguous to the spot,

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand."

Mrs. Brett had been spending the evening and her money at a public-house; but, albeit her pockets were empty, and her head, like Mr. O'Connell's, was full, she nevertheless took compassion upon the fallen man, whose intentions were doubtless more upright than himself. With Miss B.'s assistance, Paddy was raised from the ground; and his eyes being opened sooner than his mouth, he did not return thanks, but stood transfixed with the charms of Miss B.'s good-humoured, black-eyed, gipsy-like face. The result was, the trio went to-

gether to a gin-shop; where they became so completely obfuscated, that each resolved to quarrel and pass the night in the station-house, provided their qualifications to be admitted were approved of by the police. Miss B. abused her maternal parent for getting drunk, Mrs. B. abused Mr. Felix O'Connell for the same virtuous proceeding, and Mr. Felix O'Connell abused not only his amiable companions, but the Boniface of the shop, and all the anti-temperance men who surrounded the bar. The result was that the unhappy Felix, with Mrs. B. and Miss B., were ultimately ejected from the public-house; and, being picked up in the street, they were numbered among the "drunk and disorderlies" at Bow-street.

"What was the cause of the disturbance with which you charge them?" said his worship, addressing the policeman.

The policeman replied that he did not know how the row began, but they were all very "howdacious." The old woman spat in his face, and called him "all the names she could lay her tongue to;" and the male prisoner declared that the young woman was "the partner of his buzzum," and said he (the policeman) had no right to interfere 'twixt man and wife.

"Och, murdher, murdher!" exclaimed Felix, "don't

belie me any how. Sure I've a wife and seven childher at home, more's the pity."

"More's the pity indeed," said the magistrate. "I want you (addressing the policeman) to throw a little light upon this mysterious case. Pray, are those two women mother and daughter? There seems to be no likeness between them."

[The magistrate was mistaken; for although they were not "as like as two peas," Miss Brett, was in more respects than one, a chip of the old block.]

"I ax your pardin, sir," said the indignant young lady, "but Mrs. Brett *is* my mother. Sure I was born in County Galway, and my father before me: the heavens be his bed!——"

"There! there! that's enough," cried the magistrate. "Don't chatter so much, young woman."

Mrs. Brett took this opportunity of assuring the magistrate that "Katty was her thrue an' lawful daughter, and the best child under heaven, barrin' that she had a small failin' in regard av the dhrink."

"How came you to spit in the officer's face? you outrageous old woman?" said his worship.

"Beggin' your wortship's pardin, exclaimed the indignant lady, he's a false swearin' vagabone:—bad luck to him every day he sees a paving-stone."

"Dear me! what a noisy old woman she is," exclaimed the magistrate. "What *will* become of you if you chatter so much? I shall send you to prison for seven days. With respect to the other two, the case remains in obscurity: there are, it seems, so many inconsistencies, that I cannot understand whether their statements are true or false. You are not known here; and if you will promise not to get drunk again I will discharge you."

The promise was made. Miss Brett and Mr. Felix O'Connell were discharged; and poor Mrs. Brett was taken, *vi et armis*, to the place whence she came—the cell appropriated to females.

DRAWING-ROOM GENTILITY.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones: and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it,—*Every man in his Humour.*

AN eccentric looking personage, with dyed hair and a vermillion-tinted countenance, and whose name we understood to be Henry Trueman Bayle, was charged with assaulting Miss Katharine Willis, and thereby deteriorating the personal charms of that young lady. There was a second charge against Mr. H. T. Bayle, which set forth

that on the same night he "did create a disturbance in the public street, by causing a mob of persons to assemble together."

The classic neighbourhood of Covent-garden is adorned by numerous places of public resort, denominated "early breakfast houses," or "temperance hotels,"—so called perhaps, because people seldom or never go there until they are intoxicated, and therefore cannot get drunk upon the premises! These reputable dens are frequented by night cabmen,—who, in defiance of established custom, adopt the wise policy of taking their morning meal before taking their rest; young men who live upon their wits, and are consequently obliged to content themselves with one meal *per diem*;—ambitious men-about-town, who are anxious to see the world, and think they can see it to better advantage in the night-time; and females, whose reputation is by no means mysterious, and who are glad to drink cheap coffee when it is too late to procure anything else. It was in one of these refuges for the debauched and the destitute that the quarrel arose, which led to the apprehension of Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle. Having said thus much for the scene of action, it is quite unnecessary to characterise the order of society to which the complainant, Miss Katharine Willis, belongs; but with reference (as well as deference) to Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle, as he is a character well known to the police,

we think it advisable to say a few words, before going into the merits of the case. Mr. H. T. Bayle was formerly a law-stationer, but for divers reasons "best known to himself," he has at length settled down as a manufacturer of fireworks, and a teacher of gymnastic exercises. He is a tall man, apparently about forty years of age, and on this occasion was dressed in a style which betokened that he had seen better days; albeit, the "ancientness" of his coat was amply compensated by a shirt which proved him to be a stanch advocate of the rights and privileges of washerwomen. He showed a bold front,—a bosom that was not false, and a collar distinctly visible, although it was embraced by a stock, whose altitude a policeman or a drummer might envy. The *tout ensemble* of Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle presented the appearance of the fossil remains of a *bon vivant*. He walked into court supported by a formidable stick; and, when the charge was preferred against him, he looked at the magistrate and favoured him with a bland smile, which seemed to imply that he had had the pleasure of seeing his worship before.

The facts, as related by the complainant, were briefly these:—"On the night of Friday, or rather the morning of Saturday, Katharine Willis, spinster, having been out to supper with a few friends, was desirous of refreshing herself with a cup of coffee; and for that especial purpose

she went into one of the houses above described, in company with another young lady! They had not been there many minutes before their eyes lighted upon the conspicuous person of Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle—and no wonder that the eyes of Miss Katharine Willis and her friend should light thereon, inasmuch as all eyes (that is to say, the eyes of those who were not blind with drink or sleep) were upon the same object: and a pretty object he must have been, for it appears he had doffed his coat, and was amusing the company by a succession of antics, such as none but a teacher of gymnastic exercises could perform—when, suddenly, one of the persons present, struck him (the said Henry Trueman Bayle) on the frontal bone with a glass,—which glass happening to contain wine, Mr. H. T. Bayle was not only saturated with blood, but with wine. Mr. Bayle turned sharply round, and casting his eyes in the direction whence the glass was thrown, he made a “plunge,” and brought his right fist in immediate contact with the left eye of Miss Katharine Willis aforementioned. It is not to be expected that Miss Willis was able to expostulate; but the whole of the party were soon “up in arms,”—and with their arms they ejected Mr. Bayle from the premises. Whereupon a disturbance took place in front of the house, and Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle was given into the custody of the guardians of the public peace.

The policeman,—who had kindly supplied him with a night's lodging,—stated, in support of the second charge, that he was compelled to take the defendant into custody for assaulting a woman ; that, while he was taking him to the station-house he became very troublesome, and tried to escape,—stating that his landlady had given him notice to quit, and that he wanted to go home and pay his rent. Finding his resistance was vain, he began singing, in a loud, shrill tone, “ Early one morn a jolly brisk tar,” &c. ; and when his name and address were demanded by the inspector,—he replied, that he lived at the Pump, in Russell-square, and that the statue was his only companion !

The magistrate remarked, that the defendant was an extraordinary character ; and, having ascertained the interesting fact that he was *not a married man*, his worship inquired whether there was any answer to the foregoing charges ?

Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle replied that he *had* an answer and, as he thought, a very good one—*videlicet*, he had been enjoying the luxuries of an eleemosynary supper at a neighbouring tavern ; that he had afterwards imbibed sundry potations of punch, which got into his head and drove his senses out ! and that a dyspeptic gentleman, who had been talking about “ universal love and benevolence,” had prevailed upon him (Mr. H. T. Bayle)

to pay his score; which score consisted of the charge for the following items:— ‘A go-and-a-half of brandy, a toast, a tea, half a steak and eschalot, two breads, one cheese, a bottle of ale, two goes of rum, a pint of egg-hot, and three penny stamps!’* Being, in consequence of this generous act, “very short of money” when he entered the coffee-house before mentioned, he was unable to treat Miss Katharine Willis; and therefore Miss Katharine Willis treated him with a glass of wine, which she hurled at his head instead of allowing it to find its way there in the legitimate course. Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle concluded by saying that he was ashamed to find himself in such a discreditable situation; that he had a “most *disgraceful* head-ache and an empty pocket” as a punishment for his folly; that although he was now seen in such low company, he begged to assure the magistrate he had been accustomed to good society,—that was to say, to the society of such people as the Countess of P——, the Marquis of E——, and other titled personages; and that he had ever been distinguished for *drawing-room gentility*!

A tall, cream-faced individual, who was represented as a “gentleman belonging to the press,” but who looked

* For a *dyspeptic* gentleman this was pretty well! As he did not “post the reckoning,” how came he to order the penny stamps?

very like a waiter out of place, was then called as a witness: and he stated that the defendant did not strike the complainant; that, on the contrary, Miss Katharine Willis struck Mr. Henry Trueman Bayle as before described; and that in the scuffle which ensued, the hurler of the glass "banged" her eye against the handle of the door!

The magistrate said that under all the circumstances he could not convict the defendant of the alleged assault; but for the second offence,—that of "creating a disturbance"—he should fine him 10s.: which sum was ultimately procured, and paid; and Mr Henry Trueman Bayle was discharged.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.

How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant
To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,—
Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading-strings,
By way of happy, harmless relaxation!—Dr. WOLCOT.

Two white-waistcoated young men, who gave the respective names of Townsend and Smith, (although it was quite evident that those names had never been given to them,) and who appeared peculiarly addicted to the amiable practice of shaking hands with themselves, were

charged with throwing orange-peel at an old woman, the proprietress of a fruit-stall in Covent Garden Market, and assaulting a constable who had interfered with their amusement.

The defendants, on being placed at the bar, exhibited a degree of *nonchalance*, by no means uncommon amongst young gentlemen of the particular species to which they belonged. Looking at each other, they smiled blandly; and seemed highly gratified with the dignity of their position. The one was about thirty years of age, the other not more than nineteen.

The charge preferred against them was simply as follows:—Moore, one of the constables of Covent Garden Market, was on duty about three o'clock in the afternoon, when his attention was called to the two defendants, who had taken possession of the terrace or conservatory, and were amusing themselves by sucking oranges, and throwing the residue on the head of an old woman who kept a fruit-stall beneath. He desired them to desist from such child's play, and ordered them off; stating that they were acting contrary to the regulations of the market. He succeeded with some difficulty in removing them from the scene of their merriment, and he then walked round to another part of the market; but the young gentlemen were so incensed at the *contempt* with which they had been treated, that they resolved to avenge

themselves on the constable who had put a stop to their innocent recreations. They walked arm-in-arm up and down the market until an opportunity should offer, and at length confronted the officer, whom they annoyed and insulted by "brushing up" against him. Upon this, the functionary of the market informed them that if they persisted in such conduct he should take them into custody. "You take us into custody!" said Mr. Smith, the younger of the two, "go to the devil!" The undaunted Moore was about to put his threat into execution, when, not content with showing their extensive knowledge of a species of language which is not usually recognised in polite circles, these magnanimous youths relieved him of a portion of his coat collar; and the elder young gentleman brought his fist in collision with the sinister eye of the officer. Now, constable Moore could, as he said, brook a great deal, but a blow he could not submit to; and therefore he insisted upon conveying the two grandees to the station-house.

The proprietress of the fruit-stall before-mentioned having given her evidence, another witness (a Jew) was called, who stated that he kept a stall in close proximity to the old woman's; and that, observing the behaviour of the defendants towards his female neighbour, he remonstrated with them, saying that they ought to be ashamed to treat a female so disgracefully. But the only effect pro-

duced by his interposition was to excite their anger and to bring their manly propensities into full play. They used insulting language towards him ; saying, amongst other things equally complimentary, that if he chose to interfere, he might go to a certain place which is supposed to be paved with good intentions.

The magistrate inquired the nature of the expressions which he considered insulting ?

The witness replied by significantly placing the point of his thumb against the tip of his nose and extending the four fingers.

His worship wished to know what he thought the defendants meant by the eccentric manoeuvre he had just illustrated ?

The witness replied that he construed it into an insult, intended to signify that they should follow the bent of their own inclinations.

The defendants were then called upon for their answer to the charge ; when young gentleman the elder said he “ begged to observe ” that he had not used such offensive expressions as the officer had attributed to him ; that he did not strike him in the eye, as stated in his evidence ; and that he (the constable) had ordered him to leave the terrace in a very authoritative tone, not in a manner which “ *gentlemen* had a right to expect.” As far as regarded the alleged assault upon the apple-woman ; he “ begged to

observe" that if he had done her an injury, he was very sorry for it. The truth of the matter was this: he and his friend had purchased some oranges, and they certainly were amusing themselves by throwing the peel down upon the old woman, it being their wish and determination to strike her bonnet. But he "begged to observe," that he did not intend to *insult* the poor creature!

Young gentleman the younger echoed the sentiments of his friend and accomplice.

The magistrate inquired what calling they pursued?

The "grand senior" of the two answered that he was an attorney, and that his friend was an articled clerk.

The magistrate.—I am sorry to hear it.—Is he articled to you?

Witness—Yes!

The magistrate said that their conduct had been altogether most disgraceful; they had been guilty of half-a-dozen assaults and breaches of the peace. He should fine the elder £3, and the younger £2;—in default of payment, to be committed to the House of Correction for a fortnight.

The defendants said the fines were "rather hard," "very unfair," and so forth; but his worship was not to be talked into a commutation of the sentence, by two such numskulls as Mr. "Townsend," and his pupil Mr. "Smith."

THE "TWA DOGS."

Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.—BURNS.

ONE fine summer's day, as Justice was on the point of shutting up shop, (at five P.M.) an elderly gentleman, named CHARLES RYMER,—whose furrowed cheek indicated that the iron hand of time had dealt him many severe blows,—was placed at the bar, upon a charge of stealing a dog.

The facts of the case were briefly these :—Mr. Daniel Livermead, *alias* Livermore, *alias* Liversiege, an inhabitant of Feathers-court, Drury-lane, was the proprietor of a female dog, which he valued, and his wife lost. Mr. Daniel Livermead was a journeyman carpenter; and about three weeks previous to this investigation, Mrs. Daniel Livermead had the misfortune to lose the dog whilst journeying with her husband's dinner to his place of business. The sagacious animal, finding that the contents of the blue bird's-eye pocket-handkerchief were not intended for her, "took to her heels;" and she was not seen again until found in the possession of a grey-headed gentleman, whose name was Charles Rymer. This ho-

nourable member of the fraternity of dog-dealers was striving to sell the animal for 3*l.*; when a brother of Mr. D. L. very kindly undertook to recommend him and his dog to a customer. Mr. Rymer was delighted beyond measure, at such glad tidings; and away he went to the house of the said "customer,"—who soon made his appearance, in the person of Mr. Daniel Livermead! The dog was immediately claimed: Mrs. D. L. was pleased,—and Mr. Rymer was taken before the magistrate, to answer to the present complaint.

The loss of the dog was proved by the evidence of Mr. Daniel Livermead, Mr. James Livermead, his brother, and Mrs. L., the spouse of the former; and whilst they were narrating the history of the dog the defendant offered no interruption, but stood, "like patience," in a drab coat, "smiling at *law*." He held the animal in his arms, and leered at the functionary on the bench, as much as to say, "It is not in the power of *one* magistrate to effect a separation."

"Now, as to the *identity*," said the magistrate, addressing the complainant; "have you any witness to prove that the dog, which the defendant now holds in his arms, is your property?"

"Will your worship let me hinspect the hanimal?" cried a saucy young dog-fancier jumping into the box.

The dog was "presented," as they say at Court; but she was not suffered to lick the hand of the gentleman whose business it was to "hinspect" her.—"Just gi' me hold on her, will you?" said the identifier, addressing the defendant.—"Not if I knows it," was the cool reply.—"Taint o' no consekence," said Nimble (such we understood to be his name,) "I know that there's the hanimal that was in the 'abit of coming in and out o' my place at meal-time—ain't you, Dido?" A gentle wagging of the tail was Dido's reply.

Magistrate.—A sensible dog!—(To the complainant) How did you get it, sir?

Complainant.—How did I get it!—Why I bought her, about six months ago, your worship.

Magistrate.—Oh! she was as big then, I suppose, as she is now?

Mr. Nimble.—Well, yer worship, I don't know but what she were. Tho' to speak the naked truth, she's rayther fatter than when Dan'l Livermead had her. But howsomever, I'm sartin sure that's the 'dential dog; and I ought to know, as took out her "sucking teeth." So saying, Mr. Nimble was about to survey the interior of Dido's mouth; but the animal growled at him, as if she wished him to understand that, although she

had been deprived of her "suckers," she still retained her incisors.

This was the complainant's case.

"Now the dog" (like immortal *Launce's*) "all this time sheds not a tear nor speaks a word," but as the commencement of the defence was the signal for the entrance of "three or four gentleman-like dogs," she forthwith broke the peace most unceremoniously, and the defendant had some difficulty in calling her to order.

A son of Mr. Charles Rymer then stated that the dog in question was his father's lawful property,—that it was given to him about three months ago by a gentleman who was now in court,—and that the animal's mother was outside in the yard.

"Indeed!" said his worship, "Let us see the mother; perhaps there is a likeness."

The mother of Dido was accordingly ushered into the presence of the magistrate; and a small hamper was placed on the floor, which, upon being opened, proved to contain a litter of *Didones*, younger than the dog at present in custody. The maternal parent was suffered to run about the court, in order that it might be ascertained whether she would recognise a lost child in the dog which Mr. Rymer still tightly embraced. "Here! Fan! Dido!" cried the owner of Fan and the hamper of pups. Dido



A PUGNACIOUS TAILOR.

The contending parties left the court, vowing vengeance against each other ; and the dogs growled, as if *they* had a "bone of contention" between them.

A PUGNACIOUS TAILOR.

You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority.

Every Man in his Humour.

WILLIAM TOPCOTE, a little wire-wigged, grubby-faced youth—puerile in figure, but manly in aspect, was charged with having assaulted one Thomas Topcote,—the said Thomas Topcote being lawfully and physiologically his elder brother.

This was a case of "domestic interest" (as a melodramatic author would say), arising from jealousy on the one hand, and worldly prosperity on the other. The complainant and defendant happened to be born of the same parents ; and their father being a tailor, the two brothers were in due time brought up to the same business—that is to say, their sire received them as apprentices ; and when old Mr. Topcote went to that bourne whence no tailor returns, Mr. Thomas Topcote, the elder

brother, succeeded according to the laws of primogeniture, to the business of the "late Mr. Topcote." Mr. Thomas Topcote, having stepped into his father's shoes, took care, not only to work as he had worked, but to "walk as he had walked,"—and thus he prospered. Mr. William Topcote became, in due course, a journeyman tailor—and his brother's factotum. Finding, however, that his brother continued to make money, while he made nothing but clothes, he did *not* follow his father's example, as well as his trade, and, *ergo*, did not prosper ;

"But gnawing jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite:"

and he (the said W. Topcote) became so inveterate against Mr. Thomas Topcote (the brother aforesaid) that he at length threatened to make his quietus "with a bare bodkin," if he refused to place him in the right road to fortune and to fame. The result was, the elder brother and master-tailor declared that he would not be insulted and maltreated by the younger brother and journeyman tailor ; and with this wise resolution Topcote, the master, dismissed Topcote the man, from his service,—but at the same time making him an allowance of 5*s.* per week. The younger Topcote was, however, not satisfied with this mode of treatment, and—although he received a further allowance of 5*s.* a week from another relative—he determined to do all in his power to annoy Topcote the elder ;

and moreover threatened, most heroically, to "knock his head off his shoulders,"—recollecting, perhaps, that as it was the head of a tailor, it was not the most valuable part of his person. A few days prior to this inquiry, Mr. W. Topcote made a morning call at the house of his brother, and having prevailed upon that gentleman to go out for a walk, he took the liberty of giving him a point-blank poke in his "stummick" with an umbrella on this account, added to the threatening language to which Mr. William Topcote had suited the action, Mr. Thomas Topcote was "in bodily fear of his life;" and he therefore gave his brother into custody.

"The defendant is a tailor, I believe?" interrogated the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship—a *journeyman* tailor," replied the complainant.

"Ha! ha! to be sure—and *your'e* a *master* tailor," rejoined the defendant, addressing his brother.

The magistrate inquired whether or not the complainant had given any provocation to the defendant?

Mr. Thomas Topcote, the master tailor, replied that he didn't do anything to provoke him; that he was the "most pugnacious chap in the world," in proof of which he had lately threatened to break every bone in his (Mr. Thomas Topcote's) body; that he walked into his shop whenever he thought proper, without condescending

to ask his permission; and that he (Mr. Thomas Topcote) did not deserve such "contemptible" treatment from a brother, inasmuch as he had always conducted himself as a brother.

"The fact is," said the magistrate, "I suppose he wants you to give him work?"

"That's it, your worship," answered the complainant; "and the long and short of it is, I won't employ such a jealous, quarrelsome fellow. Our tools, you see, are dangerous weapons; and I know him to be so fond o' fighting, that he'd think nothing of cutting and maiming me with the shears, or poking my eyes out with a bodkin!"

"Does he drink?" inquired the magistrate.


"Not that I'm aware of," said the elder brother.

"Ha! ha! ha! not that you are *aware of*, eh?" said the younger brother with a most profound sneer.

The magistrate asked the pugnacious gentleman what he had to say in justification of his conduct?

"Not one word," replied the journeyman tailor, thrusting his right hand into his bosom and looking bodkins and shears at the master tailor.

The magistrate supposed that the complainant's sole object in bringing his brother to a police-court was to have him bound over to keep the peace, and to extract from him a promise that he would behave better for the future.



The complainant said he had no other reason for adopting such a course; and if his brother would promise to conduct himself with propriety, he would not press the charge against him.

The imperturbable "man of cloth" said he should make no promises, and

The magistrate brought the case to a termination by ordering Mr. William Topcote to find bail to keep the peace towards Mr. Thomas Topcote, for the space of one calendar month.

The younger brother was accordingly gaolered into the yard, and the elder brother was ushered into the street.

OMNIBUS ORATORS.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness.—*King Lear*.

WILLIAM GRIFFINSON, a shrewd and self-sufficient omnibus-driver, honoured in the possession of

"A face bronzed o'er with impudence,
On which a blush was never seen—"

appeared before the magistrate upon a summons, charg-

ing him with having unlawfully and wilfully overturned an apple-stall, the property of one Matthew Harbottle.

"Where is Matthew Harbottle?" inquired an officer of the court.

"Here am I, sir," replied a tall, care-begone, parchment-faced *woman*, "with open mouth and marv'ling eyes," presenting herself before the magistrate in a violent hurry and tattered habiliments.

"Oh! the *wife* of the complainant, I suppose," said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir, my name is Mary Harbottle," she replied; and then went on to state, (in a most extraordinary dialect, neither English, Scotch, nor Irish, but a compound of all three,) that she kept a fruit-stall at the corner of Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane; that the defendant was the driver of an omnibus which passed through Chancery Lane two or three times a day; and that about four weeks previous to the issuing of the summons, the said omnibus driver committed a breach of the peace by running his "great lumbering vehicle" against her stall, and thereby overturning a large portion of her fruit into the mud. Some days afterwards he repeated the same outrage, and notwithstanding her remonstrances, he committed a greater offence on the following day by turning the horses "clean round upon her stock in

trade," in consequence whereof the basket and stall were upset, and the undermentioned items strewed about in the snow :—5 lb. of dates, at 4*d.* per pound ; a box of figs, at ditto,—[the woman being, at this point of her story, interrupted by a laugh, informed his worship that the articles were not of the *best* quality ;] a bushel of ripstone pippins, at 4*s.* 6*d.* per bushel ; and a hundred oranges, at 6*s.* ; besides a quantity of baked and *baking* chesnuts ; all of which were rendered unsaleable by the wanton conduct of the defendant. This offence she (Mrs. Harbottle) considered so unwarrantable, that she was determined to make Mr. Griffinson, the driver of the omnibus, suffer for it, according to law.

Magistrate.—What became of the fruit ?

Mrs. Harbottle.—I tried to wash it at the " inn pump," but found it was of no use ; the fruit was so crunched, that I was obleeged to throw everything away.

Magistrate.—What value do you set upon the fruit, Mrs. Harbottle ?

"Why, sir, the valuation of the things was worth a *suw'rin* ;" replied Mrs. Harbottle, " but, as I know Mr. Griffinson to be an industerous hardworking man, I'll just say ten shillings."

Mr. William Griffinson having been called upon for his answer to this grave charge, cast a look of the most

profound contempt towards the owner of the damaged fruit, then a smile of benignity towards the magistrate, then adjusted his shirt-collar, then passed his fingers gracefully through his long wiry hair, and proceeded as follows:—"Prh'aps your worship will allow me to speak now? (His worship nodded.) In the first place, what this woman has stated is all downright false. She says as how her happles and boranges, *et cetera*, was throw'd into the snow. Now, how could that be when, as your worship will rekerlect, there worn't no snow on the ground that partic'lar day;—that's fib No. 1. Then she has the impudence to say I capsized her rubbige on purpose, and that she never guv me no provocation. Now yer worship, I'll jist tell you the real truth on *that* pint.—On Saturday evening, between six and seven o'clock, I were coming down the lane as right and as steady as possible; and jist at that there corner, where this here woman stands, there was sich a number o'wehicles that I couldn't take my heyes horff my osses no how, for fear of accidents. But notwithstanding that, this here female apple-monger thought proper to pelt me with rotten fruit; and I got sich a dab in the heye, that I was forced to stop the buss,—whereby as I'spose this here misfortune happened. And this is what she calls overturning her stall intentionally—without provocation!—That's fib No. 2.

Arter this, she says as how that basket o' fruit—*which it were* an uncommon small basket, was worth a sovereign! Why I could buy the whole lot for a half-a-crown any day in the week, 'cluding Sunday. Besides, the stuff worn't a bit damaged, *that* I'll swear.—Fib No. 3. Now, your worship, havn't I proved to dumonstration, that I can't be fined for this here business? And I can assure you, sir—(this he said confidentially), that these here happple women will stand in the narrow part of the road, where there aint room for two carriages to pass. Now I needn't tell you, that if they was to go higher up, where the hiron railings is, they wouldn't meet with no molestation whatsomever; and if they don't take care, an accident *will* happen some of these odd days."

The magistrate having inquired if he had any witness, the defendant called a man, who had evidently achieved greatness in his professional pursuits; and who stated very gravely, that he was the conductor *of* the omnibus in question: that on Saturday evening, *when* this accident happened, the complaining woman was standing "right out in the middle *of* the road, *with* a stall and basket;" and there was *sich* a stoppage *in* the road, that the defendant was obliged *for* to run foul *of* this woman and her fruit, *which* nobody wouldn't buy!

"To be sure, that's jest it, and no mistake!" said the

accused, thumping the table with his fist, as *Monsieur le conducteur* concluded this eloquent speech. "Brayvo, Dick.—You're quite a horator!"

At this stage of the proceedings, his worship, by some unaccountable means, discovered that Mrs. Harbottle's grievance did not come within his jurisdiction. He was sorry he could not assist her; but the law was his sole guide, counsellor, and friend: so far as the law allowed he could go, and not one step further.

Upon this hint, the accuser and the accused took their departure;—the applewoman in disgust, and the omnibus-driver in an ecstasy of delight, as if he felt that the magistrate was prevented from adjudicating by the profound oratory with which his worshipful ears had been regaled.

THE SLIDING SCALE.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

Abalom and Achitophel.

MATTHEW MAKEPIECE, an officer belonging to the City police, was summoned, for having, "by unlawful and wilful misbehaviour, molested and interrupted the free pas-



THE SLIDING SCALE.

sage of numerous persons moving and passing along the enclosure in St. James's Park." There was a second summons against this gentleman, charging him with having assaulted David Crispin, a constable in the employ of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods and Forests.

David Crispin, who appeared before the magistrate in full uniform—that is to say in a green coat, yellow buttons, red waistcoat and blue neckerchief—stated that on the day mentioned in the summons, at about half-past four o'clock, he was on duty in St. James's Park, and, with the assistance of his brother constables, he began to clear the enclosure of the various disorderly characters then and there assembled, it being customary to remove them before five o'clock. The defendant was sliding at the time, and as he refused to come off the ice when he was requested, witness went up to him and desired him to leave the park without further delay. There were several thousands of people on the ice, but the defendant nevertheless continued skating or sliding, and at the same time complained of his (the constable's) speaking to him more than to any one else. Witness replied, that he addressed him because he was a police-officer, and ought therefore to set an example to others by obeying the commands of a constable on duty. The City policeman then said he would not go away "until he was a-mind to it;" and there-

upon witness went towards him for the purpose of taking him into custody, when the defendant exclaimed, "You white-livered beggar, if you touch me, I will knock you down with my staff." He did not exactly suit the action to the word, but he gave him a *shove*, which almost brought his person, longitudinally, in contact with the spot then occupied exclusively by his feet. Witness now thought it necessary to seize the City policeman by the collar, and the City policeman took that opportunity of saying, "You are my prisoner." Witness however drew his staff, and said, "I shall *turn the scale* over by taking you into custody." He was about to put his threat into execution, but hearing the ice begin to make a dreadful *scrash*, he jumped off, and the City policeman, as well as the others who refused to obey him, soon followed his example by doffing their skates and "taking to their heels."

This statement was corroborated by the evidence of other witnesses, consisting of a gentleman, whose duty it was to cry, "All off the ice," through a speaking-trumpet; a costermonger, who stated that his name was "Gagger;" and a person representing himself as a *nice* man, in the employ of the Royal Humane Society.

The magistrate said there was no evidence to substantiate the first charge, that of causing an obstruction in

the enclosure; but there was sufficient evidence to call upon the defendant to answer the charge of assaulting the constable in the execution of his duty.

Mr. Matthew Makepiece in his defence said, that at the time in question he had doffed his skates, and as his feet were very cold he began to slide, "in order to promote the circulation of the blood," when Mister No. 5 (the complainant in this case) approached him, saying, "Now, Mister City policeman, it's time you were off the ice, and doing your duty t'other side o' Temple-bar." To this civil request he replied, "It's all right, old chap, I just want to have one slide, and then I'll toddle." Mister No. 5 then said he could not allow him to remain any longer, and he must "toddle" at once; whereupon he (the City policeman) asked why he had directed his attention to him in particular, and he replied that he did so "simply because he chose." Being of opinion that Mister No. 5 strove to exercise his authority over him "merely because he was a City policeman," he (defendant) said he would not leave the ice "with violence"—that was to say, he objected to the constable's treating him like a pickpocket, and therefore he wielded his truncheon in his own defence. He considered himself justified in the course he had pursued; and "several other gentlemen," who surrounded him at the time, considered that

the conduct of the park-constable was most scandalous. Under these circumstances he (the City policeman) trusted that his worship would not inflict any fine upon him, particularly as the greater part of the complainant's statement was a "tissue of falsehoods."

His worship was of opinion that the defendant had behaved exceedingly ill. The constable was justified in desiring him to leave the ice, and in taking him into custody on his refusing to obey him; and, therefore, the defendant had no right whatever to make use of abusive language, nor to take out his truncheon in defiance of his commands. The defendant must pay £3, or in default of payment, be committed for three weeks.

The City policeman (whose name, by-the-by called forth a very brilliant joke from the magistrate's clerk, viz.—that he ought to have been denominated *Break-peace* instead of *Make-piece*) was accordingly removed into one of the cells; but whether or not he paid the money we have never ascertained.

A RUM CUSTOMER.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.—GAR'S *Trivia*.

He is now as valliant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears by it.
Much Ado about Nothing.

MR. FERDINAND PYMS, a questionable-looking gentleman measuring upwards of six feet, with his boots on, and possessing a face

“That boasts no more expression than a muffin,”

was charged with obtaining admittance into a public-house under false pretences.

There was something so very novel in this charge, that it was impossible to guess the nature of the “false pretences” complained of; and it was at first supposed that the defendant had entered the public-house, representing that he required a glase of beer or spirituous liquors, when in point of fact he had already drank so much that he required nothing of the kind. It however appeared that the offence in question was of a different character.

The landlord of the Duke of York public-house, in Shire Lane, stated that between twelve and one o'clock on Saturday night the defendant knocked at the tap-room-door, and demanded admittance. In pursuance of the

regulation laid down in the new Police Act the house was closed; and therefore he (the landlord) called out, "it is too late." Mr. Pyms then said he came there upon business of an important nature connected with the police; and if the landlord refused to admit him, he should inform against him. At this bold threat he was somewhat startled, as well as surprised; and opening the door without further delay, he said, "What do you want at this time o' night—don't you know as how we are obliged to close at twelve o'clock?"—"Bah!" exclaimed the defendant, "I tell you I must come in, and quickly, too."—"Not if I knows it," retorted Boniface; "There's that 'ere cat's-eyed inspector loitering about, and he'd pretty soon have me before the magistrates if I was to admit you or any body else arter twelve o'clock."—"Bah," said the obstreperous gentleman, endeavouring to force his way into the house, "I must and will come in."—"It's all very well for you to sing out *bar*," replied the publican "but I tell you my bar is closed for the night, and therefore you had better go away quietly." Upon this he rushed into the passage, exclaiming in a stentorian voice, "I want a bottle of rum, and I demand admittance in the name of the police." He (complainant) then discovered that Mr. Ferdinand Pyms was one of the "most notorious rakes that infested the neighbourhood," and therefore he still refused to serve him; stating that he should give him

into custody for representing himself as a policeman, when he was nothing but a mere tradesman !

“ Was he sober at the time ? ” said the magistrate, addressing the landlord of the Duke of York.

“ I was not sober, your worship,” replied Mr. Ferdinand Pym, thinking it advisable to answer for himself, “ but I cannot say that I was drunk, although I certainly was the worse for liquor.”*

The magistrate said he never could understand these nice distinctions ; and inquired how long the defendant continued knocking at the door after he had refused to admit him ?

The complainant replied that he knocked and shouted incessantly for three or four minutes.

His worship, having inquired whether the defendant had any excuse to offer for such extraordinary conduct, Mr. Ferdinand Pym (who seemed rather pleased than otherwise with the situation in which he was placed) exhibited the following specimen of oratory :—“ The fact is, Mister Magistrate, me and several other gents, particular friends of mine, was passing the Dukey York at about a quarter past twelve o'clock, when we saw

* It is a singular and well-attested fact that nothing but the most circumstantial evidence will persuade a man to acknowledge the sin of drunkenness ; and, even when appearances are so much against him that he dare not deny the “ soft impeachment,” he declares it was not the drink which had got the better of him, but the *intoxicating food* !

three women, two men, and one boy standing against the door. Consequentially, me and my friends drew up, and made bold to inquire what they was talking about. One of the women replied that she and her companions had been ill-used by the landlord of the house, and they were considering how they should indemnify themselves. Well, your worship, I recollected at the moment that I was a distant relation, a *sort* of brother-in-law of one of the p'leece inspectors; and therefore I determined to interfere in behalf of the unprotected females—and at the same time to procure something on my own account. Accordingly I walked quietly into the bar, and says I 'Now, Mister Boniface, I am a p'leece horficer, and as such, I desire you to make an apology to them women, and give me a bottle of rum.' At this self-same period of time, Mister Magistrate, there was a lot of people standing in front of the bar, and a quantity of mixed liquors standing *on* the bar. Under these existing circumstances, I, for my own part, was of opinion that the landlord ought to serve me without any more to-do; instead of which, this gent (I mean the complainant, your worship) ups with his foot and kicks me right bang out of the place; and as there was a p'leeceman coming by at the moment, he gives me into custody, which I was under an engagement to take an excursion into the country on Sunday. It was for that I wanted a bottle of

the best rum ; but although I offered good money for it, the landlord didn't treat me like a gentleman, but causes me to be marched off, like a criminal, to the station-house, where I had the pleasure of spending the Sabbath."

"What are you?" said the magistrate.

"I am a respectable bookbinder, your worship ; that is to say I work for my father as a journeyman."

The magistrate said the journeyman bookbinder had behaved very ill, and therefore he must pay a fine of 10s., or be committed for five days.

The defendant preferred the former ; and thrusting his hand, with some difficulty, into the lowest depth of his trousers' pocket he produced the money required, and swaggered out of court—

"Not as a man repentant, but half mad."

MR. SLUM AND HIS APPRENTICE.

His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.—*Merchant of Venice*.

Alas ! how soon the master's sway is gone.—*The Preceptors—a Poem*.

MR. JONATHAN SLUM, a knight of the order of St. Crispin, was summoned for assaulting one Joseph Leigh,

a knight of the order of Idle Apprentices,—the said Joseph Leigh being lawfully “bound” to the aforesaid Jonathan Slum, by premium and indenture.

The complainant and defendant having been called by the tall usher; a young “gentleman in black” stepped forward, and with great trepidation requested the magistrate to postpone the case for a few minutes, as Mr. F——, the solicitor for the defence, was then engaged at Union Hall, and would not be able to give his attendance until his business at that court was concluded.

The magistrate, after examining the applicant, inquired whether he could not “watch” the case in the absence of Mr. F——?

The young gentleman in black appeared somewhat agitated, and made no answer, but sat perfectly quiet,

“Pondering the danger with deep thoughts.”

“Now then, call Joseph Leigh and Jonathan Slum,” said the magistrate’s clerk, “Well, sir—(to the young gentleman in black)—You attend for Mr. F——, in behalf of the defendant? Have the goodness to take your seat.”

The lawyer’s clerk had not yet gained sufficient courage to open his mouth; but he did as he was requested, and the case proceeded.

The contending parties took their stations in presence of the magistrate. The complainant was a quiet dimi-

nutive, sleepy-headed lad, of about 13 years of age, with a healthy rubicund countenance ; and the defendant was a tall pale-faced individual, with dark—very dark eyebrows, and cadaverous aspect, well relieved, or rather shadowed, by a profusion of black hair—the *tout ensemble* being similar to that of a melodramatic hero about to do “ something desperate.”

“ Your name is Glum, I believe?” said the magistrate.—

“ No,” replied the defendant, “ my name is Slum, *Jonathan* Slum. I understood from the boy’s mother that this matter was to be arranged—hamicably arranged.”

Magistrate.—I must hear what the complainant has to say against you.

The boy then stated that the defendant was a shoemaker, and that he was apprenticed to him ; that on the 24th instant, being Christmas-eve, he “ laid abed longer than usual,” and the consequence was, Mr. Slum came suddenly into his chamber and beat him with a cane. After he (complainant) had finished his breakfast, he was desired to clean some knives and forks ; and because he was rather slow in executing the job, Mr. Slum struck him with his fist ; and when he thought proper to *sing out*, his master beat him again with a cane on his head and shoulders.

"Do you often experience this treatment?" inquired his worship.

"Almost every week. I *have* been a fortnight without it," replied the youthful aspirant to the honours of bootmaking.

"Now, Mr. Slum," said the magistrate, "what answer do you make to this charge?"

Mr. Slum was a little surprised at being called upon to make his own defence after procuring "professional assistance;" and therefore instead of addressing the court, he addressed the young gentleman in black, saying somewhat indignantly, "Well, sir! are you going to *do* it, or am I to *do it myself*?"


The young gentleman in black still remained

"Silent, and in face confounded;"

and the defendant, presuming that his silence proved his unwillingness or inability to speak, commenced "*doing it* himself." He would positively swear that he did not beat the boy at 12 o'clock, and that he had only thrashed him *once*.

"What was that for?" inquired the magistrate, eagerly.

Mr. Slum replied, that, at the time in question, he was very busy, and consequently wished the boy to rise early



in the morning, whereas he did not get up till 10 o'clock, notwithstanding he had called him several times; and on this account he certainly did cane him—that he would not deny in any way what *hever*.

Magistrate—(to the complainant)—What time did you go to bed?—"Between 10 and 11," replied the apprentice.

"A sound sleeper!" exclaimed his worship, with astonishment; "twelve hours is a good round for a boy 13 years of age!" (To the defendant) "So you did not beat him a *second* time, as he states?"

"No, sir, I didn't: I asked him why he did not go on with his work, as I ordered him; and then I merely pushed him down on a chair—I did not strike him at all. To prove to you what sort of a boy he is, I can assure you that his mother has told me she has given him more beatings than any one else belonging to her family!"

Mrs. Leigh, the mother, here made her appearance; and after ascertaining from the defendant that he had "finished his say," stated that she was a respectable milk-woman, and that she had certainly been obliged to beat the boy once or twice, but had never used any violence towards him. Mr. Slum had received a premium of £10 with him, and "to prove that he was a well disposed lad," Mr. Slum and Mrs. Slum had until lately expressed great attachment towards him. "Indeed, (con-

tinued the old woman,) he was made too much of. They even asked him what he would like for dinner !”

“That I deny,” said Mr. Slum, emphatically.

The “anxious mother” evinced a very strong wish to particularise the different occasions on which her hopeful son had complained of ill-treatment. His worship, however, fearing that if her tongue were once set in full motion, no power of his could stop it, very judiciously nipped her speech in the bud, and addressed himself to the complainant, saying, “I can do nothing for you at present ; but, as I am very fond of apprentice cases, you can come to me whenever your master ill-treats you again.”

The mother was not altogether satisfied with this decision, and therefore she began to enumerate other “un-tradesmanlike acts” practised by the defendant towards her son. For instance, he had promised to let the boy go to a Sunday-school, instead of which he had been obliged to clean candlesticks, fire-irons, warming-pans, &c.

The defendant said it was not his fault. On one occasion he had desired the boy to go to church, and to the Sunday-school, but, instead of obeying his *horders*, he thought proper to go to the Green Park, where he was “beaten and covered with mud” by the low boys with whom he associated. “Nevertheless,” continued the proud

knight of St. Crispin, "I still allows him to go to chapel."

The magistrate here became impatient, and was about to bring the case to a conclusion, when the boy interrupted him by describing the different household utensils, such as pepper-casters, mustard-pots, candlesticks, &c., which he had been desired to clean on the Sabbath-day.

His worship laughed at the boy's particularity, and stated that he did not see his way sufficiently clear, but if on any future occasion the complainant succeeded in substantiating a similar case before him, he should certainly have his (the magistrate's) support. The boy was then ordered to go home with his master.

The hopeful apprentice left the court, looking almost as happy as when he entered it.

A slight discussion then took place between Mr. Slum and the young gentleman who appeared to advocate his cause; but we forbear to give the full particulars of the argument, lest we should reflect upon the character and utility of lawyers in general. It may be sufficient to say that the affair was brought to a conclusion, by the shoemaker's exclaiming, "I should like to know what's the use of a lawyer, if he lets his client do all the business!"

THE TWO WATERMEN.

"Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,
Like a petard ill lighted, into the bosom
Of him gave fire to it.—*Fair Maid of the Inn.*

JOHN ELLIS, a sapient-looking waterman of antique physiognomy, summoned another waterman, named WILLIAM WINDSOR, or, as he is commonly called, "Windsor Bill," for unlawfully assaulting and *butting* him, the said John Ellis, against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

"Your worship," exclaimed Mr. John Ellis, as he made his appearance in the witness-box, "I thank the Lord I don't stand against this man from any prejudice whatsoever. I know what the power of the Gospel is, and therefore I wouldn't offend my conscience by sinning against any fellow-creature."

The magistrate was glad to find that Mr. Ellis was so good a Christian, but begged that he would forthwith proceed with his complaint; whereupon Mr. Ellis took from his mouth a quid of the best pig-tail, and set forth his grievances in manner and form as follows:—

"Your worship, on the 29th Nowember last, in the arternoon, this man insulted me."

"When?" asked the magistrate.

"About one o'clock, your honour," was the reply.

"How?" interrogated his worship.

"Why, sir, he *butted* me," said the old waterman, looking particularly fierce and uncomfortable.

"What!" exclaimed the magistrate, "*butted* you? That's a new species of assault. Where did it take place? Come, tell me all about it."

"That's the werry thing as I comed here for," said the assaulted one; and he continued his story in the following classical dialect: "I was down at Westminster pier—which I'm a waterman there, and one o' the oldest o' the lot; and Mister Bill Windsor was likewise on the pier, only I was in my boat, and he warn't. Well, as soon as ever I comed out o' the boat, arter I'd landed a passenger or two, this man (pointing to Windsor Bill) ups with his fist, and says to me, says he, 'Go along you thief,' which in course I was obleeged to lay hold o' the pier, for fear he should pitch me into the river. 'What do you mean by that?' says I, 'you're only a bully.'—'What!' says he, 'Do you call me a bully?' and then he gave me a cut right athwart the nose.—'Halloa!' says I, now you're done it—I'm satisfied; for to be sure, he struck me with sich

violence, that for the space of half an hour I couldn't stop the blood, no how, your worship."

Magistrate.—Oh! your nose bled, did it? Internally, or externally?

Old Waterman.—It bled all sorts o' ways, your honour, both inside and outside. In fact, he werry nigh broke the bridge o' my nose. If your worship will just look this way you'll see a scar big enough to ruin any gentleman's face—(his worship put up his eyeglass, and looked, as in duty bound).

The injured waterman was about to quit the box, but Mr. William Windsor (whose face, being considerably "ruddier than the cherry," indicated that if he was not given to hard hitting, he was, at all events, given to hard drinking), gave him to understand that he wished to put a few questions to him. "You say I struck you?" exclaimed the accused, interrogatively.

"I does," replied the waterman, (who, by-the-by, didn't look much like a waterman, for, albeit he had grown grey in the service, he seemed to have carefully avoided every outward semblance of his calling). "You made a butt at me with your head, and knocked me back'ards." So saying, Mr. Ellis considerably endeavoured to give a practical explanation of the manner in which the butting was effected, and in suiting the action to the word, for

that purpose, he thrust his head forward and his legs backwards; the consequence of which dexterous feat was that the door of the witness-box flew open, and Mr. Ellis having thus destroyed his equilibrium barely escaped falling head-foremost on to the clerk's desk. The "loud and long-continued laughter" which naturally followed this comic interruption to the grave duties of the court having at length subsided, a witness was called, whose name was John Jones; and this gentleman stated, in answer to a question from the bench, that the quarrel began with a few words, and ended with a few blows,—Mr. William Windsor having the first, and Mr. John Ellis the last, (that is to say, Mr. W. had the first word, and Mr. E. the last blow). "The fact is," continued Mr. John Jones, "Bill Windsor, or Windsor Bill, just shoved this good man about and ultimately cut his nose. He didn't strike him with his fist; it was his hat that done it, sir. He had his hat on when he butted him; don't you understand?"

"Why, if Mr. Ellis put his nose into my face," said the defendant, "it was natural that my hat should come in *contract* with it. As to striking him, I never did no such thing. The truth is, your worship, he came up to me in the first instance, and told me to go and look arter my daughter. Now, I ask you if that is *fair* language

between man and man. I have done a father's part towards my daughter; and if she has gone astray, I can't help it. But that was not all; for after he had insulted me about my daughter,—he said to me, says he, 'Get along, you d—d great bulldog.' Now that's not exactly the language for a 'spectable waterman to submit to. As to the cut across the nose; I should tell you that he had a great scar there, and the rim of my hat *went* into it."

Hereupon the said hat was produced, and the defendant, holding it up for the inspection of his worship, exclaimed, "There, sir, that is the hat, and that is the rim." The magistrate looked at the hat, and laughed,—as well he might, for it was a hat that seemed made for comic purposes. Poor John Reeve would have given the world for such a hat. We shall not attempt to describe it; but shall simply suggest that it would well become a political Don Quixote at the head of a Chartist mob. It was, in truth, a hat without a friend; even the nap had deserted it, and the crown was evidently inclined to do the same.

A witness was then called to prove that the defendant had received from the complainant such provocation as he had described; but, nevertheless, the magistrate was of opinion that the words used by the latter were not sufficient to justify Mr. William Windsor, or Windsor Bill, in butting him, and therefore he ordered that

gentleman to pay 5*s.* in addition to the of cost the summons.

The owner of the hat then took an opportunity of explaining to his worship that the quarrel originated thus :—He and Mr. Ellis belonged to a Boat Society, of which there were eighteen members. On Lord Mayor's day, the sum of £3 was collected by them upon Westminster pier—it was a floating pier, and used for the purpose of enabling people to see the procession. This money was kept by Ellis and Jones, the witness; and it ought to have been divided amongst the members of the society, to keep the pier in order, and to provide for certain widows whose husbands formerly belonged to the club. All he (Mr. Windsor) desired, was to give a portion of the money to Mr. Ellis's sister, who was a widow, and likewise to John Jones's sister "*which* she was also a widow woman with a large family." But the selfish old fellow (meaning Ellis) refused to give him any of the money, not even his own share; and that was the cause of the disturbance.

"Ah!" said the magistrate, "but I wish you hadn't *butted* him. Butting is an assault in law, as well as striking; and therefore I cannot withdraw the fine."

Thus ended the affair of the nose, the Lord Mayor's-day, the pier collection, the daughter, the hat, and the bulldog.

A TRIP TO GRAVESEND.

Ah, how you women can insinuate,
 And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue!
Arden of Feversham.

Oh, woman! lovely woman!—*Venice Preserved.*

MARY CONNOR, a native of the Emerald Isle, was charged with the felonious enormity of stealing a mackarel, value threepence, the property of Mrs. Catherine Hayley.

The complainant and defendant were vendors of fish in Clare Market. The former was a tall, good-humoured, healthy-complexioned woman, whose appearance, notwithstanding her poverty, betokened such an evident love of "domestic comforts," that she might, with the strictest propriety, have sat for the portrait of John Bull's wife. The latter was

"A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,"
 a face like a winter apple, and a *poll* which seemed formed by nature for carrying heavy weights—the *tout ensemble* presenting the appearance of a Scotch "haddie wife," or an Irish "basket-woman," or rather a happy medium between the two. The following is an epitome of the many grievances which gave rise to the present charge:—

Mistress Catherine Hayley stated, that at an early



A TRIP TO GRAVESEND.

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hour in the morning she left her fish-basket in the street, whilst she went to a neighbouring public-house for the purpose of keeping the cold out of the stomach by putting something warm into it; that during her absence, Mistress Connor took the only remaining mackerel out of the said basket, and mixed it with her own stinking fish; that when she (Mistress Catherine Hayley) returned to her "stand," she accused Mistress Connor of "lessening the weight of her basket;" whereupon Mistress Connor became exceedingly indignant, and "crunching" the identical mackerel betwixt her fingers, she flung it in her innocent face. Upon this, Mrs. Hayley thought proper to tell her, that if she continued a dispenser of fish in Clare Market she must learn better manners; and Mistress Mary Connor thought proper, in return, to poke the hot pipe which she was smoking into Mistress Hayley's mouth, thereby committing such an act of vulgarity as a Billingsgate fish-woman would revolt from!

"I ax your honner's pardon," cried Mrs. Mary Connor, the defendant (who had provided herself with a small memorandum-book, and was taking notes of the evidence), "but this is all because I demanded my own. It's a false charge, your worship, and there's nothing to prove it is thrue, excepting her own oath; and what's that I'd like to know?"

The complainant assured his worship, that Mr. Duff, the baker; Mr. Sampson, the publican; and Mrs. Dennis, the orangewoman; and indeed "all mankind," could prove that Mistress Connor was the very same good-for-nothing woman that threw the mackerel in her face and poked the hot pipe in her unoffending mouth.

"Och! you contimptible crathur," exclaimed the accused in a tone of lofty indignation, "didn't I thrate you to Gravesend? and more betoken [didn't I pay for that illigant shawl when——?]"

"You seem to have something to say," remarked the magistrate! "now make your defence, and introduce yourself to me in a proper manner."

"Make my defince, is it?" cried Mistress Mary Connor (smiling complacently, and placing her arms a-kimbo, as if she considered herself in an enviable position). "Well thin, your honner, I'll spake the truth, if nobody else will. The fac' is, Mrs. Katty Hayley—bad manners to her! wint away from her stand, and left two or three bits of salmon in her basket, but sorra taste of mackerel; and as she owed me a large sum of money I thought there 'ud be no harm in helping myself to some of her fish. Hows'ever there wor a dacent ould woman standing by that advised me not to meddle, or make with her property—and becoorse I'd scorn to dirty my fingers with it,—but, beggin' your worship's pardon,

I lint her a sum of money ; and as she said she wouldn't pay me on no account whatsomever, I made bould, your riverence, to take the law in my own hands. But she's an ungrateful faggot—that she is, your honner, for I have thrated her with the greatest tindherness ever since November last,—when I bought that shawl for her. Did'nt I take her to Gravesend, and thrate her wid a bottle o' wine and laskins of pork, at my own expinse?—and didn't we get drunk together, and swear we'd stick to each other like bricks an'morthar?—and didn't I behave to her like a rale lady, and thrate her wid a donkey to ride?—and then to insult me for the sake of a dirty threeha'-penny mackerel ! Fie, fie, for shame, Katty Hayley ! it's ashamed of yourself, you ought to be, ma'am !”

“And this misunderstanding,” remarked the magistrate, “arose from your taking a trip to Gravesend.”

“And a pretty trip it was,” cried the complainant, “for after we had dined off a nine-penny bottle of wine and a hunderdone line of pork, she left me at the Beehive public-house amongst a set of blackguards that treated me like anything but a lady.”

“Well,” cried the defendant, becoming alarmingly irate and consequential, “you surely didn't suppose I was going to introduce you to my *genteel* friends?”

The two fishwomen would doubtless have continued in this amusing strain for an hour or two, had not the

magistrate interfered, by saying that Mrs. Mary Connor must find bail to keep the peace towards Mrs. Catherine Hayley.

Mrs. Catherine Hayley informed his worship that she got her living honestly, and therefore did not wish to hurt the poor woman; she only wished her to promise not to behave in such an unladylike manner again.

His worship said that under these circumstances he should dismiss the complaint, but he would advise the defendant to conduct herself with more propriety in future.

"I'm intirely obleeged to your honner," cried Mistress Connor, as she left the bar, "for your kind humanity, but if iver I come before you again may I be ——."

"Silence!" cried the usher, "the case is dismissed."

"Let *her* go first," exclaimed Mistress Hayley, as the gaoler endeavoured to remove her from the court, before Mistress Connor had made her exit.

The two fish-venders were soon on the other side of the door; and in five minutes' time they were seen drinking together, at the public-house next door to the court of justice!

A PROFESSIONAL FRAY.

————— I am a man,
And have the frailties common to man's nature ;
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,
As wisdom cannot rule.—*Tamerlane.*

MR. CLEMENT FITZPATRICK, a stalwart Hibernian, carrying a stick which looked remarkably like a beadle's staff, shortened by long use, was brought up on a summons, charging him with having assaulted Mr. Theophilus Weber, a German,—and a particularly *small* German, for his head was scarcely visible above the witness-box.

The complainant in this case represented himself as a teacher of languages ; and stated that he and the defendant (who was a professional singer) were fellow-lodgers in the house of a widow lady, in ——— Street, Strand ; that on the previous morning, between nine and ten o'clock, he (Mr. Weber) was going up stairs towards his apartments, when he saw the defendant standing on the landing, and holding the servant-maid by the back of the neck. Having, for certain reasons which he did not explain, a greater regard for the neck of the handmaid than he had for his own, he (Mr. Weber)

thought proper to remonstrate with the defendant; and addressed him thus:—"Surely you are not going to strike the girl;" whereupon Mr. Fitzpatrick, being endued like most of his countrymen with a tolerable share of the *fortiter in re*, and possessing, by virtue of his professional capacity, certain elevated notions of honour and dignity, lifted up his foot with a *prestissimo* movement, which was immediately followed by a rapid *cadenza* on the part of the complainant, who, being precipitated down the stairs, was considerably injured in the chest, and blood issued from his nostrils. He rose as soon as possible, and then proceeded to expostulate with the defendant; who thereupon struck him in the face with his fist, and a black eye was the consequence. Mr. Weber had by this time received so much injury, that his "presence of mind" was altogether absent; and instead of resorting to any *fortissimo* movement, in return for the favours he had received, he honoured Mr. Fitzpatrick's last performance with a "running accompaniment," hastening to his bed-chamber as speedily as his damaged understandings could carry him. The professional singer then went into his apartment, and having a lady and gentleman in his company, occupied the next half-hour in performing a "grand flourish" of knives and forks over the breakfast-table, which the handmaid be-

fore-mentioned had furnished, according to custom, with eggs and fat bacon, hot rolls, cold toast, a pot of the very best Bohea, and a small bottle of real Irish whiskey as a *finale*.

Magistrate—(to the complainant)—Did you in any way come in contact with the defendant before he struck you in the eye?

Complainant—(turning up a green shade, and exhibiting an eye which rendered corroborative evidence almost unnecessary)—No, sir, except with his foot, when he kicked me in the chest

Mr. Weber here called his brother, who was present when the quarrel took place; but that gentleman, having some scrupulous objections to playing the part of witness in a police-court, had disappeared at the very moment when he might have been a brother indeed!

Mr. Theophilus Weber then assured the magistrate that he could not possibly produce a better witness than his own face; which proved, beyond a doubt, that he had received a severe blow. He therefore trusted that, although his “bro-der” was not present to confirm the statement he had made, the magistrate would inflict a fine upon Mr. Fitzpatrick, and teach him to abstain in future from such displays of his physical capabilities.

His worship here ventured to observe, with magisterial

jocosity, that if Mr. Theophilus Weber's story were true, it was quite clear Mr. Fitzpatrick had not, whilst pursuing his musical studies, neglected to practise *in forte*.

On the part of the defendant, a young gentleman, with a very pale student-like face, was called; and he stated that he was a lodger in the same house, and generally took his meals with Mr. Clement Fitzpatrick, with whom he had been for some time on terms of intimacy. He considered Mr. Fitzpatrick to be a gentleman of mild, placid temperament, and quite *incapable* of treating any fellow-creature in the manner described by Mr. Weber. Witness was present at the time in question, and saw the whole of "this foolish affair." The cause was this:—The servant-maid had made use of insulting language towards his friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and he was consequently turning her out of his apartment, when Mr. Weber "came rushing up" to Mr. Fitzpatrick, and seized him by the collar of his coat, thereby tearing his shirt, and otherwise injuring his personal adornments. Mr. Fitzpatrick thereupon pushed him down two or three stairs, and on his (complainant's) again attacking him with his hands as well as his tongue, he "gave him a black eye,"—but he did not *kick* the little German, as represented in his evidence with so much confidence and *sang froid*.

The magistrate said it was very difficult to come to a safe conclusion where the evidence was so contradictory : but in this instance there was every reason to believe that the complainant had spoken the truth ; and that the defendant's witness had been mistaken in his view of the transaction. He should therefore fine the defendant 40s.

Mr. Clement Fitzpatrick said he should abide by the magistrate's decision ; but, " for the sake of humanity," he begged to observe, that the wound the complainant had received in the nose was caused by a blow with his fist, and not by a kick.

ITALIAN BOYS.


Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains?—*Sardanapalus.*

Unkindness, do thy office ! Poor heart, break !
These are the killing griefs which dare not speak.
Vittoria Corombona.

THE magistrate was occupied for some little time one morning in making an inquiry into the particulars of a disagreement which had arisen between an unfortunate Italian boy, named Antonio Pellinati, and his master, Ludovico Conti. The circumstances of this case, revolt-

ing as they were, would never perhaps have been brought to light, but for the kind and generous interference of one Aquilino Glucciani, a poor, yet noble-minded creature, who came to London a few years ago to establish himself as a shoemaker, and who, finding that the ill-fated boys from his native land were treated with great barbarity by their countrymen and employers, resolved to exercise every means in his power towards securing their protection and advancement. It was through the advice and instrumentality of this worthy fellow that the present complaint was preferred; and in order that the poor lad who had been the victim of his master's cruel nature might have sufficient courage to narrate the full particulars of his story, Aquilino Glucciani stood by his side during the investigation, and obtained permission to act as interpreter. This humble philanthropist has excited the bitterest animosity in the minds of those who pursue the same calling as Ludovico Conti, the defendant in this case; but he laughs at the malignity which his meritorious conduct has given rise to,—for he finds a reward in his own conscience, and in the gratitude of the ill-starred youths whose griefs he endeavours to assuage.

Before entering into the immediate facts of the case, it may not be inexpedient to explain to the reader the pe-



culiar circumstances under which the Italian boys who grind organs, or sell images in the streets, are brought over to this country:—It appears that the Italian refugees who find employment for the lads are in general the possessors of some three or four musical instruments; (*instruments of torture* they might almost be called) or peradventure a large collection of casts and models; and in proportion to the success of their business, they find it necessary to increase the number of slaves (for such they are) from whose exertions they derive their profit. When occasion calls for any addition to the establishment of one of these subtle though ingenious contrivers, he employs an agent to treat with the relatives of some well-favoured and healthy youth whom he had formerly known in Italy; and this agent gives so glowing a description of the blessings of English life, and of the advantages to be derived from a residence in the country, that the lad is induced to quit his native place, buoyed up as he is by the cheering prospect of improving his condition, without suffering from the apprehension of ill or rendering himself liable to dangers and disappointments. A negotiation is at once commenced; and an agreement speedily entered into between the parties, to the effect that the boy shall receive from his master nine francs per month, and that the money, together

with the boy's passport, shall be detained by the master until the expiration of the term for which the lad is engaged. It is also customary for the employer to undertake to board and lodge the boy, and to treat him with kindness and humanity; his occupation rendering it necessary that he should be totally estranged from his friends and relations. The master is in fact expected to be responsible, through his agent, for the maintenance of the lad from the moment he bids adieu to his home. The contract, we are given to understand, is generally acted up to until the parties have crossed the Alps: but this difficulty surmounted, the agreement is almost invariably departed from; and, instead of the boys being supplied with plenty, they are compelled to rest satisfied with a limited portion of dry bread in the morning, and a small quantity of rice boiled up with bacon at night.

The journey to England is continued under the most painful disadvantages,—unwholesome food, scarcity of clothing, want of money, the fear of giving offence; and, more than all, the despotic treatment the lad receives from his "*protector*;" the suspicion which suddenly enters his mind, that he has been lured away from home, where he might have remained content with poverty, to encounter miseries he had never before known: all his hopes are crushed; and he arrives at his destination in the metro-

polis—not as he had been led to expect, happy in the realization of his youthful dreams, but a neglected, friendless, grief-worn, disappointed, broken-hearted wanderer. It is true, he is often seen to smile as he performs his daily exercise ; but, when such is the case, he has learnt, by bitter experience, that it is well to forget the “uses of adversity,”—and to recollect that a happy face may sometimes earn a few pence, or a kind word from a passer-by,—where a tear, or a discontented mien, may fail to excite compassion. These poor boys, however, have always, even though they smile, an air of melancholy—a look of the most profound desolation—a look that bespeaks a familiarity with the cares of the world, and an utter ignorance of that phase of humanity which gladdens the earth with sunshine. Their “patience of toil” (as Pope hath it) is really touching to observe ; and their imploring manner of soliciting your patronage or charity is sometimes so potent in its influence, that it penetrates not only to the heart but to the pocket ! We have often felt inclined to disregard the entreaties of these toiling lads ; but the extended hand—the downcast eye—and the expression of earnest hope, which accompany their gentle words,—have aroused the better feelings of our nature ; and we have thought of kind-hearted sympathizing Charles Lamb’s advice respecting boys

of another stamp—the chimney-sweepers. “If thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny.—It is better to give him two-pence.” Truly, the money which the Italian boy gathers is not for himself: he is bound, by cruel oppression, to deliver it, at the close of “each day’s life,” to a selfish, tyrannical, marble-hearted taskmaster; and whenever he is not enabled to carry home such a sum as this amiable person expects—nay, exacts from him—he is accused of idleness, and deprived of a certain portion of his necessary food! This, reader, incredible as it may seem, is truth—unvarnished *truth*: never mind, therefore, *how* the daily earnings of the Italian boy are appropriated; they are a source of happiness to him,—because each penny he receives in his perambulations, renders him the more *deserving* of his employer’s good opinion. Well, then, benefit the master, for the sake of the boy; and in the end it may turn out that your money has not been ill-spent, nor your charity misapplied. But the reader is waiting all this time for a narrative of the facts which formed the subject of the present complaint:—they are told in a few words; and when told, it will be found that the observations we have thought proper to make are warranted by actual occurrences.

From the statement of Antonio Pellinati, the com-

plainant, it appeared that he was an orphan ; that he was brought over to England about eighteen months previous to this inquiry ; that he had agreed to remain with Ludovico Conti, the defendant, for a period of two years and a half as an itinerant organ-player ; and that he had endured the greatest misery during the time he had been in his service. He had never been supplied with a proper allowance of food, (the poor boy's face gave painful evidence of the truth of this part of his story,) and his master had often severely chastised him because he thought he had not earned a sum of money proportionate to the payment he received. He had several times, lately, beaten him with a stick, and had used such violent language towards him that he was resolved to leave him and to seek the protection of Aquilino Glucciani. With this determination he applied to his master for his wages, which amounted to upwards of £6; and in answer to this application Signor Conti said, "I shall not give you the money; you cannot agree with the other youth (meaning a fellow-servant), and that is the reason he has left me." The lad denied this accusation ; and the defendant was so exasperated that he knocked him down, and kicked him two or three times in different parts of the body.

The magistrate asked the lad whether he had ever been impertinent to his master ? The poor fellow, bursting

into tears, declared upon his oath that he had never acted with the least impropriety towards him, nor had he said anything affecting the character of "the other youth" to whom he had alluded.

The wan dejected appearance of the unfortunate lad—the numerous bruises by which he was disfigured, and which served to increase the ghastliness of his countenance—the earnest manner in which he related his grievances to the interpreter; and, above all, the testimony given by Signor Glucciani himself respecting the general conduct of the defendant, rendered it quite unnecessary to call for any additional evidence.

The defendant, on being called upon for his answer to the charge, said that the boy's statement was altogether untrue; that when he applied to him for his wages he did not strike him violently, but merely told him to be quiet; and as he refused to obey him, he pushed him away.

No witnesses having been examined to substantiate this defence,

The magistrate, in giving his judgment, said it was quite clear, from this and similar cases which had been brought before him, that the poor Italian boys were most cruelly used by their masters in this country. They came over here friendless and penniless, and were exposed to the ill-usage of men from whom they had been taught

to expect kind treatment. They were tempted to leave their native country by offers of money, and were afterwards neglected and starved; and compelled to occupy the whole of their time in carrying about instruments for the benefit of their masters, with no prospect of gaining any benefit themselves. He should fine the defendant 40s.—and in default of payment commit him to the House of Correction for one month; and he should also order him to find bail to keep the peace towards the boy—himself in £20, and two sureties in £10 each. At the same time it was his duty to inform him, that if he henceforth persisted in ill-using the Italian boys, and any further case were proved against him, he must expect to be punished with more severity. He was called upon, from this time; to supply the complainant with a good bed and plenty of good food; to which comforts it was evident from his appearance he had hitherto been a stranger.

The fine was paid; and the poor boy went away in company with his master, probably to endure hardships greater even than those he had already experienced. We have once seen this unhappy lad since the above disclosures took place; and it was too evident on that occasion that his condition had not been improved, but that he was still doomed

“To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.”

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—*King John.*
Let active laws apply the needful curb
To guard the peace that riot would disturb.—*COWPER.*

A POMPOUS looking person,—looming large in his Chesterfield wrapper, and standing about two yards high in his mud-covered bluchers,—was charged before the sitting magistrate with having wilfully damaged a cabriolet, and a policeman belonging to the F division.

The defendant said he trusted that in a matter of so trifling a nature the magistrate would not call upon him to disclose his name, as this was a “particularly awkward business” for a man in his station of life, and if it became known to his employers, he should be obliged to forfeit a situation of considerable emolument.

The magistrate replied, that if the case were proved against him, it would not be so necessary to know who he was, as *what* he was, in order that justice might be properly administered.

The gentleman in difficulties then stated that he was the “foreman of a large building establishment;” and the policeman above-mentioned proceeded to say that at two

o'clock in the morning he was on duty in the Strand, "right opposite" to St. Clement's church, when he saw a cab standing in the middle of the road. He was just thinking whether or not the driver of the said cab had deserted his post, and left the vehicle to the mercy of midnight perambulators and the guardians of the Green-yard, when the defendant came running across the road, to give the cabman into custody for annoying him. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour a crowd of people instantly assembled, and the residents in that quarter were so much alarmed at the disturbance, that several white nightcaps, and heads without nightcaps, were forthwith seen to issue from the neighbouring windows :

"They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement."

The general cry was, "What's the matter there?"—The cabman accused the gentleman of smashing the windows of his cab; the gentleman accused the cabman of "annoying" him by bringing a false charge against him; and a young woman (by whom the gentleman was accompanied) accused the cabman of uttering "disrespectful language to a *lady*" (meaning herself). The gentleman cried, "You d—d scoundrel, what do you mean by such insolence?" The cabman told the gentleman


he was no gentleman, otherwise he would not act like a blackguard; and the "lady" said, "Never mind, Harry, let him go to the devil."—"Well, to put an end to the row, you must come with me to the station'us," exclaimed the policeman.—"What for?" said the gentleman.—"Why for damaging my cab," replied the cabdriver.—"I say you're a liar!" cried the gentleman.—"You're another," rejoined the owner of the cab.—"Take *that*," said the gentleman, at the same time giving his opponent a blow in the eye (for he had but one) "Harry, Harry! don't be a fool; you know he's drunk," cried the lady, endeavouring to pacify the gentleman.—"So am I drunk, as drunk as a lord," vociferated the gentleman: and in this strain did the lady, the gentleman, and the cabdriver, continue to address each other until they arrived at the station-house in Bow Street; when the gentleman was arraigned before the inspector on duty. Thereupon he gave further proof of his pugilistic propensities; for the constable no sooner preferred the charge against him than he seized him by the collar and gave him (the constable) such a dig in the ribs as well-nigh caused him to settle his worldly accounts. Moreover he "upp'd with his fist and declared that it would take a dozen such fellows to look him up in the cell;" but albeit he was a very powerful man, he was eventually overcome by three policemen

and one inspector, and safely lodged for the night. Whilst the officer was relating these circumstances to the magistrate the defendant appeared quite incapable of "remaining at a stand still;" but placing his hands in the pockets of his unmentionables, he walked up and down the dock like a sailor pacing the quarter deck; and so anxious was he to make a speedy exit, that if the gaoler and his deputy had not kept him within bounds he would probably have established his freedom by using the bar as a leaping-bar.

The magistrate expressed a wish to hear the evidence of the cabman, touching the matter at issue; and the cabman was accordingly ushered into the witness-box. He was a small man with a very large face; and as cruel Fortune had deprived him of one eye, the defendant, it seemed, had put the other in mourning for its loss. This individual, upon being questioned by the magistrate, stated that at eight o'clock in the evening the gentleman had hired his cab at Greenwich, desiring him to go with all speed towards London-bridge, and to pull up at the first woman he saw on the road! Accordingly he did pull up; and the gentleman, upon seeing the female, called out "That aint the one:" whereupon he (the cabman) drove onward, and by his passenger's desire stopped at the Deptford Arms public-house, where, as chance would have it,

there was a "bit of a row" amongst the tap-room orators. In order to bring this bit of a row to an amicable termination the gentleman "took it into his head to treat a whole lot o' chaps with brandy-and-water;" and having added fuel to fire by this act of generosity, he despaired of quelling the disturbance, and resumed his seat in the cab. When they had arrived at London-bridge, the gentleman told him to drive to St. Clement's church; and whilst he was alighting he shoved his arm right through the window, and smashed it all to pieces. Whether this damage was committed by the defendant because he (the driver) did not stop the vehicle quite so soon as he wished, or whether it was done accidentally, he could not determine, "All I know," continued honest cabbee, "is, that at the very moment I pulled up, this here gent sings out to a lady what was a walking on the pavement, and then, crash, bang, went the winder all to shivers, jist for all the world as if a bullet had struck it."

The defendant, in answer to the charge, said, "The fact is, your worship, I was too late for the Greenwich train, and this man promised to take me and another gentleman to London-bridge for 1s. each; but notwithstanding this arrangement I behaved most liberally to him. (Did I not, cabman?) I let him have as much brandy-and-water as he could drink, and then I gave him a mutton



chop to eat ; after which I told him to drive as fast as he could to St. Clement's church, in the Strand ; and having arrived there, I despatched him. As to the charge of breaking the fellow's window, I deny it *in toto* ; and he never accused me of it until three hours afterwards. With respect to the charge of assaulting the policeman, I can only say that the statement he has now made does not correspond with what he originally stated to the inspector."

The magistrate said he could not understand the story of the cabman, and therefore he should not act upon it ; but for the assault upon the policeman in the execution of his duty the defendant must pay 40s. or be committed for three weeks.

The money was paid ; and the "foreman of a large building establishment" left the court, muttering as he went—"If I hadn't been too late for that cursed train, *this* would not have occurred."

A FORCIBLE EJECTMENT.

Drink was the element in which he lived.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?—*Jack Falstaff.*

AMONGST the “night charges” one winter’s morning was a case of so peculiar a nature that the magistrate thought proper to depart from the usual systematic course of proceeding, and to allow the investigation to be commenced in the following manner:—

A short, sandy-haired, bull-necked, small-nosed, large-whiskered specimen of the genus *homo*—(a gentleman whose blear eyes, and vermillion-coloured face, proved, beyond a doubt, that he had registered himself amongst the votaries of Bacchus, and had studiously obeyed the mandates of the tippling god)—having introduced himself in the dock, contrary to the desire of his mightiness, the gaoler; a tall, blustering publican, in a violent rage and a white apron, appeared, without invitation, in the witness-box, and, disregarding all form and ceremony, thus addressed himself to the presiding dispenser of justice:—“Your worship, this ought to have been a charge of felony, but the inspector advised me to throw the felony overboard and *stick* to the misdemeanour.”

“What misdemeanour?” interrogated the magistrate, quickly taking his eyes off the newspaper which lay before him.

“Why the fact is,” replied the publican, “this here individual—and when I says ‘this here individual,’ I means that there man—walks into my house last night, and orders a glass of brandy-and-water, which my bar-maid gave to him immediately; and after he had drink’d it, he coolly looks me in the face, and he says to me, says he,—‘I ain’t got no money; now what will you do?’—In course I thought this rayther howdacious, but I didn’t take no notice of it at the moment, ’cos I naturally supposed that, although he had no money, he would be able to pay before he left the house. Consequently I leaves him in charge of my wife and Bob the waiter; and then takes a turn round the garden, which I have got a tidy garden at the back of my prim’ses—a sort of a yard, your worship, where I grows rabbits, crocuses, guinea-pigs, geraniums, chickens, mustard and cress, and such like. Well, sir, when I come back again—I mean—that is, when I come for’ard to the front parlour, I finds that the fellow hadn’t gone, and that my wife couldn’t prevail upon him to pay for the brandy-and-water. Upon that I reproaches him with the intention of asking for the money, which I wasn’t going to stand *chalks* for an entire stranger, your worship; and then he

made no more to do but rushes into the parlour, and commenced abusing every man that was a drinking in the room. 'Come, young gentleman,' says I, 'this won't do at no price; just go, will yer, and let's ha' none o' this nonsense.' Howsoever he didn't go, your worship, but he jumped about the room, and behaved more like a harlequin in hysterics than a human being. After he had capsized all the chairs, and dipped his nose into all the pewter-pots on the tables, he leaps upon the top of the perpetual chairman's seat, and holding his hat in one hand, and a quart pot in the other, sings out 'I'm in my helement—I was born in a parlour, and I'll die in a parlour!' This was sich very queer behaviour for a tradesman as couldn't pay his score like a gentleman, that some of my customers, which they was all very genteel people, said they shrewdly suspected the man was drunk. Wherefore I seized him by the collar; and as he took the liberty of resisting, I was obliged to eject him by force from the prim'ses—that is to say, I seized him by the scruff o' the neck and *bundled* him clean out of the house. He then tried to make another *egress* into the place; and as I didn't want any further acquaintance with him, I gave him into custody upon the present charge of misdemeanour."

"How much does he owe you?" inquired the magistrate.

"Only a bob," was the laconic reply.

"A *bob!*" exclaimed his worship in a tone of astonishment, intended to signify that although he had a tolerable knowledge of the Saxon dialect, he had never heard of such a word as "bob" except as a vulgar abbreviation of "Robert."

"A bob," said the clerk, very kindly humouring the magistrate's affectation of ignorance,—“a bob, sir, is the slang term for a shilling; and in like manner a *fourpenny bit* is called, by the vulgar, a ‘joey.’ For example:—if a cabman wished to charge you one shilling and fourpence for a ride, he would say, ‘a bob and a joey.’”

His worship, fearing that any further inquiry into these mysterious appellations, would make him too well acquainted with a species of language which a magistrate is not supposed to number amongst his classical acquirements, merely ejaculated “God bless me!” and proceeded with the case.

“Where do you live?” said his worship, addressing the gentleman who was “born in a parlour.”

“In Kent Street, Borough.”

“What are you?”

“A twaaine (twine) spinner.”

“Well, what have you to say to this charge?”

Previous to his answering this question, the delinquent scratched his head in order to refresh his memory; as if

he had stored up a speech in some dark corner of his brain, and had forgotten where he placed it. At length he contrived to say something in his defence ; but of so brief a nature, that, although a spinner of twine, it was quite evident he was not given to spinning yarns.—“ I don’t recollect anything at all about it,” said he, “ for I was so completely sew’d up that I didn’t know whether I stood on my head or my heels.”

“ But you knew very well you stood upon my chairs and tables,” retorted Boniface, striving hard to prove that the prisoner was deserving of punishment for the felonious outrage of which he had been guilty.

“ Have you any money ? ” was the next query which his worship thought proper to put to the refractory twine-spinner.

“ No, sir, not a penny piece,” he replied.

“ How many children have you ? ”—“ Heaven be praised, none at all, your honour.”

“ Have you no wife ? ”—“ Yes, I’ve got a waaife, but nevertheless I ain’t got no babbies.”

“ What will your wife say to this proceeding ? ” asked the magistrate.

“ She don’t know anything at all about it,” answered the accused, smiling, as if he thought his wife would consider it a very good joke.

"I hope somebody will take the trouble to tell her;" remarked the magistrate, "otherwise you may be guilty of a similar offence on a future occasion."

"Aye, aye!" said the delinquent, "my old 'oman's a good 'un, she won't cross-question me as you have done."

The magistrate desired the man to furnish the complainant with his name and address; whereupon the complainant looked at the prisoner, and exclaimed "I would rather you furnished me with the cost of the brandy-and-water."

The prisoner, having acknowledged himself in the publican's debt, was discharged; but whether the money was ever paid, is a question which none but the twine spinner or the defrauded publican can satisfactorily answer.

THE "NEWMARKET CUT."

Pawn! We have none to the value of his demand.

Captain Bobadil.

A PAWNBROKER, named W——, was summoned before the seat of justice, by one James Willows Lem-

ming, for detaining a coat under the following circumstances :—

It has been stated by a distinguished writer of the present day, in one of his essays, published in the "Heads of the People," that "there would seem a kind of ignominy in the calling of a pawnbroker. He is the rejected of all men. . . . Who, missing the diamond from the finger of an acquaintance ; who (though at the time he may need the services of a conscientious money-dealer), thinks of venturing to ask the late possessor of the ring,—' Who is your pawnbroker ? ' " This may be very true in the abstract, but to those who are in the habit of frequenting police-courts, it is well known that there are many cases in which such notions are to a great extent confuted. There is a certain class of people who delight in relating to a magistrate the cause and effect of their acquaintanceship with pawnbrokers, and the reasons why "my uncle" is the only kindred being who is not "*rejected*" by them. For example—The complainant, in the present case, upon being desired to relate to the magistrate the circumstances under which he had summoned the defendant, commenced by stating that, in the month of August, 18—, he was necessitated to pledge a coat —

Magistrate (interrupting the complainant).—Who is your pawnbroker?

Witness.—Mr. W——, of Drury Lane.

Magistrate (to a little tallow-complexioned personage in a black apron, who represented himself as the defendant).—Are you Mr. W——?—No, sir, I appear for Mr. W——, who is out of town.

The magistrate then desired the complainant to proceed with his narrative; and he went on to say, that at the period before-mentioned he was in possession of a fashionable coat—(made by a tailor in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane!) which he had procured in order that he might make a respectable appearance at the wedding of a near and dear relative. The coat, which was of superfine bottle-green cloth, was an “excellent fit;” decorated with velvet-collar, silk cording round the edges, “extra gilt Conservative buttons,” and it was moreover the “Newmarket cut!”

Magistrate.—What! Explain, will you, the peculiar nature of the “Newmarket cut?” I never heard of it before.

Complainant.—Why, your worship, it’s a coat made in a partic’lar *Dossay* style, and is very much worn by sporting characters, being ‘riginally interduced by a Newmarket gent. : it’s a sort o’ tail coat, only the skirts

is rounded off over the hipses, so as to show the figure to greater advantage like, and it looks a little more *nobby* like than the old fashion dress coats. If you'll allow me, sir, I'll show you, for there's a friend o' mine (Samuel Jones) outside as has gotten a Newmarket coat on—jist such another as the one I'm now complaining about.

So saying, the expounder of the mysteries of the Newmarket cut stepped down from the witness-box, and requested the proud young usher to call "Samuel Jones, the hairdresser!"

The wearer of the coat was forthwith called by the Stentor of the court; but the magistrate refused to inspect him, stating that the complainant had explained in "such a learned manner," the nature of a Newmarket coat that he did not require any ocular demonstration.

"Pray, sir," continued the magistrate, "what are you? What is your business?"

Complainant.—I am a fishmonger by trade, but am now working for Mr. Fairbrother, the printer.

Magistrate.—Indeed! Well, what became of this Newmarket coat?

Mr. James Willows Lemming went on to state, that being "rather short of money," he was induced to pawn the coat, at the defendant's shop. He received 10s. for it,

and had, from time to time, paid the interest ; but, upon applying for his property, on the 26th —, the defendant's assistant gave him—not the veritable Newmarket coat, of green cloth, which fitted him to a T—, but a brown frock-coat, of such dimensions, that (if it was originally made for him) plenty of room had been allowed for growth, both latitudinally and longitudinally. He remonstrated with the pawnbroker, who nevertheless persisted that the brown coat was the identical green coat which two years ago was pawned by him !

The magistrate ordered the defendant, or rather his representative, to return the *bond fide* coat, and to pay the cost of the summons.

The gentleman in the black apron said he should be very happy to give the complainant another coat—a new one—much better than his own ; but it was not in his power to return the identical coat which he sought to recover.

The complainant said the cost of the coat was originally £3 ; but having worn it for 18 months, on Sundays and holidays, he valued it now at £2.

The magistrate ordered the defendant to pay the sum of £2, together with the costs ; and the parties withdrew ; the pawnbroker murmuring much at the unexpected success of his opponent.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Are these the virtues that his youth doth promise?

The Yorkshire Tragedy.

How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.

Every Man in his Humour.

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.—SHAKSPERE.

DAVID GREEN, a lad whose years did not number more than fifteen—a “child in coats,” as described by Locke—was charged with stealing two newspapers, the property of Mr. Jacob Collever, the flourishing landlord of a flourishing coffee-house in that delightful tract of country inhabited by the Jews—viz., Holywell-street, Strand.

From the statement of the prosecutor, it appeared, that in the course of the preceding week he discovered that some one had abstracted from his room, ten newspapers; that the prisoner had been a constant frequenter of the coffee-room during the same week; and from certain information he had received, he suspected that the theft had been committed by that young gentleman. He therefore took an opportunity one morning of marking all his daily papers, in the hope of being enabled to detect the culprit. The prisoner entered the coffee-room that morning as usual, and called for half a pint of Mocha, for



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

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which he paid a penny, and was thereby entitled to the privilege of reading the newspapers. Mr. Collever was upstairs at the time; engaged in the occupation of shaving, but Mrs. C. had received instructions to watch the movements of the young gentleman; and a little boy, named Walter Tyler, was likewise employed for the same wise purpose. This lad, be it observed, was about the height of an ordinary-sized umbrella; but from the grave, cautious and sententious manner in which he gave his evidence there was good reason to believe that his experience, like that of *Sir Proteus* in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," was older than his years. He stated that he obtained his livelihood as an errand-boy, and that he *patronized* the coffee-shop of Mr. Collever; that he was in the habit of taking refreshment every morning at 10 o'clock; and having as great a thirst for knowledge as he had for coffee, he never left the house without imbibing from the newspapers the social and political information of the day! On the morning in question he was endeavouring to quench his mental thirst by reading the "Herald;" and while thus engaged, the prisoner approached him, saying—"The 'Morning Herald' after you, sir!"—"Very well—you shall have it, sir," replied Mr. Walter Tyler; "In fact it's at your service now." Thereupon Mr. David Green returned to his own private

box, carefully folded up the said paper and placed it in his coat pocket. He then looked cautiously round the room, to satisfy himself that amongst the newspapers and their readers, there were no *Observers* or *Lookers-on*; and all doubt on this point being removed, he reached over to the next box, and took possession of the "*Chronicle*," which also he hastily deposited in the pocket of his outer garment.

Upon making this discovery, the witness gave information to Mrs. Collever; who forthwith gave the delinquent into custody, upon the present charge of felony.

"So you always read the newspapers when you get your breakfast, eh?" said the magistrate, addressing the youth who had given this evidence.

"Yes, your worship," replied Mr. Walter Tyler, with all the confidence of a person accustomed to proceedings of this nature. "I like to read the debates and to study politics."

"'Pon my word—a young politician!" exclaimed the magistrate, apparently pleased at the lad's precocity.

"Yes!" exclaimed Mr. David Green, contemptuously; "and this is his gratitude to me for teaching him *political economy*."

"Aye, aye!" said the defrauded coffee-house keeper, fearing that, if he didn't put in a word at this juncture,

the magistrate would forget the subject of the complaint—"it's all very well to talk about 'political economy;' but I know something about that science, myself, and I never yet found out that drinking penn'orths of coffee and getting the money back by *prigging* newspapers was 'political economy'—that's economy of another sort."

"Well, well," said his worship, anxious to bring the inquiry to a termination, "can you identify the newspapers?"

"I can, sir," replied the prosecuting coffee-house keeper—"they were both marked *on purpose for identity*, and therefore I can't mistake them."

The aspiring youth at the bar began to think that the matter now assumed a serious aspect; and being well aware that people have no opportunities of studying political economy in jail, he begged that his worship would overlook the offence, as he had never committed a theft before.

The prosecutor very kindly offered to forgive the lad, provided the magistrate would permit him to do so.

His worship said, as this was not the first time Mr. Collever had been robbed of his newspapers, he thought it advisable to make an example of the prisoner, by ordering him to be committed for trial.

The young politician was accordingly taken to Newgate,

where he underwent a brief imprisonment; and was ultimately whipped, by order of the judges.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I do not examine here which of them was in the wrong; they were perhaps both so, as happens almost in every quarrel.—VOLTAIRE'S *Dialogue of Buts*.

Why, he's a rogue, Sir—Would your worship stoop
To parley with a rogue?—*The Iron Chest*.

ONE ALFRED NEDDINGTON, a young man of coxcombical exterior, and shallow interior, (particularly in the upper stories,) was charged with stealing 17s., the property of a gin-bibbing, water-eschewing, lugubrious sort of personage, with a face like an apothecary's lamp in a fog, and a figure that presented about as much symmetry as that of a hall-porter in a monkey-jacket.

From the general appearance of these two gentlemen, it was quite clear that they had drunk deep ere they departed to rest, and that they had not sought repose until it was too late to seek anything else.

The complainant (who rejoiced in the name of Denison Duckley) having bowed to the magistrate, and wiped his

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rubicund face with a cotton pocket-handkerchief, informed his worship, that on the previous night, or rather, he should say, early this morning, he happened to be walking through James Street, Covent Garden, with Mr. Alfred Neddington, and several other gentlemen; that, being exceedingly wet without and dry within, he (Mr. Denison Duckley) and his perambulating companions happened, *quite inadvertently*, to enter a public-house at the corner of the Pihazy (Piazza); and that after they had imbibed three pots of that peculiar sort of beverage which in polite circles is called malt liquor, but which vulgarians call "heavy wet," they happened to have a scuffle together, —a sort of amateur wrestling-match,—in the course of which Mr. Denison Duckley happened to be laid prostrate on the bemudded floor. Whether the slimy substance on which he had fallen was of so glutinous a nature as to render the floor a "sticking-place," or whether the beer he had imbibed was so overpowering that he could not lift it, without a little more of the *light-porter* (and a little less of the "heavy") in his composition, we have never been able to decide; but, truth to tell, Mr. Denison Duckley, once down, was unable to rise without assistance. In striving to recover the use of his legs he slipped and swerved about like a lame coach-horse endeavouring to do up-hill work, or an alderman trying to preserve the

perpendicular in an equestrian procession ; and his external habiliments were so completely disarranged, that all the money he possessed (17*s.*) fell out of his pocket. He requested Mr. Neddington to pick up the money, and hand it over to him. Mr. Neddington willingly complied with the first part of the request, but instead of handing the silver over to Mr. Denison Duckley, he handed it into his own pocket,—with the exception of half-a-crown, which he very graciously proffered to Mr. Duckley, saying it was all he could find.

Upon this Mr. Duckley took the liberty of addressing Mr. Alfred Neddington in these respectful words:—“Come, my covey, you know very well this ain’t all you got ;” and Mister Neddington took the liberty of replying that he had found no more than half-a-crown, and therefore he should give no more to Mr. Denison Duckley. Now, to prove that his friend, Mr. Neddington, was endeavouring to deceive him, he begged to assure his worship that the bar-maid at the public-house had previously refused to supply him with a pot of half-and-half, because he had no money ; and that immediately after the accident he was able to pay for—“he didn’t know how many pots,” of that refreshing liquid. “If this is not satisfactory evidence of *felonious criminality*,” continued Mr. Denison Duckley, “I should be very

glad to know what more the law requires to prove a *trespass*."

"Were you sober at the time?" inquired the magistrate, not heeding the concluding sentence of Mr. Duckley's logical speech.

"Quite sober," replied the gentleman who had lost his money—"indeed I may say as sober as I am now, for this did not happen till four o'clock."

His worship was at some loss to understand the *rationale* of this statement; but instead of cross-examining the bewildered gentleman, he took the wiser course of inquiring whether there were any witnesses who could throw a little light upon the subject.

Mr. Denison Duckley replied that he could call several "respectable gentlemen," but the magistrate would perhaps be satisfied with the evidence of two.

"Let them be called," said his worship; and the two were called. The first who entered the witness-box stated that he was a cooper by trade, and that he was in the public-house *waiting for his work*, when a scuffle took place between Mr. Duckley and half-a-dozen other gentlemen. Immediately afterwards, some money dropped from Mr. Duckley's pocket, and Mr. Neddington, thinking he was the fittest person to pick it up, called out "Clear the way." The way was cleared accordingly, and Mr. Neddington took an opportunity of securing

the money, but he could not swear how much he pocketed.

"Were the men sober at the time?" interrogated his worship, anxious to arrive at the truth on this important point.

"Well, your worship," replied the cooper, "I can't say whether they were sober or tipsy.—They were not exactly sober, none of 'em; indeed, to tell you the truth, they were all comfortable—half-and-half like; that is to say, something between the two—between *soberness* and drunkenness."

The next witness was a dirty-looking fellow, with red moustachios, an inflamed nose, and a huge scar on his forehead; but this gentleman was evidently labouring under the effects of intoxication, and he was therefore desired to stand down, whilst he was studiously endeavouring to prove that he could stand up.

Mr. Denison Duckley here informed the magistrate that, whatever he might think of the evidence, his friend Mr. Neddington had behaved like a great scamp, as he was; and therefore he trusted his worship would sentence him to "condign punishment," without arguing the matter any further.

In answer to the charge the coxcombical young gentleman simply said, "I—a—a can safely say that I did not take the fellow's money."

The magistrate said it was quite clear that the men were all more or less intoxicated at the time, and therefore he did not think he should be justified in committing the defendant for trial upon so serious a charge. A quarrel had, it appeared, taken place between the complainant, Mr. Denison Duckley, and the defendant, Mr. Alfred Neddington ; but there was so much obscurity in the evidence that it was quite impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. The proper course therefore would be to dismiss the complaint.

“Dismissed !” cried the usher, in a Stentorian voice ; and the two friends went away together.

AN IRISH BROIL.

If you wish to hear a row,
Just listen to me now.—*Songs of the People.*

Description can suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle.—*King Henry V.*

Two men and a woman, of the name of HODGES (father, son, and daughter) and a girl named SOPHIA BERRY, were summoned for assaulting one Patrick Sullivan.

We are constantly hearing that, through the wise counselling of Father Mathew, aided and abetted by the patriotic procedures of O'Connell and Co., peace and unanimity are completely established in Ireland—that the “pisantry” are rapidly approaching a state of civilisation, and that an Irish fight, or rather a fight in Ireland, is now as rare an occurrence as it was some time ago an ordinary one. If this really be the case, surely it is because all the anti-pacific gentlemen have exported themselves to this country; for in one morning at Bow Street any observer of the wonders of (human) nature and art may see as many *Murphies* with black eyes as would serve to convince him that Irish fruit will flourish in the rankest soil, even in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's and Drury Lane, where Sullivans and *Murphies* most do congregate. Charles Street, in the last-mentioned locality, was the “whereabout” of the happy individuals who presented themselves before his worship, as complainant and defendants in the present case; which arose out of the following tragical circumstances, reminding us of Fielding's description of the “Battle royal in the church-yard:”—

Mr. Patrick Sullivan—a tall, raw-boned, blue-bearded Hibernian, with a face so flat and noseless, that it resembled a fiddle without a handle—stepped into the

box, and, having favoured the clerk with his name and address, stated that on Sunday evening, betune six and seven o'clock, he was enjoying his pipe and a glass o' whishky at a public-house hard by, when the woman, Sophia Berry, came to the bar with a two-year-old-child in her arms, and fetchin' him a *pollhogue* on the side of his head, said, "Get out o' the place ye dirty vagabone as ye are, and larn to suppoort yer childher, that's starvin' for want." Having saluted him in such courteous terms she invited his attention to her juvenile burden, and advised him to mind what he was about with his money, and not be spendin' it in dhrink and sich like exthravagances, for that she could not maintain the child any longer widout the assistance of its father, which was himsilf, Pat Sullivan. He (Pat) was about to remonsthrate, and altogether to deny the soft impachment, when the Jezzibel of a woman called out to t'other famale crathur, and wid her help lugged him clane out into the open sthreet, where they fell upon him, and bate him in the most onfrindly way. Before he had time to untangle himself, ould Hodges and young Hodges came up to the *scratch*, and instead of defending him, as he had hoped they would, tould the women to stand aside awhile, and both whacked at him at oncet. The com-

sequence was he soon measured his longitude on the ground ; when the four defendants and several others fell upon him in a heap, and he was almost *scrouged* to death by the weight of them (the cowardly villyains.) At this moment hapless Pat's maternal parent rushed into the crowd, and began to harangue them in terms by no means ambiguous. The effect of this interference was, that the Irish blood, heated as it had been with spirituous liquors, boiled and bubbled in such a manner, that some of the vessels actually burst ; and (according to the statement of the assaulted one) a more sanguinary scene was never witnessed. The mother was treated with as little mercy as her hopeful son ; and had not a policeman arrived about a quarter of an hour after the row commenced, they would, perhaps, have been sacrificed to " the wrath of an offended multitude."

The magistrate inquired whether there were any witnesses : upon which Pat Sullivan called his mother, and counselled her to spake nothin' but the blissed truth ; observing, at the same time, that she must not forget she was now in a court of justice.

Mrs. Sullivan (whose physiognomy was the very counterpart of Pat's, save and except the blue-beard,) having made her appearance, and a low bow, was about to re-

peat the story of her son's wrongs, but the magistrate desired her not to go through the particulars of the quarrel, and merely to state what she herself had witnessed.

Mrs. Sullivan thereupon exhibited a bundle of straw which erst had borne the shape and complexion of a bonnet, and stated that it had been reduced to its present condition by the blackguard conduct of the defendants.

Magistrate.—Were you much injured in the row?

Mrs. Sullivan.—'Pon me word, sir, I was, indeed; an' savin' yer honour's prisence, my face was as black as yer own hat.

"And, pray, what was the extent of the damage done to your son?" inquired the magistrate.

"Why, if you'll believe me, sir, his purty face was so spilte that I—as am his own mother, every inch of me—didn't know him agin; and his legs and arams were so bruised and batthered that he was forced to neglect his work, bein' a dacent blacksmith by thrade. When the policeman came up, and the ruffans could not fight any longer, one of the men tould Pat he would put his dirty head in chancery!"

"What did he mean by that?" said his worship.

"'Pon my word, sir, I can't tell; but I suppose he

mint to put my boy's noggin in some place that he wouldn't get it out of mighty aisy!"

The magistrate laughed; surprised, probably, to find that the woman had so shrewd a notion of law.

The defendants were then called upon for their answer to the charge; when the men stated that they were very peaceably inclined, and that they should not have condescended to touch Pat Sullivan, had he not deserted his infant, and afterwards ill-used the mother of it. The women were then applied to for their defence, and one of them said she had never laid hand upon the villyain; but that, on the contrary, he had thrown her down, and thin kicked her; "an' the Lord sees," continued the woman, "I am not in a fit state to be kicked!"

The magistrate ordered them all to find bail to keep the peace towards the complainant for three months.

A DISCIPLE OF WATERFORD.

But there are swilling wights in London town,
Termed jolly dogs—choice spirits—*alias* Swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

COLMAN'S *Broad Grins*.


THOMAS DRIBBLEMAN, a middle-sized, middle-aged, green-coated tailor, whose ruby-coloured nose proved him to be a stanch votary of the "thirsty god," was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful essays, says, "How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor!" In the days of Elia this might have been an undisputed truth; but had the immortal essayist lived to the present time, he would doubtless have been inclined to place such a dogma amongst his "popular fallacies." In former times the heroes of the shears were perhaps peaceably disposed; but latterly their disposition has, we think, partaken more of the lion than the lamb. So frequent are the complaints against these decorators of the outward man, that it would now be the height of injustice to say they are such constant preservers of the public peace as they have been represented; and

when a tailor is in a "state of beer," or excitement, he is

"Ready in gibes, quick answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel."

The following is a case in point:—John Roffey, a police-constable, was on duty in Bow Street about half-past 10 o'clock in the morning, when he saw Mr. Thomas Dribbleman (the green-coated tailor afore-mentioned) creating a disturbance at the corner of Long-acre. He was leaning against the door of a public-house, and was amusing himself by throwing his arms about like a windmill. Knowing that such behaviour was contrary to the law laid down in matters connected with street discipline, the policeman told him he had better "give over that windmill business," unless he was desirous of being sent to the treadmill. The defendant then went into the public-house, and the policeman took no further notice of him; but a few minutes afterwards his attention was again called to the same place, when he found the tailor "hollering out" and swinging his arms about in the peculiar manner above described. "What, you're at it again!" said the policeman, "you had better take my advice and go about your business." This was enough to excite the indignation of any man, or any tailor; and the indignation of Mr. Dribbleman was thereby excited. Seising the officer by the collar he struck him in the side;



saying, "What have you to do with my business?" and then, being resolved that his legs should do duty as well as his arms, he attempted to throw the constable down by tripping him up. The constable, however, succeeded in "flooring" the tailor; and three or four of his brother officers having opportunely come to his assistance, the tailor was taken to the station-house. He then became so excessively "fightish" that it took half-a-dozen policemen to deposit him in the cell,—proving that a tailor is a man when he has imbibed as much liquor as a man can drink. The refractory gentleman was so drunk that he was not in a fit state to be brought before the magistrate at the usual hour, and at four o'clock in the afternoon he was taken out of the cell; when he stated that he was a wrestler, and that he would settle this matter by wrestling with the officer who had originally interfered with him. The officer, however, was not a wrestler, and therefore he did not agree to these terms, but brought the affair to an issue by placing the tailor at the bar of the court.

"What have you to say to this charge?" said the magistrate.

"Why, you must know," replied the tailor, "I got along with them swell coves—Waterford and his set, your worship—and they made a fool of me—that is, they made me as drunk as themselves, and then laughed at

me. That's the truth, I assure you," continued the tailor, looking at the magistrate as if he expected him to doubt his statement; "and now, I think the best thing you can do is to let me go away, and there will be an end of it."

Magistrate—If you think you will be allowed by law to get drunk and assault police-constables in the execution of their duty, you are much mistaken. Pray, what trade are you?

Defendant—That's a queer thing to tell in such a place as this, you know.—Whereupon, he smoothed his hat and scratched his pericranium, and then boldly avowed that he was a master tailor.

Magistrate—Where do you live?

Tailor—Why among the lawyers, your worship, and you know what a rum lot they are. But it's no use mincing the matter: the fact is, I live amongst a drunken set; and what with the lawyers and the sheriffs' officers, I've got enough to do to keep myself respectable!

The constable stated that upon searching the prisoner he found upwards of £7 in his pocket.

His worship fined the refractory tailor 40s.;—in default of payment to be committed for fourteen days.

"This way," said the gaoler, desiring the defendant to follow him into the yard.

"No, no; I'll pay here," exclaimed the tailor, stepping down from the dock, and placing himself at the foot of

the magisterial table. "There's the money—every far-thing of it;" and he presented two sovereigns to the clerk, looking at him as if he wished him to understand that, although the magistrate's decision was contrary to his expectation, the fine would put him to no inconvenience.

"Why you are not sober now," said the magistrate.

"I beg your pardon," retorted the disciple of Waterford; "I am as sober as a lor—as a judge;" and he walked leisurely out of the court, muttering as he went, that the marquis and his friends were a set of jolly fellows, but their society was very expensive.*


PICKING A QUARREL.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.—*Old Proverb.*

Officious fool ! that needs must meddling be,
In business that concerns not thee.—COWLEY.

WILLIAM FISKEY, a tall black-whiskered personage, in a blue Taglioni coat, and satin stock to match, boasting himself to be the proprietor of an omnibus, but looking

* At the time this sketch was written, the noble marquis sustained a prominent part in such "midnight revels" as we have had occasion to describe in various parts of this work; but his better qualities at length predominated, and having sown his wild oats, without reaping any reward, he suddenly exchanged the joys of bachelorhood for the "cares of wedlock."



more like a linen-draper's assistant, appeared upon summons, to show cause why he should not be fined or imprisoned for unlawfully assaulting a diminutive gentleman named Benguffin.

The complainant was so anxious to tell his story that he would fain have commenced without "taking the oaths;" and when he had kissed the book and sworn to tell the truth, he proceeded at such a marvellous rate that he seemed determined to tell the "whole truth" in a breath. The magistrate having requested him to watch the clerk's pen, and to give his evidence in an intelligible form, Mr. Benguffin went on to state that on Wednesday, the 12th —,—indeed, he might say, last Wednesday week—he was a passenger by an omnibus from the Elephant and Castle to Charing Cross; and when he had arrived at the latter place a disturbance arose amongst the passengers, who appeared dissatisfied with the conduct of the driver (Mr. William Fiskey, the "proprietor" afore-mentioned). He (Mr. Benguffin) was then sitting—dosing he might almost term it—close to the door of the omnibus, and he was suddenly startled by a loud noise which proceeded from the bottom of the vehicle. On turning round, he discovered that the noise was created by a gentleman who was telling the driver, or conductor, or both, to "go on." Thereupon Mr. William Fiskey, the driver and proprietor, instead of going on, got into the vehicle, and angry words

ensued between him (the defendant) and a young gentleman, whose name turned out to be Beans. After a great deal of abusive language on both sides Mr. Fiskey got out, and Mr. Beans did not follow his example, but, putting his head out of one of the windows, he expressed his belief that the defendant was a fool; in consequence whereof "more abusive language" was uttered, and Mr. Fiskey again entered the omnibus. He then told Mr. Beans, his opponent, that "if he called him a fool again he would punch his head, and pull him out of the bus." Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Beans did repeat the complimentary word "fool!" and Mr. Fiskey hastened to put his threat into execution. Mr. Benguffin now thought proper to interfere by placing himself between the disputants; and Mr. Fiskey thought proper to resent his interference (which he characterised as ungentlemanly), by seizing him (Mr. Benguffin) by the collar, and knocking him down on the seat of the omnibus, "if he might use the term." Upon this he resolved to take Mr. Fiskey's number, stating, at the same time, that he would obtain a summons against him; but he refused to disclose his number, and also to produce his badge, representing that he was the "proprietor of the bus, and as such he should do as he liked."

The gentleman who appeared in the character of attor-

ney for the defendant said, "We are not summoned here to produce our badge."

The complainant replied, that he alluded to the badge in order to show that Mr. Fiskey had behaved insolently towards him.

The attorney inquired whether Mr. Benguffin had received a blow from the defendant; and


Mr. Benguffin replied, "It was a blow, if I may use the term,—a sort of push."

The attorney presumed that the said blow or push was not intended for Mr. Benguffin; but that Mr. Fiskey touched him, because he placed himself in a position to receive the blow that was levelled at the head of Mr. Beans.

Mr. Benguffin avowed that the blow was intended for him; and therefore he went to the station-house in Bow Street, and made a complaint against the defendant.

"And the inspector considered the charge so trifling," said the attorney, "that he refused to take it; did he not?"

"He would have taken the charge," replied the complainant, "but—he didn't, because Mr. Fiskey said it would put him and his horses to serious inconvenience, inasmuch as all parties (particularly the horses) were anxious to return home."



The evidence of Mr. Benguffin was corroborated by Mr. Beans, between whom and the defendant the altercation had originated.

The attorney stated, in behalf of his client, that he should leave the matter in the hands of the magistrate. It appeared that Mr. Benguffin interposed between two persons who were quarrelling, and in the confusion which took place he was accidentally pushed upon the seat of the omnibus. There was an old saying—a very true saying—that

“They who in quarrels interpose
Will often wipe a bloody nose;”

and he thought the complainant had much reason to be thankful that such was not the result on the present occasion, more especially as he and Mr. Beans seemed determined to pick a quarrel. They had not however *picked* a very bad one; and therefore he trusted that the magistrate would look upon the case as a trifling affair, and visit the defendant with a “nominal fine.”

The magistrate strongly censured the conduct of the defendant, stating that he was not justified in taking a seat amongst his passengers, and afterwards ill-treating a gentleman who felt annoyed at the disturbance which took place. Whether he struck him, or whether he merely collared and pushed him, was not material; it

was evident that he had acted with a wilful intention to insult the complainant, as well as Mr. Beans, and therefore he must pay a fine of 40s; or be committed for fifteen days.

The money was produced, and Messrs. Fiskey, Benguffin, and Beans, went their ways.

BLUCHER.

I'll have you hang'd, you dog, I will.—*Roderick Random.*

. The sourest-natured dog that lives.—*Signior Launce.*

BENJAMIN VARLEY, a fustian-coated, sable-headed, spherical-faced, bewhiskered gentleman, following the honourable profession of a costermonger, was brought up for having unlawfully suffered a ferocious animal, of the species canine, to be at large, with his mouth open,—or, to adopt the words of the summons,—in an unmuzzled state.

Mr. Varley having a tender regard for the patience of the magistrate, was considerate enough to imagine that a vast deal of trouble and annoyance would be avoided

by putting a full stop to the evidence, and thus nipping the charge in the bud. Standing on tiptoe in the body of the court, and pitching his voice in a particularly *low* key, the anxious costermonger assured his worship that "the dog worn't no property of his'n."

"Where is the complainant?" inquired the usher of the court, politely interrupting Mr. Benjamin Varley.

"Here I am to the fore!" answered a muffin-faced, shock-headed native of Ireland, suddenly presenting himself in the witness-box; and proving, by his zeal and anxiety, that he had something equivalent to a life-interest in the matter at issue.

"What's your name, sir?"

"John M'Grath, yer honour."

"What are you, Mr. M'Grath?"

"Is it my professional incapacity you'd be inquiren' afther?"

"Yes, man. What business do you follow?"

"Business! What business! That manes thrade, I s'pose? Och! thin, bad cess to the lie I'll tell you,—I'm a tailor by thrade, an' I live in Clare Coort, Dhrury Lane."

Magistrate.—What is your complaint against this man?

Complainant.—Last Monday night, yer worship, I was sittin' at home along wid the ould woman that

owns me; an' the weather bein' rather damp, av coorse I felt mighty dhry, an' I axed Katty to step over wid me to Mr. Walter's, which, savin' your prisence, is a public-house in Russell Coort, yer honour. "It's an angel spoke," says Katty, jumping up like a cricket—"for you see, Johnny darlin'," says she, "there's nothin' in this world goes agin my feelings so much as an impty whisky bottle, an' the rain peltin' agin the windy. So betune nine an' tin o'clock, yer worship, we went to Mr. Walter's, an' jist when we wor gettin' aisy an' comfortable, along wid a few frinds, in walks a great baste av a dog, lookin' for all the world like one of Van Humbug's tigers let loose; an' if you'll believe me, my wife, who's a mighty peaceful woman, niver said an uncivil word to the baste, but jist looked him in the face, and says she, "Blooker! Blooker! come here, and let me talk to you." Wid that, your honour, he gives a roar like a wild alligather or a Rooshian bear—and widout so much as "By yer lave, Missis M'Grath," he jumped up and cotched her by the near side o' the nose!

Magistrate.—Is your wife here?

Complainant (turning round to look for his better half, who waited in the back-ground, listening to the proceedings with true wife-like sagacity).—Yes, sir. Come here, Sally, and show your nose to the gentelman.

Upon this a short, saucy-looking woman, with a face

like a copper tea-kettle, and a coal-scuttle bonnet to match, introduced herself to the magistrate, apparently delighted at the opportunity thus afforded her of revenging herself on "the dog that bit her." That her nasal promontory had received a wound there could be no doubt, the left side of "that same" being covered by a huge piece of sticking-plaster, which would have served as a white mask to any nose in Holywell Street.

"Now, jist tell the gintleman your own story," said the complainant, who was dressed after the fashion peculiar to Clare Court.

The owner of the damaged nose then stated, that on Monday she had buried a child; and, on the evening of the same day, she happened to go into Mr. Walter's public-house, in company with a few other ladies and gentlemen, "and to be sure," continued the tailor's wife, "Mrs. Horrigan was wid us. She had one child in her arms, and I had the fellow of it in mine. My husband was engaged in makin' a warmin'-pan out of a glass of whisky, and I was jist stoopin' down to spake to Mrs. Horrigan, whin this big iliphant ov a dog comes in and makes a chop at my face. 'Is it your dog, ma'am?' says I to Mrs. Horrigan.—'No,' says she.—'Thin whose is it?' says I.—'Mr. Varley's,' says she.—'What's his

name?' says I.—'Blooker,' says she.—'Pon that I says, lookin' hard at the brute, 'Och! Blooker, Blooker, would you be afther playin' your tricks wid a stranger?' Wid that, yer worship, the dog made a bolt at me, and cotched houl't av the side of my nose, which yer honour will soon persave is mauled to pieces. If you'll believe me, and I wouldn't spake an onthruth for the world, it has taken so throng an effect on my head, that, savin' your prisince, I can't use my pocket-hankicher, which is a great ill-convanience, for I'm throubled wid a bad cowl'd at this prisint."

"How do you know the dog belonged to Mr. Varley?" said the magistrate, addressing the complainant.

"Plase yer honour," replied Mr. John M'Grath, the Schneider of Clare Court, "Mr. Varley came into the public-house, and claimed the dog himself. There was a friend av mine there—by name, John Daly; an' he tould a boy, that lives on the premises, to go and hang the brute at wonst—for to be sure he thought Blooker was too fond of fightin' to live in this country. 'Pon that Mr. Varley came runnin' in, and says he, 'That's my dog. Come here, Blooker;—an' Blooker ran to him waggin' his tail, and lookin' as plisant as though he believed Mr. Varley was the only frind he had in the world. Faix, I'd be glad to know whose dog it is, if

it doesn't belong to the defindant. Maybe, they'd be afther makin' out that Blooker's got no master, and that he lives upon volunttherry contributions."

The magistrate said he regretted it was not in his power to interfere, the accident having occurred in the public-house. Had the animal bitten anybody in the public street he could have inflicted a fine upon the owner ; but, according to the evidence of the complainant and his wife, the case was not within his jurisdiction.

Complainant.—I ax yer worship's pardon. Through the disrespectful conduct av this brute av a dog, I was obliged to go to a docther, and he charged me threepence for his throuble.

Magistrate.—I cannot help that. You must adopt another method of recovering it. All I can do for you is to allow you the cost of the summons.

The sum of 2*s.* was then refunded to the complainant ; and the unhappy tailor, accompanied by the amiable partner of his woes, left the court murmuring at his worship's decision, and vowing vengeance against the warlike "Blooker."

A VISIT TO THE LOWTHER ROOMS.


Take heed, have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

I'll warrant that fellow from drowning.—*The Tempest* .

A VERY suspicious-looking individual named James Low, appeared in the dock. It was objected to Mr. Low that he had feloniously appropriated to himself a silver watch, a gold ring, a purse containing money, a pocket-book and other articles, the property of Mr. Robert Reader. The features of Mr. James Low were strongly marked—with the small-pox. The locks (poetically speaking) or in more accurate language, the bristles of Mr. Low were of the raven dye. His face was orbicular, his nose belonged to the genus pug, and his mouth seemed well adapted for swallowing apple-dumplings whole. To make matters worse, poor Mr. Low presented only one eye, the other having been transported for life, or condemned to a temporary imprisonment within its socket. This strange personage did not express by his looks any particular regret for the erratic course he had pursued ; but there he stood—in presence of the magistrate—a living illustration of Wordsworth's couplet,

“ A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten or defy.”






VISIT TO THE LOWTHER ROOMS.



It appeared that the prosecutor resided at Bristol ; that having come to London on pleasure, he was at present staying at the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street ; that on a certain day he went out to dinner, pursuant to invitation ; that his friends prevailed upon him to imbibe an unusual quantity of wine ; that at seven o'clock in the evening he left the house with the intention of going to the theatre ; that he did not go to the theatre, but found himself a few minutes afterwards in a large ball-room, in which there was music and dancing, and some two or three hundred people ; that not being in a condition to trip it on the light fantastic toe, he took a seat amongst the musicians ; that he sat in the company of the said musicians until he became excessively thirsty ; and that he ultimately "resigned his seat," and walked as well as he could into the wine-room, and ordered sundry bottles of porter, &c., which he and another gentleman consumed in a very short space of time. That he remembered nothing that occurred thenceforth until six o'clock in the morning, when he found himself at the George Inn, in the Borough. He then discovered that he had been robbed of a silver watch, a purse containing about £2 12s., a pocket-book, containing two £5 notes, a gold ring, a seal (which he understood to be gold, but which afterwards proved to be no such thing), a pencil-case, and a pen-knife. Having made this dis-

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covery, he forthwith made it known to a friend, whom he met at the George Inn. The friend advised him to give information of the robbery at Bow Street; he took this advice; and in the course of a few days, he ascertained from an officer belonging to the F division, that a man had been apprehended upon suspicion of his having been concerned in the said robbery. Upon this he went to the station-house, and he was then and there introduced to Mr. James Low, the prisoner; but for obvious reasons, he was unable to identify him. The prisoner was, however, brought before the magistrate; and it then turned out that he (the prisoner) was a sweeper of crossings in the parish of Marylebone, and that on the evening of the robbery, he went to the ball at the Lowther Rooms! It was also proved (much to the astonishment of the prosecutor) that these were the identical rooms in which he (Mr. Robert Reader) had seen the dancing, heard the music, and drank the bottled porter, as before mentioned. Evidence to this effect was given by a grey-headed personage, named Spicey, who stated that he was a waiter at the Lowther Rooms,—that on the night in question he saw the prosecutor and the prisoner conversing together in the centre of the dancing-room, and that he supplied the former with some brandy-and-water and several bottles of porter, of which Mr. James Low partook.



It was further proved by John Pike, a police-constable, who was on duty at the Lowther Rooms on the night in question, that on the following morning, about a quarter to four o'clock, the prosecutor and the prisoner left the ball-room together, and that the former was persuaded to have a cab and to go home ; but, being very much intoxicated, he was equally obstinate, and consequently he told his adviser to mind his business, as he was resolved to follow the bent of his own inclination. There was no additional evidence to prove that the Bristol gentleman and the sweeper of crossings were in such friendly communication during the evening that the former was in danger of losing his pocket property ; but it was proved by a pawnbroker residing at Lisson Grove that the prisoner had pawned a silver watch and a gold ring at his shop on the evening of the next day. It moreover appeared from the evidence of police-constable Thompson, that when he apprehended the prisoner he found a gold ring on the little finger of his right hand. On searching him at the station-house he (the officer) found, moreover, a silk purse, a black pocket-book, a pen-knife, and nineteen shillings ; and, in answer to questions put to him, the prisoner gave such an unsatisfactory account of these articles, that the officer was induced to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of his lodgings. The prisoner accord-

ingly gave him a key; and with that key he (the constable) opened a small back-room in Bunbury-street, St. Giles's, where he found another pocket-book containing three sovereigns and a pawnbroker's duplicate. These were concealed under the bed of the prisoner, who stated that the pocket-book had been in his possession for some years; that the duplicate referred to a watch which had formerly belonged to his father, and that he had earned the money by "work and labour."

The watch and the greater portion of the property in question were produced before the magistrate, and the prosecutor stated that they were the identical articles which he lost at the Lowther Rooms. His attention was called to the one-eyed individual at the bar, but he confessed that he was totally incompetent to identify him as the "gentleman" with whom he had conversed and drank bottled porter as above mentioned.

It was suggested by a gentleman present that, as the prosecutor saw *double* on the eventful night, he probably fancied that his friendly companion had *two* eyes, and, therefore, he could not state that he had seen the prisoner from the time he left his friend's house until he was introduced to him at the station-house.

The prisoner, in his defence, stated that on the evening in question, he had intended to visit Covent Garden

Theatre, but being disappointed he went into the Cock and Bottle public-house, in the Strand, for the purpose of drinking a glass of gin-and-water; that he there overheard some conversation respecting a '*scursion* (excursion), or something of that sort, at the Lowther Rooms. Having ascertained that 1s. was the price of admission, he went forthwith to the said rooms, where he came in contact with the prosecutor, who was endeavouring to rush into the room where the ladies were dressing. He took him on one side, and they had several glasses of porter together, and he (Mr. Low) recollected very well that a little man with a shade over his eye (who appeared to be the conductor of the place) addressed them whilst they were in conversation. He further stated that an "old grey-headed man" lent him the pen-knife which had been found in his possession, at the same time requesting the prosecutor to give him a trifle "for the waiter;" whereupon the prosecutor gave the waiter a shilling, and left the ball-room at four o'clock in the morning, when a "whole rush of people" (consisting of some 300 or 400) were taking their departure. As to the property said to have been stolen, he was "as innocent as a child unborn," and he denied that he had quitted the Lowther Rooms in company with the prosecutor, as represented by police-constable Pike.

The magistrate, being by no means satisfied with this defence, committed the prisoner to Newgate.*

A KNOWN CHARACTER.

I drink delicious poison.—POPE.


A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright.—SHAKSPERE.

Your sex lives faster than the males.—CLEVELAND.

MARY REILLY, one of Erin's bright daughters, was charged with the fashionable offence of being drunk and disorderly in the public streets.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man," saith Shakspeare, and he might have added "in woman also;" for it surely will not be denied, that the observation would apply with equal truth to the daughters of Eve as to the sons of Adam. Amongst the numerous "confirmed habits of sin," bred by use, there is none of more rapid growth than drunkenness; and in this respect, whatever man may have to answer for, woman—lovely woman—

* This man was afterwards tried at the Central Criminal Court, and the jury having pronounced him *guilty*, he was sentenced to eight months imprisonment.



is assuredly culpable to an extent not warranted by the privileges of her sex. The following details will afford some justification of our theory, that the softer sex, when given to drinking hard, become, in course of time, so completely habituated to the practice, that neither pains, penalties, nor poverty,—no, nor even the strong arm of the law,—can divert them from it. Indeed, magistrates are sometimes called upon to exercise their authority over miserable creatures, who, having pawned their clothes for the sake of drink, actually think proper to laugh at the consequences. Mary Reilly, the heroine of the present epic, was one of the many reckless, gin-drinking, poverty-stricken, and withal good-humoured, independent souls to whom the above remarks are applicable in a superlative degree.

The charge against this amiable lady was established by the evidence of a policeman, who stated that at one o'clock in the morning he found the defendant rolling about the streets, in a state of intoxication; and upon his taking her into custody, she became so disorderly that he was compelled to procure the assistance of a "brother horficer," for the purpose of removing her to a safe lodging at the station-house.

"Has she ever been here before?" inquired his worship.

"Oh! yes, your worship," replied the constable now on duty in the witness-box. "She is a *known character*, and has been fined twenty times for a similar offence."

"What have you to say in answer to the charge?" said the magistrate, addressing the culprit; who seemed a little amused at the comical account which the officer had given of her favorite vice.


"I crave your hanner's pardin," replied Mrs. Mary Reilly, laughing, and endeavouring to maintain the perpendicularity of her position; "but, on the word of an honest Irishwoman, this is the *first* time I have ever been dhrunk."

"Indeed! how is that?" said the magistrate, "you have heard what the policeman says."

"Och! by the powers I did," exclaimed the delicate-minded lady; "but sure I niver haard him say he had *cotched* me at it before."

"Then you don't deny having been drunk on former occasions?" said his worship.

"Deny it!—the divil a bit of it!" replied Mrs. Reilly; "sure I've been dhrunk abroad, dhrunk at home, dhrunk in Ireland, dhrunk here, and dhrunk everywhere; and maybe I'll be dhrunk agin, if your hanner lets me off this turn."



"Why did you get intoxicated last night?" said the magistrate, smiling at the woman's candour.

"Because I came out of the Union yesterday afternoon," was the answer; "and when I went to the public-house, I met with a gentleman from Connaught—and another from Munster; and they made a wager with me which could drink the most without getting tossed. But I'd been living on workhouse water so long, that the mixture of the gin and the whiskey, and the beer, and the brandy, and the beautiful wine, bothered me entirely; but, your worship, I'll never come here again, on the manner of a virtuous Irishwoman."

"I dare say you will soon be brought here," observed the magistrate, "if I suffer you to go without punishment. Can you find bail?"

"Bail! your manner," cried Mrs. Reilly, with virtuous indignation, mingled with alarm and astonishment. "By the powers I've no bail, barring my four bones."

"Well," said his worship, taking a scrutinizing glance at Mrs. Reilly's mud-embrowned person, "if you repeat this conduct, I shall certainly send you to prison. You must pay a shilling for being drunk. Have you a shilling in your pocket?"

"Faix! no, your worship—nor so much as a brass farthing to bless myself with," replied Mrs. Reilly; surprised that

the magistrate should ask such a question, knowing that she had celebrated the day of her departure from the Union, by getting intoxicated.

"If you don't pay a shilling you will be sent to jail," continued his worship.

"Faix! then I can't give you the money," exclaimed the 'known character;' "but I give you the *word* of a poor ould Irishwoman, that I'll niver come here agin. Och! millia murther! what'll I do next?"

At this stage of the proceedings Mrs. Mary Reilly was removed from the bar; and at five o'clock in the afternoon she was discharged.

THE BAKERS' ACT.

Not one brass farthing for his master caring.—PETER PINDAR.

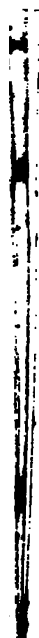
——— I've gained (it boots not how)
Some skill i' th' law; and if I dare to brave 't,
Know I am doomed its prey.—*The Outlaw—A Masque*

A GENTLEMAN named ARCHIBALD KENT, exercising the profession of a journeyman baker in the vicinity of Covent Garden, was arraigned by his employer, Mr.





THE BAKERS' ACT.



Benjamin Rundle, for getting drunk, and neglecting his work.


The old proverb, "Like master, like man," was by no means applicable to the master and man in the present case. Mr. Benjamin Rundle (a distant relation, we believe, of Mrs. Cookery-book Rundle) was as tall as any baker in London, and Mr. Archibald Kent was, on the contrary, as short as "here and there one;" but what the former lacked the latter possessed in breadth. In opposition to the established custom, the master looked as if he fed upon the crumbs which fell from the table, and the healthy, rubicund cheeks of the man indicated that the substantials fell to his share. In short, Mr. Rundle might have sat for the full-length portrait of a gentleman on homœopathic diet; whereas, Mr. Kent was the proprietor of a face which might have befitted a civic chaplain. On taking their respective stations before the magistrate they scanned each other from top to toe, in order that there might be no mistake as to identity. This optical process completed, the master smiled at the magistrate, and the man winked at the clerk; and then the case proceeded in manner and form as follows:—

The master-baker (who, by-the-by, had doffed his flannel coat and red night cap, and attired himself in a

suit of clericals, including a clean shirt and white throat-embracer), stated that the charge against the defendant "revolved" a question of great importance to the trade——

"You are a baker, I believe?" interrupted the magistrate.

"I *are*," was the laconic reply; and the baker went on with his story, begging his worship to understand that the defendant was a terrible drunkard, to whom he paid a very liberal salary of twenty shillings per week, "besides his board," whereby his situation was "equal to one pun' ten a week;" that his (Mr. Benjamin Rundle's) customers were very respectable people, and it was the terrible drunkard's business to serve them with bread; that is to say, to make a general bread delivery at a certain hour per diem. It was his custom to place the bread in a basket, and to place the said basket on his back,—so that the bread as well as the back should be protected from the rain and other accidents, to which a purveyor (or rather a conveyor) of edibles is liable in the course of his perambulations. The defendant, however, was not as careful in carrying the bread as he was in kneading it, and in eating it when he needed it. On the morning of Thursday or Friday (no matter which), he left the shop as usual, with his basket of bread upon his back, promising to return at dinner-



time; but instead of coming home at one o'clock to break his fast, he broke his word,—and his master did not see him again until a late hour in the evening. He was then, it appeared, very much “intosticated,” and his flour-seasoned coat sadly bespattered with mud. He offered no apology for his conduct; but, “throwing” the basket down on the floor, in the presence of Mr. Benjamin Rundle and his spouse, stated that an “unconcerned accident” had befallen him and his basket,—in consequence whereof the bread had fallen into the mud! Now Mr. Rundle knew, from his experience in such matters, that instead of emptying his master’s *bread-basket* at the houses of the various customers, Mr. Kent had filled his own with beer, spirits, &c.; insomuch, that drunkenness was the only *accident* which had befallen him.

The magistrate told the complainant he feared it was not in his power to assist him. It appeared that the defendant was employed as a menial servant; and if he neglected his work, the employer could discharge him. There was no law which authorized magistrates to adjudicate in such matters.

“I beg your parding,” replied the complainant
“there is the Bakers’ Act.”


“The *Bakers’ Act*!” exclaimed the magistrate,—“I

never had a baker's case before. However, for your satisfaction, as well as my own, I will look for this Act of Parliament." — Hereupon certain ponderous folios of legal import were referred to by his worship, who afterwards informed the complainant that all the clauses in the "Bakers' Act" aforementioned were directed against the master and not against the man; that was to say, if the former was led into any difficulty through the negligence or misconduct of the latter, he (the master) would be liable for the consequences.

Mr. Benjamin Rundle took a different view of the Bakers' Act; and told the gentleman on the bench that another magistrate had sentenced a journeyman baker to three months' imprisonment for leaving his master's employ without previously giving notice.

The magistrate said that was a very different case, and was punishable under another Act of Parliament.

Mr. Rundle still adhered to his original proposition — that the Bakers' Act comprehended the act of the defendant in the present case; and he moreover begged to assure the magistrate that Mr. Archibald Kent was *entitled* to three months' imprisonment! He had not only neglected his work, but he had caused several of the best customers to complain of the irregular manner in which they were served with bread.



"And," continued the master-baker, "if such disreputable conduct is allowed to pass unpunished, I'll appeal to the illconveniency of it. I do assure you its perfectly horful. Just have the goodness to look this way for a moment." So saying Mr. Rundle produced half-a-dozen loaves of bread, which proved beyond a doubt that when Mr. Archibald Kent had fallen down in the mud-covered street, the contents of his basket had shared a similar fate. The bread, as it now appeared, might have been saleable,—but it certainly was not eatable, and Mr. Archibald Kent indicated by a significant nod, accompanied by a wink, that such was his opinion.

The magistrate said that the master had evidently been very ill-used by the man ; but he regretted that the circumstances of the case did not come within his jurisdiction.

Thereupon Mr. Kent put his hand into his breeches-pockets, smilingly saying "that Mr. Rundle had made a very fine story out o' nothing ; but if his worship would listen to him for a few minutes ——"

"What for?" cried the usher ; "the magistrate has decided in your favour—hasn't he?"

Mr. Rundle said his lawyer would be here in the course of the day, and he would be able to give a proper explanation of the Bakers' Act.

The magistrate said he should be happy to see the lawyer upon the subject, and he would therefore adjourn the case for a short time.

The lawyer ultimately made his appearance ; but failing to convince the magistrate that the journeyman baker was "entitled" to punishment under the Bakers' Act, the case was dismissed.

FAMILY JARS.

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.

As You Like It.

I tell thee,

I ne'er received a blow from mortal man,

But I did pay it back with interest.—*The Wife.*

JAMES LEWIS, HENRY LEWIS, WILLIAM LEWIS, and MARY LEWIS were charged with creating a disturbance in the street, without the sanction of the British law.

The three male prisoners were brothers ; and Mary Lewis was the wife of James. The disturbance, which gave rise to the present complaint, was occasioned by a family quarrel of a most entertaining description. James

Lewis, it appeared, was devotedly attached to his amiable spouse; and, consequently, his father, mother, and brothers felt otherwise than kindly-disposed towards him. Mr. J. Lewis and his wife were more prosperous than their near and dear relations; who, being "easily jealous," were "perplexed in the extreme" at finding that Fortune had bestowed all her favours upon one branch of the family. But notwithstanding the feud which had for some time existed between them, the whole family met together one night upon amicable terms; and the following was the result of their meeting:—A police-constable of the F division was on duty in Bedfordbury, when his attention was called to a mob of people then and there assembled together. The cause of the mob was soon apparent: the four defendants were fighting in such a determined manner, that the by-standers wondered that one of them was not killed; but, albeit, none of them were killed,—they were all severely wounded. The men were stripped of their coats, and the woman of her gown, —each being anxious to fight "unshackled." The constable did not think proper to make any inquiries as to the cause of the quarrel; but, with the assistance of three or four brother officers, took the belligerents into custody.

In answer to this grave charge, Mr. James Lewis

(who, being the eldest, was allowed to speak first,) stated that his father, mother, and brothers resided in Pipe-maker's Alley; that he and his wife were invited to sup with them off sheep's head and cabbage,—and that they accepted the invitation, thinking it probable that their parents wished to be peacemakers. They were, however, mistaken; for they soon discovered that Mr. Lewis, senior, had invited them in order that he might have the pleasure of turning them out of the house. The sheep's head and cabbage were placed upon the table; the dishes uncovered; and the family circle seemed bent upon enjoying “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,”—when the father of the family struck Mr. James Lewis with the carving-knife. His example was immediately followed by Messrs. Henry and William Lewis, who rose from the table and pushed their brother out of the room. Having so done, they seized his wife and treated her with equal civility. Mr. Lewis, the father, then came out into the passage, and desired his sons Henry and William to turn the unwelcome guests into the street. Having been taught “to obey their father in all things,” they made no hesitation in following his paternal advice on this occasion, but proceeded to pummel their guests most unmercifully. As soon as Mr. James Lewis became aware of their amiable intentions towards himself and

his wife, he very naturally "showed fight," and gave one of his brothers a blow which more than compensated for the favours he had received. His antagonists, however, were seconded by the father; who exclaimed several times "Hammer 'em, Bill!" "Hammer 'em Hennery!" "That's right; give it 'em well while you're about it! They ain't got no friends." So desperately violent were Messrs. "Bill and Hennery," in consequence of their parent's encouraging advice, that they succeeded in thrusting the visitors into the street; and, moreover, in damaging their faces to such an extent that "even their best friends could scarcely recognise them." Mr. James Lewis was at a loss to account for this treatment, inasmuch as he and his wife never went to the place except by invitation; and he begged to assure the magistrate that they kept away from the house in Pipe-maker's Alley "for three weeks at a stretch."

Mr. Lewis was proceeding in this pitiable strain; when the magistrate interrupted him, saying, that as he and his fellow-prisoners had been locked up all night, he should dismiss the case.

The brothers Lewis, and Mary Lewis, then left the court; manifesting by their repeated allusions to each other, that an amnesty had not yet been declared.

A SUPPER PARTY.

Content, mild maid! delights in simple things,
And envies not the state of Queens or Kings;
Can sup on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,
Without a table or a table-cloth.—*DR. WOLCOT.*

WILLIAM LEWIS, a short, round-faced, blear-eyed fellow, looking like a "hero of the ring," was charged with assaulting **Mary Lewis**, in the parish of **St. Martin-in-the-Fields**, within the metropolitan police district.

The preceding sketch contained a serio-comic account of a tragical fray which took place in **Pipe-maker's Alley**. It appeared that the unfortunate disputants engaged in this very civil war were three brothers of the name of **Lewis**, their father and mother, and the wife of the eldest brother; that the quarrel began in drunkenness and a sheep's-head supper, and ended in tattered garments, black eyes, swollen faces, bloodshed, and the station-house. The charge was ultimately dismissed by the magistrate; who, afterwards granted a summons against the youngest brother for striking his sister-in-law, **Mary Lewis**, on the lower jaw of her fair face, and thereby giving rise to a most unseemly lump, which completely disguised her personal charms.

The complainant began her story by stating that she and her husband, James Lewis, resided in Cross Court (a particularly cross court we should say, judging from the quarrelsome dispositions of those who live there), Drury Lane, and that on Tuesday night they were invited to sup with the "old people," in Pipe-maker's Alley.


The defendant here begged that the magistrate would ask the lady to speak up; as he had witnesses in court, and they were desirous of hearing her statement, in order that they might be able to contradict it.

"Speak up!" cried the usher; and the lady proceeded to say that she had not been in the house above half an hour, when Mister William Lewis came in; and after his father had supplied him with a plate-full of sheep's head and cabbage, he turned round for the purpose of challenging her to drink beer with him. She filled her own glass with mild porter (for she never drank anything else), saying "I shall be very happy, Bill;" when he "looked her full in the face," and began to abuse her in the most ungentle manner, calling her "all the disgraceful names he could lay his tongue to." He also stated that if he had a wife who could not behave herself in company better than she did, he would knock her head off. To this she replied that she knew how to conduct herself at a sheep's-head-and-cabbage supper as well as

the best of 'em, and that her husband would not have married her if she had not been accustomed to genteel society: "thereupon," continued the fair one, "Mr. William Lewis upp'd with his fist and struck me in the face,—which your worship can see." Her husband then—and not till then! rose from his seat, in order to protect her from further violence; when the father, mother, and the two youngest sons "fell upon her at once," and pulled her down stairs; exclaiming "Come out, you drunken faggot;—come out!" She considered this very unfair treatment at a supper party, and therefore she was resolved to teach old Lewis and his family how to entertain their guests the next time they gave an entertainment of sheep's head and cabbage.

"What reason had they," interrogated the magistrate, "for treating you so roughly?" The complainant replied that there was no reason at all, inasmuch as "nobody was thought more of than she was *before her marriage*."

The defendant, in answer to the charge, mentioned two or three trifling circumstances which his sister-in-law had apparently forgotten; viz., that when he entered the supper-room he found his brother and spouse in a state of intoxication; that the latter called for "more drink," and finding that there was nothing but porter



in the house, she requested her father-in-law to buy two-penn'orth of gin; that the old gentleman gave her the money for that purpose, and after she had drunk the produce she seated herself on the side of the bed (for the old people rented only one room) and called him (defendant) a "thick-headed fool," and "several other tirades of abuse." The lady, moreover, accused him and his brother "Hennery," as well as his mother, of back-biting her on the preceding Sunday; and as he didn't like to hear his mother "calumminated" without any reason whatever, he thought it necessary to remonstrate with her accuser; whereupon Mr. James Lewis, the husband, deemed it necessary to state that his brothers were jealous because he had a better wife than they could boast of.

Mr. Lewis, sen., being then called, corroborated the statement of his son, adding that the complainant did all in her power to "aggrawate" the company; that she seized a candlestick and struck her mother-in-law "right bang in the face," and upon his saying mildly, "Oh, Mary, I am afraid you are going to do the same as you did the other evening," she called for a poker, stating that she would "run him through as soon as look at him." "The good-for-nothing woman," continued Mr. Lewis, "behaved with such unladylike vio-

lence that she broke the furniture all to pieces, and completely destroyed the harmony of the evening."

The magistrate interrupted the old gentleman by inquiring, "Who gave the woman a blow in the face?"

"Why, her own husband did, your worship," was the reply; "there was a desperate row when they left the house, and she got mauled as well as the rest."

"How long have they been married?" said the magistrate.

"Only five weeks," replied the disconsolate parent.

His worship said this was a regular family quarrel, and as it was difficult to arrive at the truth he should dismiss the case, with a hope that the next time old Mr. Lewis gave a supper-party, there might be a little more etiquette observed.

The happy family then departed, but in nowise disposed to keep the peace towards each other.

CAPTAIN JENKINSOP.

'You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.

SWIFT.

O! who does know the bent of women's fantasy!—SPENSER.

He drown'd, in floods of generous wine,
The dulness and the frost of age,
And daily paid the homage due
To charms that seem'd for ever new.
Epistle to the Count de Grammont.

AN elderly lady, who represented herself as the proprietor of a boarding-house in ——— Street, Adelphi, made an application to the magistrate respecting the conduct of an old gentleman, whom she designated as Captain Orlando Jenkinsop. The applicant (whose name was Tibbins—Martha Tibbins) appeared very much excited, and was ushered into court by a person who called himself her "counsellor," and who stated that he was a lodger in the boarding-house kept by the said elderly lady. This gentleman handed to the magistrate a parcel of letters, purporting to have been written by Captain Jenkinsop; and, according to the statement of the old lady, they were couched in terms by no means complimentary to the reputation of the person to whom they were addressed—that is to say, to the reputation of the said Mrs. Martha Tibbins herself.

The magistrate was about to peruse the contents of

these documents; but Mrs. Tibbins interrupted him, begging that he would first hear the particulars of her grievances, and afterwards read the libellous correspondence complained of. His worship very kindly promised to humour Mrs. Tibbins in this matter; and the old lady proceeded to relate a very long story, from which we were enabled to collect the following incidents:—The aforesaid Captain Jenkinsop had been, it appeared, for a period of sixteen years an inmate of Mrs. Tibbins's lodging-house; and until lately Mrs. T. had scarcely ever *deigned* to speak to him, excepting when she asked him for his quarter's rent! As there was so little conversation between them, there could not be much quarrelling: they were, in short, as happy and comfortable as a lodging-house keeper and her tenant could be. It had even been insinuated that their worldly interests were likely to be incorporated by holy wedlock—so well did they agree together in point of *age*; she being not more than sixty-three years old, and the gallant captain only sixty. But the amiable feeling that existed between Mrs. T. and Captain J. was at length destroyed by an occurrence which did not in the opinion of the old lady redound to the honour and credit of the old gentleman. She had in her employ a very pretty servant-maid, by name Susan Wilkins, whose parents resided in the

country, and the said Susan had so ingratiated herself with the said captain, that Mrs. Tibbins thought it necessary to dismiss the "forward minx" from her service. In point of fact, Susan was found one morning in the chamber of the gallant captain; and from that moment an intimacy had existed between them which Mrs. Tibbins did not think calculated to enhance the respectability of her establishment. Susan accordingly received her discharge in full; and shortly afterwards a quarrel took place between Captain Jenkinsop and another gentleman-lodger, who also became enamoured of poor Susan Wilkins: and the result was that the captain was compelled to leave the house. From that time the naughty captain had persisted in annoying Mrs. Tibbins by a series of letters, in one of which he stated that "he would take an exonerating, defensive affidavit to be at the service of the person aspersed." From this it appeared that he was resolved to vindicate the character of the servant-maid, and to justify his own conduct in having quarrelled on her account. In order to convince the magistrate that the gallant captain was absolutely *in love* with this fascinating servant-maid, Mrs. Tibbins handed to his worship two letters which had by accident come into her possession since the dismissal of Susan from her house. The first was addressed to the captain, and she (Mrs. Tibbins)

knew it to be in Susan's hand-writing, although there was no signature at the bottom of it. This epistle was as follows:—

“Dear frind i ope this will find you quit well as it leves me i came home to day and will be moust happy to see you at any time you wish to apoint . so no more at preasent plesse to direct——”

The other letter was from the captain himself, and was couched in the following terms:—

“Believe not, dear Susy, that Captain Orlando Jenkinsop will be long absent from thee. He is too well aware of your charms and of the injustice which has been done you by that *old tabby*, Mrs. Tibbins, not to feel anxious to be at your side to love and protect you. A flame which has been kindled in a *youthful* bosom, cannot easily be extinguished by the cold water of jealousy, or by the malicious insinuations of *scurrilous* old age.”—Signed “Orlando Jenkinsop,” and addressed to “*Miss Susan Wilkins*,” &c., &c.

“What is the captain's age?” said his worship, after reading these poetical effusions.

“Sixty, *at least*,” replied Mrs. Tibbins, with a degree of eagerness which proved that she had some special reason for representing the amorous captain in the most disadvantageous light.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the magistrate; and Mrs. Tibbins proceeded to say that the captain had taken every opportunity of vilifying her character, and speaking in the most rapturous language of the girl, whom as he said, he adored with all the *fondness of youth*! The fact was (continued Mrs. T.) he was drunk half his time, and therefore he scarcely knew what he said or did. Having suppressed her virtuous indignation for several days, she (Mrs. Tibbins) could no longer tolerate such abominable conduct; and as she did not think his love of wine was any excuse for his abuse of her, she at length called the gallant gay Lothario, a "toothless, false-whiskered, old vagabond," and told him moreover that he was "completely made up." From this time he had persisted in writing insulting letters to her, and had taken every means in his power to render her an object of dislike to the lodgers in her house. Under these circumstances she trusted that the magistrate would instruct her as to the best course she could pursue in order to bring such an *old* offender to justice. She had always understood that military officers knew how to conduct themselves as gentlemen: but she had had enough of such *gentlemen*; and nothing should induce her to admit any more "ugly, mouatachloed fellows", into her dwelling!

The magistrate, having read the letters complained of, observed, that they were "not quite so bad" as Mrs. Tibbins had represented them to be. He did not think she need fear anything from the captain's threats respecting a poor servant-girl with whom he had fallen in love; and as it appeared, from her own statement, that Mrs. T. had given the chivalrous gentleman as good as he sent, he (the magistrate) should not interfere in the case.

"The fact is, your worship," exclaimed an unknown voice at the back of the court, "the old woman fancied that the captain was in love with *her*, and she was savage because he would not marry her."

"Is that true, Mrs. Tibbins?" said the magistrate, smiling.

"True! *true*!—I wouldn't debase myself by marrying such a monster," replied the aggrieved lodging-house keeper, in accents of so stern a kind, that the justice of the poet's lines respecting woman's tongue was instantly apparent—

"——— when passion moves its strings,
The thunder's crash is a soft lute to it."

"Ah! I see how it is," observed the magistrate.
"You had better show Mrs. Tibbins the way out."

"This way, *mum*," said the door-keeper; and in less



MR. PIPES AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

than two minutes Mrs. Martha Tibbins was out of court.

MR. PIPES AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

In a troubled sea of passion tost.—MILTON.

O! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel as others see us;
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS

IN this case the prosecutors sought to “make an example” of one Duncan Pipes, a seafaring gentleman, for creating an unlawful disturbance at Covent Garden Theatre—the said Duncan Pipes having visited that house of entertainment on the previous evening, and interrupted the money-takers in the performance of their duties.

Mr. Duncan Pipes was an honest-faced, open-hearted, curly-pated, pleasure-seeking, full-bodied sailor, who, having ploughed the salt ocean for some fifteen years as apprentice and mate, had at length advanced to be captain of a tight little brig, sailing to and from the West Indies. At the time whereof we write, Mr. Pipes had

been playing the part of a "Jack a shore" for upwards of a week; during which period he had been so much occupied in spending his money, and overhauling his friends, that he had not found an opportunity of manifesting his devotion to the British drama. On the evening in question, however, he discovered that the famed T. P. Cooke would appear at one of the national theatres in the drama of "Black-ey'd Susan," and, although he had witnessed this performance some scores of times, he could not resist the bright temptation. Once resolved, he required nothing more to whet his desire than a second reading of the play-bills, which set forth that his favorite actor would sing a popular nautical song and dance the "Sailor's hornpipe." Here was metal more attractive to Mr. Duncan Pipes than any entertainment he had met with by sea or land for the last twelve months; he therefore hitched up his trousers and made up his mind to forget the cares of the world in the pleasures of the play-house. Accordingly, he resolved to be at the theatre half-an-hour previous to the time for opening the doors—to procure a good berth in the pit—to "scuttle the nob" of any individual who might interfere with his amusement—to applaud Mr. T. P. Cooke "to the very echo that should applaud again"—to crack his joke with the fiddlers, and his

bottle of ginger-beer with the ladies whom he had selected for his companions—to keep a good look-out for his messmates, and to steer clear of land sharks—to stow away a substantial supper, and a double allowance of grog by way of topper to the evening's entertainments,—and, in short, to enjoy himself right merrily until his bemuddled head, or the chimes at midnight should warn him that it was time to retire to his hammock. Unfortunately, however, as the fates and the publicans would have it, matters did not turn out exactly as Mr. Duncan Pipes had anticipated. It was arranged, with that instinctive sagacity which is peculiar to sailors, that he should be at the pit door of the theatre at six o'clock; precisely, and that two ladies (whom he informed the magistrate were his cousins) should meet him at that hour. But the course of pleasure never did run smooth,—and so it happened on this memorable occasion: the ladies were true to their appointment, but Mr. Duncan Pipes was not. At the time and place specified, Miss Carolina Jones and Miss Arabella Smith were to be seen, beauteously attired, waiting with anxious expectation for the advent of Mr. Duncan Pipes,—but that gentleman did not make his appearance until past seven o'clock; and then, as one of the cheek-takers aptly expressed it, he was very nearly *half-seas-over*—or, in Duncan's own

phrase "two sheets and a half in the wind." He contrived, however, to tuck one of his lady companions under each arm; to pay the price of admission for three—*viz.*, for himself, Miss Carolina Jones, and Miss Arabella Smith; to ascend the steps leading to the pit, and to find out the door by which he and the ladies were to gain ingress;—but so great was the pressure from within, that he could not get further than the threshold. He did manage, as he said, to "poke his nose" inside, and the ladies were enabled to do the same,—but as the nose is not the organ of sight, and as it was not very likely that Mr. Duncan Pipes or his fair friends could be satisfied with a mere *scent* of the performance, they felt exceedingly disappointed and sorely vexed. Hence the "disturbance" for which Mr. Duncan Pipes was now called upon to answer.

From the evidence of Mr. K——, one of the check-takers at the theatre, and Edward Langton, a police-constable, it appeared that Mr. Duncan Pipes did, as before mentioned, visit Covent Garden on the previous evening, accompanied by two ladies; and, upon discovering that there were no vacant seats, he became pretty considerably enraged, and returned from the pit to the money-taker's place, where he created such a violent noise as was never before heard at the door of a play-house. He thrust his fist into the money-taker's face, and declared that if he did

not give him back the six shillings he had paid, he would "overhaul his cash-box and tomahawk his rigging for him." He was then told that it was not customary to return money at that establishment: whereupon his wrath increased threefold, and the people present were alarmed lest he should commit an act of desperation. He ran up-stairs to the check-taker, and in his fury he struck one of the bystanders with a stick which he called his "tomahawk." "Scuttle my pockets," he exclaimed, "if I don't heave you all on your beam-ends." The constable then interfered, and told Mr. Duncan Pipes that if he persisted in making such a "hullabaloo," he must convey him forthwith to the station-house opposite. "Blow the station-house!" said the refractory sailor, "You had better not grapple with me, or you'll find yourself adrift in a rough sea." So saying he ran round to one of the pit doors, and called out that if they did not give him his money he would bring the performances to an anchor. The policeman, thinking that nothing but a night's confinement in the station-house would cool his heated brain, followed him, and put his hand upon his shoulder for the purpose of taking him into custody. "Avast there!" said Mr. Pipes, "You're not going to board me in that fashion; if I must knock under I can do so without compulsion, and therefore you had better steer clear of

me, like a sensible land-lubber." The constable, finding that Mr. Pipes's rage (which had exploded like a bomb-shell) was by this time very nearly spent, thought it advisable to remove his "grappling-iron" from the prisoner's shoulder, and to let him walk to the station-house unshackled, as it were. What became of the two ladies all this time, it did not appear,—but it was supposed that being unable to procure seats, and seeing the predicament in which Mr. Duncan Pipes was placed, they left their gallant chevalier to the tender mercies of the police-officer, quite satisfied that he would be *taken care of!*

At the conclusion of the evidence, Mr. K., the check-taker already mentioned, stated that there was no ground whatever for the disturbance, inasmuch as Mr. Pipes and his fair companions would have been furnished with seats had they waited patiently. In proof of this he could assure his worship that several people were admitted into the pit at half-price.

"Then why didn't one of your crew give us berths; if there was room for several persons two hours afterwards?" said Mr. Duncan Pipes, who thought proper to modify his nautical language before the magistrate.

His worship requested the defendant not to be so irritable, and to wait until the witness had given his evidence.

Defendant—Well, sir, perhaps I am rather *peppery*, but that I cannot help. Place yourself in my situation, and I dare say you would be a little taken aback.

Magistrate—Don't be impatient. I shall endeavour to act justly towards you. I do not judge like a blind or a deaf man.

The defendant said this was quite a public question, and therefore he was anxious that the inquiry should be all fair and above-board.

Mr. K—— then said, the reason the defendant did not obtain a seat was, that there was no room until several persons had left the pit, in order to go to the boxes, and many had left the theatre altogether!

The magistrate here informed those concerned in the case that twenty years ago, when he was in the habit of attending theatres, people were not so particular about procuring seats as long as they obtained admission to the theatre. He had many times stood up the whole of the evening to see Kemble and Mrs. Siddons perform; but he certainly did not take any *young ladies* with him.

The defendant said that on paying his money he inquired whether there was room for three, and he was answered in the affirmative. When he found he could not get a seat he considered himself justified in overhauling the money-taker.

Mr. K—— stated that, had the defendant, instead of creating a disturbance at the theatre, made an application on the following morning, he would have experienced proper treatment under the circumstances.

A witness here stepped forward and stated that, during the confusion, the defendant “thrust” his stick on a person’s toe.

“Did he cry out?” said the magistrate.

“Yes,” replied the witness.

“Was the poor gentleman, whose toe was hurt——” said his worship, “was he irritable, or was he one of the mild, placid *genus*?”

One of the police-officers then explained to the magistrate that the poor gentleman lifted his injured foot from the ground—after the manner of a tight-rope dancer about to perform an extraordinary feat upon one leg——“and jumped about a little.”

The officer was about to favour the court with a practical illustration of the peculiar movement indulged in by the gentleman whose foot was injured; but his worship interrupted him, saying that he thought the defendant had in the first instance been unfairly treated. It was certainly unjust to refuse to return him his money, when he stated that he could not obtain a seat. He (the magistrate) did not know whether there was any

law upon the subject; but in point of right and justice a person ought to have his money refunded, if he could not succeed in getting a seat. Nevertheless, he was of opinion that the police acted very properly in this instance. Though Mr. Pipes was disappointed, and perhaps ill-treated, there was no reason why he should prevent those who were more fortunate than he had been from enjoying themselves. As the defendant had been confined two hours in the station-house, he did not consider it necessary to take any further notice of the transaction. He should therefore dismiss the case.

The defendant then inquired of Mr. K——, whether he intended to return him his money?

The question was put in such a determined tone that Mr. K—— was quite astounded; and he quietly answered, "I will get you an admission for this evening."

"Oh, step out and settle it," said the magistrate, and they stepped out accordingly; but whether Mr. Duncan Pipes went away with more "shot in his locker" than when he entered the court, we were unable to discover. We believe, however, that his wrath was soon appeased; and in the evening he went to the theatre, according to agreement,—but unaccompanied by "the ladies."

A COOL RECEPTION AT THE "SHADES."

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.—*Macbeth*.

Sir, were I you, I'd strive to be polite
Against my nature, for a single night.—*CRABBE'S Borough*.

AMONGST the offenders brought up from the station-house, one November morning, to show cause why they should not be fined or imprisoned for their misdeeds on the previous night,—or in other words, for violating the law when the law is supposed to be asleep—was a very savage-looking gentleman, named Ambrose Bosck, who was charged with kicking and biting one Jonas Friend, a waiter at the Adelphi "Shades," contrary to the wish and inclination of the said Jonas Friend.

Mr. Ambrose Bosck was, it appeared, a foreigner by birth, and by naturalization an Englishman: he had quitted his native country (no matter where) when he was not more than six years old, and received his education in England. True, it was not an education worth boasting of,—but still it *was* an education; for he could read and write, and talk slang, and sing flash songs, and sharpen razors, and sell concert tickets, and do all sorts of things which an uneducated person could not possibly

accomplish. The art of "self-defence" was, however, his favourite study; and although he disregarded all rules of science, in following this harmless amusement, he was, nevertheless, an ugly customer to quarrel with. He was not a man of gigantic dimensions, but, as Mr. Jonas Friend feelingly expressed it, he could "do a great deal of execution in a small way,"—particularly if any offending non-fighting man happened to come in his way. In stature Mr. Ambrose Bosck was not much more than five feet, but nature had placed on his shoulders a head that would have served for the Saracen's on Snow Hill, or for that of a prize-criminal on a *show-day* at Newgate. The same delicate compliment which rare Ben Jonson made *Petreius* pay to *Catiline*, may, with some little truth, be applied to Mr. Ambrose Bosck,—

"His countenance was a civil war itself."

This, then, was the gentleman who now stood arraigned before the magistrate, for the very uncommon species of "common assault" herein-before mentioned.

Now it so happened that Mr. Jonas Friend, the gentleman who had tasted of Mr. Ambrose Bosck's *quality*, and disapproved of it, was a very different kind of person to Mr. Bosck; being of lofty stature and pacific demeanour. But it was pretty clear, albeit he was "unused to the *fighting* mood," he was par-

ticularly well used to the *drinking* mood. His face, unlike that of Mr. Ambrose Bosck, was whiskerless,—and would have been perfectly smooth, but for certain tubercular indications of late hours and anti-teetotalism. Mr. Jonas Friend called himself a waiter; but it was quite evident, from the following statement, that he had not arrived at the dignity of that honourable calling,—for his employment consisted in *waiting* at the outer door of the “Shades,” and not upon the frequenters of this subterranean place of resort. However, whether he was a waiter or whether he was a door-keeper, or whether he was fond of fighting, or only fond of drinking, are matters of no great consequence: he considered himself insulted, *as a man*,—and therefore he sought redress from the laws of his country. He informed the magistrate, in a tone manifestly intended to excite compassion, that on the preceding night, the defendant went to the “Shades,” in Adam Street, Adelphi, and demanded admittance; and that he (Mr. Jonas Friend) having received orders not to let him pass the threshold, “on account of his being a hawker of razors and concert-tickets,” told him he should forfeit his *appointment* if he allowed him to enter the supper-rooms after such imperative injunctions to the contrary. Notwithstanding the mild language in which he gave him

notice of his inadmissibility, Mr. Ambrose Bosck forced his way down to the innermost door,—exclaiming, in the most determined manner possible, that he was an eminent musician, and therefore had as much right to a place in the dancing-room as any other gentleman or tradesman. Whereupon Mr. Jonas Friend assured him that neither his razors, nor his music, nor his concert-tickets were required in the rooms,—inasmuch as the only beards with which the visitors were then troubled were the beards of oysters; the only music with which they were entertained was such as no musician would be able to appreciate; and the only concert to which they were accustomed was a concert of musical glasses. The defendant was not at all satisfied with this information; and rushing headlong into the “Shades below,” he exclaimed,—“this is a public room! and if I’m not to go in for pleasure, I’ll see what I can do in the way of business.” Having thus obtained ingress, he disturbed all the *ladies* and *gentlemen* then and there assembled, by the numerous *prestissimo* movements in which he indulged. Mr. Friend was now more convinced than ever that Mr. Bosck could not establish a “right of way,” and therefore he was by no means disposed to befriend him at this juncture, but following him into the room, he endeavoured to eject him “neck and crop” from the

festive scene. The musician, however, tendered an objection to this mode of proceeding, by kicking Mr. Jonas Friend in the shins, biting him in the hand, and calling him a "broken-down barber." Now he had no objection to being called a barber, but "*broken down* barber" he did *not* like, and therefore he summoned the potential monarch of the "Shades," to his assistance. Mr. Bosck objected to the interference of his Plutonic majesty; but all his arguments were vain, for he was turned, by force of arms, into the street, without any "note of preparation." When he found himself upon his legs, at this elevation above the level of the "Shades," he sung out "Murder!" in such unmusical tones that the police were compelled to take him under their especial surveillance.

"Was he sober at the time?" interrogated the magistrate?

"Pretty well, your worship," replied the voice from the "Shades."—"I think he was sober;—at least he did not appear to be intoxicated:—but I beg to tell your worship this is not the first time he has been guilty of a *derelection of dooty*."

The defendant, in answer to the charge, said, in language so foreign to the subject that it was almost impossible to understand what he meant, that three weeks

ago he received from a friend (not the Friend who had now declared war against him) a quantity of concert-tickets, which he undertook to dispose of amongst those whom he furnished with razors. He accordingly went to the "Shades," for the purpose of seeing the *moosic*-master, who was one of his best customers in the razor line, and he was astonished to find that he was forbidden to sell either his razors or his tickets to anybody patronizing that establishment.—"Very well," said he, in answer to the door-keeper's objection, "but I *will* go into the room notwithstanding;" and in he walked, "as quiet as a lamb, and as harmless as a turtle-dove."

"I never knew," exclaimed Mr. Jonas Friend, interrupting his opponent, "that lambs and turtle-doves were in the habit of kicking and biting people, and calling them out of their names."

Mr. Ambrose Bosck not understanding the philosophy of this speech, took no notice of it; but affirmed that he had committed no assault upon the complainant, and he begged to ask that individual whether he could swear, or bring anybody else to swear, that he sold any tickets or razors during the short time he remained in the "Shades?"

Mr. Friend replied, that he had no opportunity of disposing of his goods, otherwise he would doubtless have

succeeded in "getting rid of his concert-tickets," in "palming off his razors," and perhaps in "shaving the ladies," who were ready at that time of night to purchase anything with "other people's money."

The magistrate advised the accused to step out and make some compensation to the accuser; and if the latter were satisfied with the arrangement, he should not inflict upon Mr. Ambrose Bosck any penalty.

The vendor of razors and concert-tickets refused to offer the janitor of the "Shades" any pecuniary compensation; but assured him for his complete satisfaction that he should continue to annoy him; and if he treated him again in a similar manner, he intended to "do something desperate!"

Under these circumstances his worship could not do otherwise than desire Mr. Ambrose Bosck to find bail to keep the peace for two calendar months; and Mr. Ambrose Bosck not being provided with the needful, was ordered to be locked up.

PATRICK IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.


———— There's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing.—*BEN JONSON.*

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant.—*Don Juan.*

PATRICK O'LEARY, a poor half-starved Emerald in rags and tatters—an elegant specimen of “nature undorned,”—was charged with assaulting a muffin-faced young gentleman, who called himself a barman belonging to a public-house.

“What is the charge against this man?” said the magistrate, as the assaulted one entered the witness-box, and smiled complacently.

“Why, I'll tell your worship in a few words,” replied the barman: “The fact is, this individshal came to our house between eight and nine o'clock this morning, and after he had drunk half-a-pint of beer, and made use of several insulting languages, he began trying to take a young *lady's* shawl off her back; whereby the young lady said as how he shouldn't take her property because it was not his'n. Howsoever the more she remonstrated with Mr. Patrick O'Leary, the more he seemed determined to take possession of the shawl, stating that it belonged to



his wife, and that it bore her initials. At last he gave the shawl such a desperate tug like, that the unfortunate gal was very nigh choked; and when she *squawked* out for help, he vanished like lightning. Now I can assure your worship I'm a barman of tender feelings, whereby I didn't like to see a delicate young female so ignominiously treated, and therefore I called out 'stop him! stop him!' with all my might. Upon this the defendant returned, and gave me a severe blow in the eye—a regular *buster* it was. If your worship will take the trouble to look this way for a moment you will be able to see the blow."

The magistrate observed, with great shrewdness, that he did not know how it was possible for him to see the blow, but he certainly could see the effect of it, without the aid of a microscope, or even of his own spectacles.

The statement of the barman was corroborated by Miss Jemima Paxton, the dashing young lady who wore the shawl at the time mentioned; and Miss Louisa Sparkins, a spruce little damsel of the same questionable reputation as Miss Paxton.

"What have you to say to this charge, Mr. O'Leary?" said the magistrate.

"Why I've got to say this, your honour," replied Mr. O'Leary, standing in such a position that the magistrate

might see to advantage the many disadvantages under which he laboured: "Them two females are both stone dhrunk at the prisent moment, and in coorse you cannot believe their Bible oaths. In regard of this charge, your riv'rince, what I'm going to tell you is the thruth and nothin' but the blessed thruth;—I'm a poor man, and gets my livin' by selling plate-leather; and as I was rather short o' money this morning, I thought I might as well pick up a little *Rint* by singing 'Jim Crow,' your honour. 'Cordingly I went to this public-house, where I danced and sung it to the tune of 'The Shprig of Shillaley,' to the great satisfaction of the ladies and gintlemen in the bar——"

"What has all this to do with the present complaint?" exclaimed his worship, interrupting Mr. Patrick O'Leary.

"Well, then, your honour," continued poor Patrick, apologetically, "I'll waste no more of your honour's time with this thrifling business,—for I know your honour is anxious to turn your attintion to something else. To come at once to the point,—I'd lost my wife, and I went to the public-house in sarch of her, the desateful crathur!—but instid of finding Missis O'Leary, I found only her shawl, on the shoulders of one o' these young women to the fore, your honour. In coorse I thought it my duty to recover the wife's property; but

whin I tould the young woman I'd have it out of her,—meaning the shawl, your honour—she very undacently called me an *unsignified hopjack* !”

“Unsignified hopjack !” exclaimed his worship—
“what did she mean by that ?”

“’Faith, that’s more than I can tell your honour,” replied Mr. Patrick O’Leary ; “but throth I didn’t desarve it at all, at all.”

The “barman of tender feelings,” happening to be better skilled in this kind of phraseology than the magistrate, very graciously informed his worship that the English of the term was *insignificant object*.

“Oh !” ejaculated his worship ;—“Well, let the defendant proceed with his story ;” and Mr. Patrick O’Leary proceeded accordingly.

“Well, thin, your honour,” continued Patrick, “I was a little bit stomached at sich language, and I jist raised my hand as quiet as a babby, when the man at the bar—that’s not me your honour, but the witness *with the eye*—bellowed out ‘stop him !’ but, if you’ll believe me, I didn’t lay as much as the tip of my finger upon him ;—an’ more be-token I live in Short’s Gardens ; and my landlady, who is a responsible married woman, can swear that this shawl, which Miss Paxton claims, is my wife’s own property. Your honour can keep me in prison

for whatever time your honour likes if I don't satisfy you that the article belongs to her, and that she gave as much as one shilling and sixpence for it about three weeks ago. The fact is, your riv'rince, these women are nothing but a parcel of bad famales; and I can bring to the fore half-a-dozen respectable gintlemen that will give me sich a charackter for honesty, that you'll wondher how I came to associate with such disreputable crathurs. I went to the public-house in sarch of my lawful wife, which all the world knows isn't an assault your honour."

The magistrate, being of a different opinion, fined Mr. O'Leary 5s.; and in default of payment ordered him to be committed for eight days. On hearing this sentence, he sobbed (or affected to sob) aloud: but the heart of a gaoler is not easily softened by tears, and poor Paddy was forthwith confined in one of the "awful cells."


GENTLEMEN CITIZENS.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons !
Ye indolent ! ye gay !
Reflect—for as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.—CUNNINGHAM.

SAMUEL BROWN, a spruce *perruquier* with a red nose, white Benjamin, love-lock, eye-glass, and pumps, besides a head of hair which looked as if it had been fried in oil, was brought into the magisterial presence with one Henry Mags, a tall, cadaverous, meditative bookbinder, in a long black coat, bemuddled highlows, white corduroy “oh-no-we-never-mention-’em-ables,” and waistcoat à la gridiron—of the straight bar pattern. The charge against these gallant sons of pleasure was twofold,—that on the previous night they had obnubilated their intellects by intoxicating liquids, and had created a disturbance in Shire Lane, contrary to Act of Parliament.

The facts were detailed by a police-constable of the F division ; who stated, that on Sunday night (or rather, on Monday morning) about two o’clock, he was on dooty in Shire Lane, when he seed the two defendants coming out of a public-house ; and, as they were evidently inclined to be obstrup’lous, he made it is dooty to watch

them. After "kicking up a row" at the door of the public-house, they proceeded to the corner of the lane, where they stood for several minutes; and at length Mr. Samuel Brown (the dashing young hairdresser above-mentioned) "laid hold of a female what was passing, and twisted and twirled her round like a windmill." The woman resisted, but Mr. Brown was determined to have his own way; and placing his dexter arm around the lady's waist, he endeavoured to kiss her. She shrieked: Mr. Brown shrieked in chorus, and Mr Henry Mags made a "hullabaloo loud enough to alarm the whole neighbourhood." Thereupon he (the policeman) took the two men to the station'us; and whilst the charge was being taken by the inspector, Mr Henry Mags "cocked up his legs" and jumped about like a dancing-master in hysterics. Mr. Samuel Brown was not quite "so far gone in liquor" as his friend, wherefore he desired him to be quiet; but Mr. Henry Mags said he couldn't restrain himself—adding that, whenever he had burdened himself with more liquor than he could conveniently carry, he was inclined to play the harlequin. The defendants did not make use of any insulting language; but they remonstrated with him (the officer) for taking them into custody, stating that they were "gentlemen citizens," and that he had no right to interfere with their "innocent recreations."



Mr. Samuel Brown was called upon for his answer to the charge; and having unbuttoned his Benjamin, and made an awkward bow to the magistrate, he delivered himself of the following oration:—"Well, your worship, all I've got to say in hopposition to this nefarious charge is, that the whole *summun bonum* of what the hoficer has stated is perfectly false. The fact is, gents (meaning the magistrate and clerk), I was jest chatting with my friend here, saying nothing whatsoever, when the young woman accosted me; which I never touched her, nor my friend neither; and the hoficer came up and told us to 'Move on there.' That's a fact, gents: and upon my honour, we did move on, but the female followed us; whereby I turned round to dispel her away, as gentlemanly as possible, and then the fellow thought proper to happrehend me and my friend. That's a fact I do assure you, gents; and all I said was, that he had no right to hinterfere with a British subject, unless he was committing a breach of the peace. The fact is, we hadn't the least hidea of making ourselves amenable to the law, for we (that is *me*, your worship) was as sober as judges, and therefore this charge totally fails."

Mr. Henry Mags was then requested to make his defence; and he replied, "All I've got to say is—nothing at all."

The magistrate did not appear satisfied with this lumi-

nous answer! and Mr. Mags perceiving that his countenance expressed fine or imprisonment, proceeded to say that Mr. Brown was a tenant of his, and it being Christmas time, they went to a public-house together, where they had a "drop." Mr. Brown afterwards had a quarrel with somebody—he didn't know who, he didn't know when, he didn't know how—and consequently Mr. Mags was compelled to accompany him to the station-house.

In answer to a question from the magistrate, the defendants stated that they were *gentlemen citizens*, and as such, it was their opinion they had been unfairly treated.

Messrs. Brown and Mags were severally asked whether or not they transacted business on their own account, and they indignantly replied that if they were journey-men, they would not call themselves *gentlemen*.

The magistrate smiled, and fined the dashing young hairdresser and the serious-looking bookbinder each in the sum of half-a-crown for having been tipsy.

"I havn't got any money to pay the fine," exclaimed the bookbinder.

"Never mind, I'll pay for you," said the hairdresser, in so loud a tone that it was manifestly no part of his policy to—

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

The head-decorator then produced the money, with about as much willingness as he would have shown in subscribing to a charitable fund; and the "gentlemen citizens" departed in peace.

ADVERSITY.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent.—SPENSER.

MR. ULYSSES ———, a poor, emaciated creature,—whose face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and whose worn-out, scanty clothing indicated too clearly that he had borne Fortune's buffets but had received few of her rewards—was brought up one cold winter's day, charged with begging in the public streets. Poor fellow! it was evident from his deportment that he deserved a better fate, and that although he now presented a gloomy picture of misery and want, he had not always known the bitter curse of poverty. He had, it appeared, received a good education, and had striven hard to obtain an honourable position in society. In this he at one time partially succeeded, but his stars proved

unpropitious; and after fulfilling such duties as could only be performed by a person of literary attainments, he was at length driven to seek the means of subsistence by that degrading process which had rendered him amenable to the law. We have often had cause to pity the poor, destitute creatures whose misfortunes had reduced them to a state of absolute *beggary*; but never did we feel more sincere compassion for a fellow-being than on the present distressing occasion. Having made some inquiries into the general character of the accused, and discovered that his greatest fault was that of poverty, we thought how true it is that—

“Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed;”

and we could not help commiserating from our soul the fate of the hapless individual who now stood before the magistrate upon the humiliating charge of *begging*! But though we have spoken of the case in a somewhat sombre vein, there were many circumstances connected with the inquiry which really had no little tendency to the ludicrous:—We shall give the particulars of the examination precisely as they occurred, and should the reader have any inclination to smile, he is assuredly not a “*gentle reader*,” if he feels no pity whilst he smiles.

The complaint against Mr Ulysses ———, was sub-

stantiated by a policeman, who stated that at two o'clock in the afternoon he was on duty near Waterloo Bridge, when he saw the prisoner standing close to the toll-gate, striving to gather alms from people as they passed over the bridge. Having reason to think that he had been guilty of the same offence on former occasions, he determined to watch his movements, and he observed that he appealed with great earnestness to the charitable feelings of several gentlemen, who seemed to look on him with compassion. Placing himself in ambush, he pounced suddenly upon the prisoner, and took him into custody while soliciting charity from a passer-by. On searching him at the station-house he found in his pockets the sum of sixpence-half-penny which he presumed had been obtained in the manner described. This was, really, the whole sum and substance of the charge upon which the magistrate was now called upon to adjudicate! Many an offence, committed by persons of decent exterior and easy circumstances, had this same policeman witnessed in the course of his perambulations; but he had forborne to exercise his authority, because experience, the world's expositor, had taught him that a good coat may cover a multitude of sins

"Thro' tatter'd clothes small vices do appear:
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."



The prisoner listened with patience to the statement of the constable, not venturing to speak until the magistrate should call upon him for his defence; and when he was asked if he had any excuse to offer for his conduct, he adopted such a peculiar style of language that his worship concluded he must be either a soldier or a school-master, or both.

It appeared however from his statement that he was by birth a foreigner, and that he had received an education which enabled him to speak the English language with unusual fluency.—“ I am sorry” said he “ to find myself in this degrading and humiliating situation ; but the fact is, I am a literary man—that is to say, I endeavour to gain my livelihood by writing for booksellers and by teaching languages. I was formerly in easy, comfortable, and prosperous circumstances, but having lost a large sum of money and having been unfortunate in many undertakings, I turned my attention to literature and to the study of mankind. With these views I have delivered lectures upon Education, and have published a book entitled ‘The Uses and Abuses of Independence.’ Finding however that my fortune did not increase in proportion to my fame, I became a publisher’s hack, and in that capacity have sat up many a night, till morning watch, to earn sufficient to support me in the next day’s march

through life. In short I soon found that I had entered the ranks of poverty—as wiser and better men have done before me, and that all the airy castles which my imagination had built, were never likely to yield the reward I expected.”

“In what country were you born?” said the magistrate.


“I was born in France,” replied Ulysses——“but am more an Englishman than a Frenchman, inasmuch as I have been in this country upwards of twenty years.”

“Why do you go about begging?” said his worship.

“Begging, sir?” rejoined the prisoner, “I scorn the action as much as I would scorn to live by plunder and carnage; but what is a man to do, when?——”

“From whom did you receive the money which the policeman found in your pocket?”

“Oh, that your worship—ahem! it was only sixpence—not sixpence-halfpenny as represented by the officer. I received it from a barrister’s clerk who paid me a shilling for giving his son a lesson in the French language! As to this charge of begging and gathering alms—I really think it’s a most cruel proceeding; for, believe me, I never in my life obtained eleemosynary assistance from any one until the direst necessity drove me to it. But I defy the constable to say, that he saw me receive



money from any of the pedestrians at the time he allude to in his evidence."

The magistrate observed, that the policeman had seen him *in the act* of begging, and it was not absolutely necessary, in order to establish the charge, that he should have seen the money put into his hands.

The prisoner said he was not ignorant of the law upon the subject, but as the magistrate would not take his word in preference to the evidence of the witness, he begged to state that he was acquainted with several eminent booksellers who would come forward to speak to his character.

"Mention their names, and I will send for them," replied the magistrate.

"There is Mr. C——, a resident in this neighbourhood," said the poor Frenchman, "I have frequently transacted business for him. He is a conscionable man, and a respectable tradesman, and if he *can* do an act of kindness for a gentleman in my unfortunate position, I am quite sure he will not hesitate to speak in my behalf; but, your worship, there is such a thing as internal evidence, which is far preferable to anything that the tongue can utter."

The magistrate did not think proper to inquire what

the poor fellow meant by internal evidence, but he desired an officer to usher Mr. C—— into his presence.

Mr. C——, the bookseller, having entered the court, the magistrate informed him that the defendant had referred to him for a character; and Mr. C—— stated in reply, that he had known Mr. Ulysses —— several years as a dealer in books and a teacher of languages; and about a fortnight ago he saw him in the reading-room at the British Museum.

“Ah! to be sure!” exclaimed the defendant, “I had a little job which rendered it necessary for me to be there. I knew Mr. C—— would kindly say something in my favour, and I am convinced that, had he been conscious of my unfortunate situation, he would never have allowed me to stoop so low. My character for integrity is unimpeachable, and it wounds me beyond measure to think that good conduct should go unrewarded, whilst idleness, dishonesty, and ignorance are known to thrive despite the influence of the laws by which virtue and vice are governed.”

The magistrate said he was afraid this was not the first time Mr. Ulysses —— had been charged with an offence of this nature, and therefore he felt it his duty to punish him, although he should not pass upon him a severe sentence.

"I trust, sir, you will not send me to prison," exclaimed the defendant in a supplicating tone, "for I have a particular engagement this evening, and if I am not allowed to fulfil it, you will be shutting the gates of mercy upon me."

The magistrate expressed his regret that a man of the prisoner's education and apparent respectability should be in such a lamentable plight; but, nevertheless, it was his duty to commit him as a vagrant.

"I hope and trust you will alter your decision!" said the prisoner—his earnestness increasing as the inquiry approached its termination, and the consequences of his dilemma became more apparent,—“for I have reason to think I shall receive instructions to-morrow to attend at a large school, where I may have an opportunity of improving my fortunes.”

The magistrate said he had been guilty of an unpardonable offence in the eye of the law, and therefore he must be imprisoned for five days.

The poor fellow was now almost overcome, and his bosom heaved with anguish. The degradation of being taken to the police-court was, in itself, enough to crush his wounded spirit; and when the magistrate sentenced him to imprisonment he seemed to groan under the weight of his misery. Stepping down from the bar, and

placing himself as near the bench as possible, he exclaimed in such fervent and energetic tones, that it was almost to be feared his *reason* was taken captive—"I entreat, I beseech, and I supplicate you not to deprive me of my liberty for such an offence as this."

The gaoler, as well as the magistrate, was deaf to the appeal, and Mr. Ulysses —— was removed to one of the cells, until the van should arrive to convey him to Tothill Fields' Bridewell.

The fate of this poor man was certainly a hard one—


"But who can turn the stream of destiny,
Or break the chain of strong necessity,
Which fast is ty'd to Jove's eternal seat?"

THE DANGERS OF A LATCH-KEY.

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?—*Honest Iago.*

A goodly fellow by his looks, though worn,
As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,
Which tear life out of us before our time;
I scarce know which most quickly.—*Werner.*

ONE fine morning in December, after the magistrate had entertained himself and his hearers with the disposal of a score or two of night charges, there suddenly ap-





THE DANGERS OF A LATCH-KEY.



peared in the prisoners'-dock a tall, middle-aged, pretty considerably good-looking gentleman, whose name we understood to be Marmaduke Rigg. The complaint which he was called upon to answer, in the first degree, was that "good old gentlemanly vice"—intoxication; and it was alleged, in the second degree, that he had created a disturbance in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, by entering the dwelling-house of a respectable tradesman and alarming all the neighbours by his obstreperous conduct.*

Mr. Marmaduke Rigg was, it appeared, one of those happy individuals who wisely consider that "life is made for pleasure," and that the world, wide as it is, is not wide enough to hold two sects of people—the sorrowful and the mirthful. Of the latter sect Mr. Rigg had been a follower for many years; and, if it be true that "where there's a *will* there is always a way," he is very likely to adopt the same creed so long as the rites of Bacchus shall be observed among men. Mr. Rigg was fortunate enough to obtain a very acceptable lump of money without working for it—that is to say, a yearly stipend,

* *Obstreperous*—a favourite word with the guardians of the public peace; but one which they never by any chance whatever manage to pronounce correctly. In their vocabulary it is always "obstrup'lous," "obstroperous," or "obstropilous." Why the policemen, above all other people, should give way to this eccentricity of pronunciation, it is impossible for us to determine.

sufficient to keep him until called upon to put off his "mortal coil." It would really seem that Fortune is peculiarly considerate in the distribution of her bounties; for she does somehow contrive to fill the pockets of those who never could by any possibility succeed in doing as much for themselves. The position of Mr. Marmaduke Rigg is a case in point—what line of business he would have chalked out for himself had he been left to his own resources we cannot conceive; for Nature had implanted within him the ability to do many things, mental as well as physical; but, strange to say, had altogether omitted to endue him with an *inclination* to do anything. Poor man! he lost his parents at an early age, and when scarcely twenty years old, he was thrown upon the wicked world, with little more than £800 per annum to support himself. How he has contrived with such limited means to maintain a decent footing in society it is difficult to say; but, so much is it in the power of man to adapt his will to his circumstances, that we believe Mr. Rigg has always managed (very much to his credit) to avoid getting into debt. True, he is not encumbered with a wife, or a poor relation; but then his own personal expenses are somewhat considerable; and so great is his independence of spirit, that he has often been heard to declare he would eat his finger-nails rather than obtain the

assistance of a friend. The greatest difficulty he has to encounter in the management of his finances, is caused by the enormous tavern-bills he is daily called upon to meet. It is really very hard that a man of convivial habits should not be allowed to do as he likes; but that the usages of society should compel him to eat and drink a parcel of things which are no more essential to health than turtle-soup is necessary to a chameleon, or fat pork to a person afflicted with nausea! Why should Mr. Marmaduke Rigg be expected to consume one bottle of wine and seven or eight glasses of grog per diem? Doubtless, he could do very well with less; but Society is his only physician, and as a willing patient, he must take what she prescribes for him. Moreover, Mr. Marmaduke Rigg has ever prided himself upon his consistency of character, and therefore his practice is greatly to be commended. He has acquired the habit of drinking, every day, enough to intoxicate any man of ordinary capacity; and, in order to preserve his "consistency," he resolves to carry out this virtuous principle to the end: not to be inebriated one day, and repentant the next; but to persevere in an uninterrupted course of pleasure and dissipation.

The appearance of Mr. Marmaduke Rigg on the pre-

sent occasion was somewhat curious, but by no means uncommon. He was enveloped in a fur-collared cloak profusely decorated with mud; and he held between his hands a *chapeau Francais*, which seemed to have been a recent purchase, but which was adorned with an elegant fret-work of saw-dust and grease, delicately interspersed with bits of straw and occasional dashes of coagulated ditch-water. His neck-kerchief (which was of figured satin, and of that ingenious construction which serves to hide the buttonless bosom of a well-worn shirt) had gyrated in such an extraordinary manner, that the part intended to be immediately under the chin, now occupied a position in close proximity to the left ear. The whiskers of Mr. Marmaduke Rigg had also suffered from the eccentric movements in which he had indulged on the previous night: they were intended to be black, but it would seem that Mr. Rigg had dipped his face in a flower-sack; or that the "right merrie wags" with whom he associated had given him more *powder* than shot. As for the wig of Mr. Rigg (by the scissors of Truefitt, it *was* a wig!) we almost blush to describe the condition in which it appeared before the magistrate. It was of the jettest black, and so constructed that the most short-sighted person in the world could not fail to observe

that, if *Nature* fashioned it, she was never intended for a *perruquier* ! This curious piece of head-work had as much hair upon it as would have served to stuff an ordinary-sized chair ; and, from the peculiarity of its formation, the owner need be in nowise particular as to the method of wearing it. Now, the reader cannot suppose that such a wig as this would be improved by the materials with which it was now dressed ; *viz.* mud, straw and kitchen-grease, instead of barber's grease ! In fact the wig confirmed the evidence presented by the hat, as to the comfortable state in which Mr. Marmaduke Rigg had passed the night.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it was easy to discern that the features of Mr. Rigg were rather handsome than otherwise : his nose was "well-chiselled," his mouth not too wide, and his eyes were indicative of good humour. His complexion, however, would have been better but for the dark-hued stubble on his chin, and a certain foggy moistness about the cheeks, caused by the exudation of the liquids which he had imbibed. Unluckily for Mr. Rigg he was taken into custody at so late an hour that he had not been able to procure bail, or to get rid of that strange obliviousness which now and then accompanies intoxication. It was quite clear that he was not altogether conscious of his enviable posi-

tion, and it seemed a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the inquiry resulted in his favour, or not.*

The charge against this gentleman arose out of the following circumstances. It seems that, according to custom, he had been spending his time and money at a tavern, and the society he had met with was so fascinating, that he had sufficient inducement to exceed his usual quantity of grog to the extent of three glasses,—that is to say, he was induced to drink ten glasses instead of seven. On his way home, he met a friend whose condition was almost as happy as his own, and he was led by a strong motive power into a public-house, whose door stood most invitingly open to ensnare the weary travellers as they passed. Here, as chance would have it, Mr. Rigg was compelled (much against his inclination, of course) to burden his already overladen inside with a few more tumblers of spirits-and-water; and when it occurred to him (between four and five o'clock in the morning) that it was almost time for respectable people like him to go home, he found himself a little out of order, strange to say. However, he had not very far to walk, and after falling into the gut-

* We have given rather a full description of the peculiarities of Mr. Rigg, as presented before the magistrate, because he is a good specimen of that class of persons who are constantly doomed to pay the penalty of inebriety, and to suffer for leading, what is commonly termed, a "life of pleasure."

ter several times, and endeavouring to knock down the offending lamp-posts, as he pursued his tortuous course, he arrived in the street where he resided. Before he could find his way into his house, it was necessary for him to find out the pocket in which his latch-key was deposited; and afterwards to find out the particular lock which the said key was intended to fit. These were difficult objects to accomplish; but nevertheless Mr. Rigg did at length succeed in getting his key from its place of concealment, and in opening the street-door. What was his astonishment, however, when he discovered that his landlady had absolutely gone to bed without leaving a candle to light him to his room, as it had been her custom to do? "Hollo!" said he, giving full play to his falsetto. "What's become of you all? Mother Philpotts, where's my candle?—I insist upon having my candle!" These exclamations were followed by a loud scream from the kitchen-floor, where the mistress of the house took her nightly rest; and Mr. Marmaduke Rigg, satisfied that his voice had been heard, staggered up stairs as best he could. Having entered the drawing-room with a full bound, and tumbled over all sorts of furniture, his situation became still more disagreeable. No candle!—no lucifers!—no *anything*!—What in the world could be the meaning

of it?—"Mrs. Philpotts!—Betsy!" he exclaimed with unabated vigour; "bring my candle—will you, or I'll come and pull you out of bed,—its quite 'scruciating—dis—graceful. Do you think I cannot be trusted with a light? I'm not dru—unk!" By this time all the members of the household were alarmed; and as Mr. Rigg was striving to find his way to the bell-handle, there suddenly appeared before him, three persons in their night-gowns and slippers;—*viz.*, an elderly gentleman, with a red comforter round his head, and a pair of tongs in his hand; an old lady, who had, it seemed, forgotten, before she left her chamber, to put her teeth in her head; and a servant-girl, who had thought proper to wipe the dew from her face, but had 'evidently used a greasy cloth for the purpose. "'Pon my word," said the old lady,—as she held a candle to the face of a man whom she now saw for the first time in her life,—“How dare you, sir, break into this house, in the dead of night, and alarm all the inhabitants?”—"Here, police! police! police! murder!" exclaimed the old gentleman and the servant girl, thrusting their bewildered heads out of the window.—“Mrs. Philpotts,” said the inebriated Marmaduke, “what *do* you mean by this insolence; do I owe you any rent?”—"Rent! rent!" reiterated the old lady.

“ Oh ! he’s a madman, I’m sure, broke loose from Bedlam. Look how wild his eyes are,—police ! police ! ” —“ What are you calling the police for, you old fool ? ” said Mr. Rigg, who was at a loss to conceive the meaning of all this noise and bluster—“ Am I not in my own room, at No.—, Bedford Street, Covent Garden ; and are you not Mrs. Philpotts,—my landlady ? ” At this moment, a policeman, who had heard the voices of the servant girl and the old gentleman, entered the room ; and all eyes were immediately turned towards him. “ Take that person in charge,” was the general cry ; and thereupon Mr. Rigg advanced towards the officer, telling him that if he took him into custody, he would do so at his peril. —“ I tell you what it is, Mr. Rigg—you’re drunk, and incapable of taking care of yourself, said the constable.” —“ I say I *am* capable of taking care of myself,” rejoined the imperturbable Marmaduke ; “ am I not, Mother Philpotts ? ” —“ Well, you have found your way into the wrong house, at all events,” said the cunning constable ; “ you don’t live here.” —“ I tell you,” said our hero, “ my name is Marmaduke Rigg, and I occupy the first-floor in this house.” —“ Oh ! I know who you are, well enough,” replied the policeman ; “ you’re one of Snooks’s drunken lot.” Here the parley ended—Mr. Rigg began to perceive that his latch-key was capable of opening more

doors than one, and that he had entered the house adjoining that in which he occupied apartments. The old lady, the old gentleman, and the young servant insisted that the intruder was a fit candidate for the station-house; the policeman was not deaf to the calls of duty, and Mr. Rigg was led quietly down stairs. When he got into the street, he was in a state of such absolute intoxication, and was so turbulent withal, that the constable was fain to lock him up in one of the strongholds at the station-house.

Mr. Marmaduke Rigg did not attempt to rebut the charge; but when called upon for his defence, he simply stated that he ought not to be blamed because his latch-key happened to fit his neighbour's door.

"No, no" said the magistrate, "that is not the charge against you; but I dare say it is not very likely that you would have known anything about your neighbour's door, if you had not been in a state of intoxication."

"Well well, your worship," replied Mr. Marmaduke Rigg, shifting his position and giving his wig a gentle turn, "you must be aware that a man may do all sorts of things whilst he is drunk, that he would laugh at or revolt from when sober."

The magistrate told Mr. Rigg he was old enough to know that drunkenness was no excuse for any offence

against the law ; and therefore he must pay a fine of 20s., or be committed to prison for ten days.

The defendant gave the money into the hand of the usher and withdrew,—declaring that he would “ pretty soon get out of Bedford Street, or his latch-key might perhaps lead him into some other pleasant scrapes.”

BROTHERLY LOVE.

What mighty contests rise from trivial things.—*Rape of the Lock.*

A temper passionate and fierce

May suddenly your joys disperse

At one immense explosion.—*COWPER'S Friendship.*

MR. TERENCE MACARTHY and his amiable consort, Mary Macarthy, were summoned for assaulting Norah Macarthy, against the peace of her most gracious majesty the Queen and the said Norah Macarthy.

The complainant and defendants having, in answer to the clerk's inquiries, given their names in a rich Hibernian accent, and having evidently come to the determination of talking at a railway pace, as if it were the last opportunity they would have of exercising the power

of speech, it required no philosophy to divine the nature of the present complaint.

“Plase your worship,” began the complainant, “my name is Norah Macarthy. I was christened afther my mother, long life to her! and Dinnis Macarthy is my lawful husband. Terence Macarthy is my own brother, by which manes his wife, the other defindant, is my sister-in-law—bad cess to her!—it’s ashamed of herself she ought to be, afther thratin’ me in this onnatheral manner. (Here the complainant exhibited a large handful of red hair and dirty rags to the bench.) Betune five and six o’clock on Saturday mornin’, of all days in the year, bein’ boxin’ day, I was up stairs in my own room (which is in Wild Coort, Drury Lane, yer honour) a fryin’ a bit of fish for myself and my ould man—for in regard of its bein’ Christmas time, we had made up our minds to enjoy some o’ the luxuries of the sason—when, up comes this man, Terence Macarthy, (who lives in the same coort) and knocks a loud knock at the door, and calls out to me, your worship—‘Norah Macarthy come here, and let me be the death of ye!’ Upon the same, I goes too’ards the door and meets him half-way—it’s the blessed truth I’m tellin’ your worship—whin widout so much as ‘my sarvice to you, Missis Macarthy,’ he ups wi’ his great iliphant’s fist and hits me a heavy blow on the

chest of me ; and besides that, your worship, he battered my head just as if I wasn't kith or kin to him, no more than I am to your honour. Well, I bawled out *millia murdher* ! as was quite nathral I should, seein' that I was nearly staggered of my sinses entirely—when, to mind the matther, up comes that vile sister-in-law of mine, Mary Macarthy, and lays houl't of the cap which kivered my head, and tore away iv'ry individyal hair that was betune me and Heaven. Upon that I became disperet, and charged her with filony."

Mrs. Mary Macarthy.—"Don't charge me with staling your insignificant hair—what was it but carrots, ma'am ? and how could I hope to binefit by carrots ? A purty complaint this."

"Hold your tongue, woman," exclaimed his worship, "and wait 'till your turn comes." (To the complainant.) "Have you any witness ?"

"Witness ! In troth an' I have," quickly replied Mrs Norah Macarthy.—"A Grecian, who saw the whole thransacshun. Will you call that Grecian, plase ?"


The usher in attendance having called the Grecian,—another native of the Green Isle appeared ; and, if our notions of the physiognomy and dialect peculiar to the "classic tribe" be correct, there could not be a greater anomaly than to call this witness a Grecian.

“What do you mean by Grecian?” said the magistrate.

“Sure he’s jist come from Ould Ireland,” answered the complainant, “by which rasin we call him a Grecian.”

The Grecian did very little more than confirm the evidence of the complainant; and the case having proceeded thus far, the magistrate called upon the defendants for their answer to the charge.

Mr. Terence Macarthy then took his hands out of his pockets, and after bowing to the magistrate and looking at his wife as if he expected to receive from her the keynote to his eloquence, said:—“Plase yer worship, there was an ould grudge betune us of six months’ standin’; and on Saturday evenin’, which Mrs. Norah Macarthy tould yer honor was boxin’ day, I was going by her house quite peaceful-like, when, if you’ll believe me, sir, for I’d scorn to tell an ontruth, Norah there, my sister, opens the windy and empties the contints of a slop-pail over my head, notwithstanding I had given her no provi-cashun at all at all; and before I had time to hould up my drowned head and remonsthrate with her, she chucked two pails of could water over me to wash it aff. ‘Blur an’ agurs,’ says I, ‘here’s a dilicate situation for a man to be placed in by his own lawful sister;’ and so with



that I went up to her room jist by way of reprimanding her for sich base conduct—but, as I hope to be saved, I niver laid hand upon her. Sure I'm too much of a man to hit a female woman, barrin' my own wife, whin she gets into her tanthrums. Strike her! no, I'd scorn sich a thing—so I called my wife to do it for me. 'Faith an' she did do it, yer worship, but thin look at the provicashun? Sure I've been six years in London come next first of April, and niver was before a magistrate durin' the whole time, save an' except once't—and that wasn't for filony."

Mrs. Mary Macarthy, the other defendant, then stepped forward, and, after casting a withering glance of contempt at the complainant, stated that what her "ould man had represinted was perfectly throe:"—that his sister, Mrs. Norah Macarthy, bad luck to her, had drenched him to the skin by the "pail-fulls" she had "chucked" over him. "To be sure," continued the female defendant, "my ould man called me down, an' when I seen him in sich a state my blood couldn't stand it, and I wint in for to argy (argue) the topic with my Jizibel of a sister-in-law, and thin she tore me, and I nath'ral enough tore her, yer worship. But so far from my staling her cap or her carrots, your honor, may I be judged

afore my time, if I ain't as honest and innocent a woman as ever walked the first flure of God's creation."

The magistrate asked the complainant if she had said anything about the pails of water when she applied for the summons?

"Divil a ha'porth," replied Mrs. Norah Macarthy.

"What do you mean by that?" asked his worship.

Mrs. Norah Macarthy having explained the meaning of the ambiguous term "ha'porth,"

The magistrate said it was a pity that people so nearly related could not live peaceably, instead of quarrelling in this extraordinary manner. It appeared that one was as much to blame as the other, and therefore he should dismiss the case with the understanding that the complainant and defendants should "divide the costs."

The parties then left the court; and, from the particularly uncivil war that took place in the passage, it was evident that dividing the costs was as difficult a matter to accomplish as "dividing the house!"

THE UNDYING ONES.

Man is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs.—ADDISON.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?


DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THE delinquent in this case was a person who bore the name of Christopher Sharpley, and the offence with which he stood charged was the “old familiar” one, of creating an uproar in the public streets at the “witching time of night, when churchyards yawn,” &c.

Mr. Christopher Sharpley was the perpetual chairman of a convivial society, established in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and denominated “The Undying Ones,” so called, because its members were supposed to possess constitutions of such metallic strength, that Time, with all his magic influence, could not destroy them. It appeared that the gentlemen who comprised this society were sixteen in number; and that the object of their nocturnal meetings was to ascertain whether it were possible for a body of men to sit up all night and lie in bed all day without detriment to their health or injury to their reputations. Mr. Christopher Sharpley was selected as chairman of

this assembly, from the fact of his having done more than any of his brother members to prove that they could not sustain the proud name they had assumed. He had entered the society with the determination of making as many dying ones as he possibly could, through the medium of bad jokes, sentimental toasts, long speeches, doubtful liquids, indigestible viands, and anti-go-to-bed-ativeness. In short, he had manfully resolved to "kill them all;" but, notwithstanding his perseverance, he at length came to the conclusion, that those who succeeded in killing *grief*, would never commit suicide.

Mr. Kit Sharpley was a stout, ruby-gilled, drab-haired individual, with a face, which when animated by the "sparkling juices of th' enlivening grape," expressed a degree of complacency equal to that of a city chaplain at feeding-time, or a sucking barrister listening to the sounds of his own voice. It was indeed a good-natured face at all times; but especially so when it shone forth like a comet or a camphine lamp amongst the lesser luminaries by which it was surrounded. The most remarkable feature in Mr. Sharpley's face was his nose, which looked somewhat like a champagne cork stained with claret. There was nothing very peculiar in the form or expression of his eyes and mouth, excepting that the latter, when open, exhibited a set of teeth so



irregularly set that one would suppose they had tumbled over each other in struggling for the best place. The forehead of Mr. Sharpley was expansive, and the upper part so completely denuded of hair that it was insinuated he had *shaved for intellect*, or rather that he had cultivated a frontal development which sometimes stands for intellect. The only peculiarity in Mr. Sharpley's costume was his shirt-collar, which stood out in bold relief from his purple-dyed face. It was never erect, but of so pliant a nature that it hung down on either side like a greyhound's ears; and as it was not a *false* one, his friends often thought that, in putting on his shirt, he must have considerably curtailed its lower extremities, to cause this exuberant display of linen in that part intended to be visible.

So much for the Undying Club,—and so much for Mr. Christopher Sharpley, the hero of this story. The complaint against him arose out of the following circumstances :—On the preceding night he was performing his customary duties as president of the Club, when a fellow-member introduced a visitor whom he called Mr. Dionysius Raff—a gentleman, as he observed, of very extensive worldly knowledge and of a right-merry fancy. This person was received with great courtesy by the society,—and he seemed to have a hearty

relish for the speeches of the chairman, and for the pleasant little jockeytes with which the conversation of the Undying Ones was enlivened. Now, it was a singular and invariable custom of Mr. Kit Sharpley's, to direct his observations,—offensive, humorous, satirical, complimentary, (no, we had forgotten—they were never of this kind,) parliamentary, (that is to say, personal,) or otherwise—to any individual who might have been recently “elevated,” as he said, to the honour of his acquaintance. With the determination of carrying out this principle on the present occasion, he commenced an attack upon the only stranger in the room, Mr. Dionysius Raff,—observing, with great self-complacency, that that individual was a very pleasant sort of fellow, but he was sorry Mr. —, his friend, had introduced such an ugly person into the room, more especially as he could not pay the initiation fees without doing an injustice to his butcher and baker. Mr. Raff was not quite prepared to act on the defensive, and therefore he wisely resolved to await his turn to do something on the offensive. In the course of the evening Mr. Sharpley delivered a very long speech concerning the Corn Laws, or the State of Ireland, or some other subject equally lively; and in pursuing his argument he thought proper to make a few remarks touching politics in gene-

ral, and Conservative politics in particular. Whereupon Mr. Dionysius Raff, quietly rising from his seat, looked round the room in order to command attention, and deliberately assured the meeting that he did not agree with the chairman in anything that had fallen from his lips; and he begged those gentlemen present to understand that, whatever might be Mr. Sharpley's opinion of him, *he* (Mr. Dionysius Raff) was never whipped through Westminster for stealing pots! The company were all much amused at this curious insinuation; but Mr. Kit Sharpley himself was much more amazed than amused, and therefore he thought it right to demand an explanation. "Whipped through Westminster for stealing pots!" said he, addressing Mr. Raff, in a tone of indignation; "do you mean to say, sir, that *I* was ever whipped through Westminster for stealing pots? I call upon you to explain the grounds upon which you make such a charge against me."—"I make no charge against you," replied Mr. Raff, with a degree of coolness which surprised the company, seeing that their chairman was becoming wrathful in the extreme; "all I say is, that—I—never—was—whipped—through—Westminster—for—stealing—pots."—"What do you mean, sir!—how dare you make such an insinuation?" exclaimed Mr.

Sharpley, who, notwithstanding his social qualities, was at all times

“ Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.”

The members of the Undying Club were now so exhilarated by this sudden interruption to their proceedings that it would seem they were likely to *die* with laughter: but not so poor Sharpley; he had been touched in a vital part, and he resolved to have his revenge. Overturning his chair, and knocking the pipes out of the mouths of those who sat nearest to him, he made a vigorous attempt to seize Mr. Raff by his coat collar; and in so doing he fell head-foremost amongst the spittoons. “ Oh!” exclaimed the intended victim of his wrath, “ I see you’re getting into a passion—now I’ll leave you;” and before Mr. Sharpley had had sufficient time to recover his legs, Mr. Dionysius Raff was on the outside of the door,—leaving Mr. Sharpley, or one of his clubmates, to pay the amount of his reckoning.

So far it will appear that Mr. Christopher Sharpley was more sinned against than sinning, and that he ought not to have been made *defendant* in this case; but—the “ worst remains behind.” When Mr. Raff made his retreat from the club-room the night was far advanced; and he had scarcely arrived at home before Mr. Sharpley

and his companions closed their midnight orgies. Having discovered the residence of the *pot fiend*, as Mr. Raff was afterwards designated, poor Sharpley sallied forth, and on reaching the door of Mr. Raff's lodgings, he knocked, and rung, and kicked, and shouted with such violence that Mr. Raff, thinking the house was on fire, the day of judgment come, or that the British territories were invaded, jumped out of bed, and threw open the window—"What's the matter there?" said he. "Come out, you thief," exclaimed Mr. Sharpley, "I'll teach you to say I was whipped through Westminster for stealing pots."—"Oh! it's you, is it?" rejoined Mr. Dionysius Raff, with the same coolness which he had observed during the evening—"Good night, old fellow."—"You d—d scoundrel," vociferated Sharpley, "if you don't come out and give me satisfaction this moment, I'll—I'll pull the house down."—"Do you think," said the imperturbable hero of the pot story, "that I'm such a fool as to leave my warm bed to come and fight with you. I can only repeat what I stated before, that I never was whipped through Westminster for stealing pots.—I hope you're satisfied—good night." So saying he shut the window, and the defendant became more uproarious than ever. He would probably have continued knocking and shouting until

the following night, had he not been interrupted by a policeman, who, according to custom, was walking away in another direction, till desired by the neighbours to "take that noisy ruffian into custody." There was no time for parley, and the nocturnal disturber was conveyed forthwith to the station-house.

In answer to the charge Mr. Christopher Sharpley had very little to say; he therefore contented himself by assuring his worship that he was an honourable man and a gentleman; and was connected with some of the highest branches of the aristocracy. He was brother-in-law to Lord Theodore Nonsuch, first-cousin to Sir Filligree Frump, second cousin to the Honourable Mr. Woolsack, and a very intimate friend of the Earl of Shoreditch; he had, moreover, the honour of knowing a person who was well acquainted with a gentleman who had once dined at Buckingham Palace, in company with several kings, two queens, and all the ministers of state, &c. &c.—"However," continued the defendant, "my connections are neither here nor there; the question is, whether I have rendered myself liable to a fine, seeing that I was not the aggressor in this case. Let me ask your worship what *your* feelings would be, if a member of your club were to insinuate that you had been whipped through Westminster for stealing pots?" The orator

paused for a reply—but receiving none, proceeded with overpowering dignity. “Perish the base insinuation!—Kit Sharpley, your worship, is no thief, and I hope my arm may never come straight if I don’t make that fellow eat his words; for hang me if I can digest them. Stealing pots, indeed!—*Pots!*—*Pots!!*—*Pots!!!*”—The three last words were uttered in ascending octaves with increasing vehemence, the ultimate ‘*Pots!*’ forming a fine climax of indignation in a shrill falsetto, thus:—



“What are you?” said the magistrate.

“I’m a retired lecturer,” replied the defendant, “and have to support a wife, three small children, and a large maid-servant.”

“A lecturer on what?”

“My talent was universal, but my favourite themes were phrenology, metaphysics, and other fire-works.”

His worship, perceiving that the intoxicating fluid imbibed by the lecturer on the previous night had not completely evaporated, recommended that he should take Temperance for his next theme; and informed him that he must pay a fine of twenty shillings, or go to prison for ten days.

The defendant paid the money, and, pulling up his shirt collar with the air of an injured nobleman, strutted out of the court, muttering as he went, "I see there's no respect for gentility in this place:—Reform has done it all,—I knew how 'twould be,—it has kicked out everything that was old and venerable and constitutional—and respectable—and ancient—and—ah! well—never mind—Twenty shillings!—Pots!!—Psha!!"—

The conclusion of the soliloquy was lost in the clatter of tongues which echoed through the avenues of the court.



THE END.



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